

WAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY
THE Z. SMITH REYNOLDS LIBRARY



CALL NO.



v.15
1895/1896
c.2

Gift Of: Chas. H. Utley

NOT TO BE CIRCULATED



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

THE
WAKE FOREST STUDENT,

PUBLISHED BY

THE PHILOMATHESIAN AND EUZELIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES
OF WAKE FOREST COLLEGE.

VOLUME 15.

OCTOBER, 1895, TO JULY, 1896.

RALEIGH, N. C.:
EDWARDS & BROUGHTON, PRINTERS AND BINDERS.
1896.

INDEX TO VOLUME XV.

COMPILED BY TH. H. BRIGGS.

LH
1
W4
S78
V.15
1895/96
C.2

A		PAGE
Adventure of James Smylie, An.....	SIMON PUREGOLD	18
Ælian and Fufian Laws.....	R. H. HERRING	62
Applicability of Natural History.....	SPENCER CHAPLIN, JR.	16
B		
Baseball.....	W. HICKMAN CARTER	472
Blue-bell and Grey-moss.....	JOHN HOMER GORE, JR.	174
Book Notes and Reviews.....	JOHN HOMER GORE, JR.	
	28, 73, 135, 271, 337, 392, 460, 516,	564
Book Notes.....	TH. H. BRIGGS	194
C		
Celtic Church, The.....	E. W. SIKES	44
Chaucer's Tale of the Pardoner.....	J. H. GORRELL	107
Claims of Long Descent.....	WALTER CLARK	2
College Notes.....	J. HOMER GORE	525
Concerning the Classics.....	R. W. HAYWOOD	65
Contributions to North Carolina History from Unfamiliar Sources:		
Colonel David Outlaw.....	PULASKI COWPER	287
David Franklin Caldwell.....	PULASKI COWPER	149
Early Days at Wake Forest.....	J. B. BREWER	201
Extract from Travels.....	WILLIAM BERTRAM	1
Extract from Diary.....	ELKANAH WATSON	85, 347
First Commencement at Wake Forest.....	TH. H. BRIGGS	539
Petit Treason—Judicial Execution by Burning at the Stake in North Carolina.....	WALTER CLARK	41
D		
David Foils.....	WILLIAM D. BURNS	328
Development of the English Drama.....	H. H. MCLENDON	485
Disobedience Forgiven.....	W. H. HECK	226
Dr. Thomas H. Pritchard.....	J. D. HUFHAM, D. D.	531
E		
Editor's Portfolio.....	TH. H. BRIGGS	
	27, 71, 132, 274, 331, 384, 455, 514,	559
Editor's Portfolio.....	JOHN HOMER GORE, JR.	186
Eugene Field, To.....	RALPH A. LEIGH	54
Exchanges.....	JOHN HOMER GORE, JR.	
	33, 79, 142, 277, 339, 387, 466, 523,	567
Exchanges.....	TH. H. BRIGGS	189

F

Flirt, The.....	R. A. LEIGH	7
Flower Beneath the Wave, The.....	J. D. HUFHAM, JR.	124
Freshman in the Library, A.....		358

G

Going Man, The.....	H. B. FOLK	168
Gold Medallion, A.....	J. D. HUFHAM, JR.	8

H

Haunted House, The.....	C. M. S.	21
Hermit, The.....	G. E. L.	233
Hints on Spiders.....	SPENCER CHAPLIN, JR.	218
How Blackie Shindle Got His Name.....	TH. H. BRIGGS	63

I

Idler's Kingdom, An.....		102
Illegible Signature, The.....	W. P. EXUM, JR.	377
In and About College.....	W. C. BARRETT	
		34, 82, 145
In and About College.....	T. BRIGGS AND J. GORE	199
In and About College.....	W. P. EXUM, JR.	
		280, 342, 470, 527, 571
In and About College.....	R. H. MCNEILL	394
<i>In re</i> Dickinson.....	J. D. HUFHAM, JR.	420
In Springtime.....	R. AUDLEY LEIGH	454
Instinct Against Instinct.....	PROF. W. L. POTEAT	539
In the Bend o' the River.....	TH. H. BRIGGS	157
In the Guest Chamber.....	J. D. HUFHAM, JR.	250, 314
Invisible World, The.....	BRUCE BENTON	237
Isle of Maya, The.....	J. D. H., JR.	399

J

James III, the Legitimate but Uncrowned King.....	W. H. HECK	438
Jenny Lind.....	C. M. S.	370

L

Lelia Farr.....	CHARLES B. DEEVER	430
Lone Grave, The.....	M. B. DRY	242
Louis Pasteur.....	R. N. SIMMS	400
Lumber Room, The.....	W. R. HOBGOOD	298

M

Melton's Mystery.....	R. N. SIMMS	113
Mystery of the "Devil's Woodyard".....	C. L. G.	306

N

Notes on Memory.....	JOHN A. SIMPSON	553
----------------------	-----------------	-----

P		PAGE
Poet's Choice, The.....	TH. H. BRIGGS	128
Pretty Polly.....	C. M. S.	162
Priest of Nature, The.....	C. R. HAIRFIELD	499
Prisoners, The.....		179, 221
R		
Red King's Dream, The.....	J. N. TOLAR	323
Relinquished Sombrero, The.....	W. HICKMAN CARTER	212
Resolutions in Memory of Dr. C. Durham.....		148
Roman Satire and its Early Masters.....	TH. H. BRIGGS	319
Romantic School of French Literature of the Nineteenth Century, SPENCER CHAPLIN, JR.		310
S		
Science and Material Development.....	C. E. BREWER	475
Secret Revealed, A.....	J. N. B.	445
Sir Isaac Newton and the Law of Gravitation.....	M. B. DRY	54
Sketches.....	TH. H. BRIGGS	177
Solution, The.....	J. C. MCNEILL	119
Sonnet.....	R. A. LEIGH	211
Sorrows in Childhood.....	BILL SWAX	508
Southern Slave, A.....	R. C. LAWRENCE	542
Spectre Maid, The.....	J. D. H.	296
Sphere of Journalism, The.....	R. N. SIMMS	48
Story of a Song, The.....	CHARLES M. STALEY	351
Students' Aid Fund.....		361
T		
Tears of Joy.....	J. HOMER GORE, JR.	124
U		
Uncrowned Hero, An.....	R. C. LAWRENCE	381
Unknown Valley, The.....	H. B. FOLK	411
V		
Visitation of Providence, A.....	J. D. HUFHAM, JR.	88
W		
Wake Forest Alumni.....	M. B. DRY	
	31, 77, 139, 258, 333, 390, 462, 518, 566	
Wake Forest Alumni.....	BRUCE BENTON	192
Wake Forest Literary Circle.....	S. L. POWELL	283
Wandering Scholasticus, A.....	J. HENDREN GORRELL	509
Wiseest of the Greeks, The.....	W. R. HOBGOOD	424
World and the College, The.....		549

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

VOL. XV. WAKE FOREST, N. C., OCTOBER, 1895.

No. 1.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY FROM UNFAMILIAR SOURCES.

From time to time such bits of the early history of North Carolina as are not accessible to the general reader will be published in the STUDENT under the above title. The unusual interest now shown in Colonial and War History presages success to this department. Contributions of this nature are solicited, and their sources will be acknowledged.

The following reference to the early history of Fayetteville is an extract from a very rare book, Dr. William Bertram's Travels, published in Philadelphia in 1791. The copy from which the following was taken is in the Library of the Historical Society of Boston, Mass.:

"At evening (in December, 1778), arrived at Cross Creek, another very considerable branch of the Clarendon or Cape Fear River, flowing in through its west banks. This Creek gave name to a fine inland trading town, on some heights or swelling hills, from whence the creek descends precipitately, then gently meanders nearly a mile, through lower level lands, to its confluence with the river, affording most convenient mill seats. These prospects induced active, enterprising men to avail themselves of such advantages, pointed out to them by nature. They built mills, which drew people to the place, and these, observing eligible situations for other profitable improvements, bought lots and erected tenements, where they exercised mechanic arts, as smiths, wheelrights, carpenters,

coopers, tanners, &c. And at length merchants were encouraged to adventure and settle; in short, within eight or ten years, from a grist mill, saw mill, smith shop and a tavern, arose a flourishing commercial town, the seat of government of the county of Cumberland; the leading men of the county, seeing plainly the superior advantages of this situation, on the banks of a famous navigable river, petitioned the Assembly for a charter to enable them to purchase a district sufficient for founding a large town, which being given, they immediately proceeded to mark out its precincts, and named its new city Cambelton, a compliment to — Cambel (sic) Esq., a gentleman of merit and a citizen of the county. When I was here about twenty years ago, this town was marking out its bounds, and there were then about twenty inhabitants, now there are above a thousand houses, many wealthy merchants and respectable public buildings, a vast resort of inhabitants and travellers, and continuous brisk commerce by wagons, from the back settlements, with large trading boats to and from Wilmington, the seaport and flourishing trading town on the Clarendon. * * *."

"CLAIMS OF LONG DESCENT."

We are all the Lineal Descendants of Kings and Queens.

[Reprinted by special permission from the North American Review.] *

"Honors best thrive
 "When rather from our acts we them derive
 "Than our foregoers."—All's Well. Act II. Sc. 3.

To any one who does not consider the vanity inherent in human nature it is astonishing to note the number of people, even in this country where every man is a sovereign, who lay claim to royal descent. The third edition of "Americans of Royal Descent" has recently been issued, with 900 pages and several additional pedigrees. Not so very long since, a Richmond, (Va.) paper had several columns, giving in great and edifying detail the pedigrees of divers and sundry fami-

lies in that State who ran back their genealogical line to some king of England. And farther North the *nouveaux riches*, overwhelmed with all the good things of the present, and feeling secure for the future, not infrequently proceed to provide for the past also by purchasing themselves a comfortable pedigree with some king as *terminus a quo*. These genealogical acquisitions, like the similiar traditional claims of the F. F. V.'s in the Old Dominion, are deemed by the public exceedingly doubtful. Tennyson (himself of undoubted royal ancestry) has said :

“From yon blue sky above us bent
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.”

While claims of royal origin could be of no benefit to the claimants, if proven, and certainly could be of small credit, seeing that the average royalty has been a rather disreputable character, there is another side to this question which has been little considered. And that is that these claims, notwithstanding public incredulity, are probably all true. Let us consider. William the Conqueror ascended the throne of England A. D. 1066. Allowing thirty-three years as a generation, there have been twenty-six generations since, counting his children then living as the first generation. Many people leave several children, others leave none. It is certainly not an immoderate calculation to average each decendant as leaving three children. For, if each descendant with his wife left only two children, the population would have stood still ; whereas the less than a million inhabitants of the British Isles of that day have grown to be nearly forty millions there, and seventy millions on this side of the water. William the Conqueror had four sons and six daughters. Averaging each of these as having three children, with the same average for each of their descendants down to the present, and the ten children of William in the present, or twenty-fifth generation, by a simple arithmetical calculation, would have

2,824,295,314,810 descendants now living in the British Isles, in America, in the colonies, or wherever men of British descent are to be found. As this is fully 25,000 times as many as there are people of British descent on the globe there must be an error in the above calculation. There are two. First : while an average of two children to each descendant is too small, since that average would have kept the population stationary, an average of three is too high, as that is an increase of fifty per cent. every thirty-three years, an average which few countries other than the United States could show. The second error is that inter-marriage among descendants must be allowed for. Say that owing to these errors the result of calculation is 25,000 times too much, it would still result that every man of the English-speaking race is descended from the Conqueror. Reduce it as much more as you like, and the chances are yet strong that any given man of your acquaintance, as well as yourself, is probably a descendant of the victor at Hastings. Carry the *propositus*—as lawyers call him—back a few generations further, say to Alfred the Great or Charlemagne, and the chances are almost inevitable that any given individual is their descendant. Indeed, in the light of arithmetic, it may be doubted if to-day there is any person speaking French, German, or English who is not a lineal descendant of Charlemagne. It is at least a mathematical certainty that to-day there lives no one in any civilized country who is not a lineal descendant of some king or other eminent historical character. So true is it that he has made "all people of one blood," and so puerile are claims of anyone whatever to superior descent over his neighbor.

The six wives of Henry VIII of England came from three different countries and different ranks in life, but each, as well as Henry himself, was descended from Edward III. This fact is commemorated on the windows of the chapel of the Royal Palace at Hampton Court, as will be remembered by all who have been there. In London, too, there is to-day a butcher

(and many others of like rank) who can prove unbroken lineal descent in a legitimate line from a king of England.

There is another view, too, of this matter. While taking any historical character as a *terminus a quo*, his descendants widen out in every generation like a pyramid from its apex ; yet, taking any given person, yourself for instance, and tracing back his ancestors in like manner, they double in each ascending generation till in a few hundred years they become "like sands on the seashore for multitude." The first error in the above calculation as to descendants is eliminated. The ancestors in each ascending generation must be exactly double the number of those in the generation below it. The only error to be allowed for is the duplication of ancestors by intermarriage of relatives, till finally, by the operation of this fact in the remote past, the whole human race is narrowed to one pair for its origin. But taking each individual living to-day as the apex of an inverted pyramid, with his ancestors doubling with each ascending generation, those ancestors become countless. Putting the population of the British Isles in William the Conqueror's day at 1,000,000, it may be doubted if any English speaking man breathes to-day who is not descended not only from William himself, but from each other of the great majority of the whole population of that day. It is true families die out ; but if they survive and increase to the third and fourth generation, with each successive generation decrease greatly, of course, the chances of all the branches dying out. Even where descendants apparently fail in the direct line, there always is a chance that descendants exist who have become obscure and been lost sight of, or there may be descendants through illegitimate, and hence unrecognized, descendants. Every man may safely count on the fact that among his innumerable ancestors are not only kings and other historical characters, but also as certainly tramps and criminals of every description. Fortunately criminals do not, as a rule, "live out half their days," and their line is more

apt to become extinct in the first or second generation succeeding, yet he who

"The ancestral line would ascend
Will find it waxed at the other end
With some *lineal* progenitor."

True, indeed, it is that every man is descended not only from heroes, kings, princes, poets; but also, as certainly, from murderers and thieves.

The doctrine of heredity has some force in it, but much that is called heredity is simply the effect of environment. A man may be a thief, or the opposite, because his father was such, but it is much more likely that his bent toward larceny or good works is due rather to his surroundings and early influences than to qualities transmitted in the blood. Inasmuch as the grandchild is only 1-4, his son 1-8, his son 1-16, and his son 1-32 (and so on in geometrical ratio) the possessor of inherited qualities from any given ancestor, the effect of descent speedily minimizes. Nothing is more absurd and unfounded than the claims of an aristocracy, based upon the supposed continued transmission of virtues and talents, as in the British House of Lords, or of a monarchy, all of which have been founded by some great chieftain of his day. But more absurd still, is the spectacle of any one individual seeking to attract imputed honor to himself by asserting claims to descent from one who held some post of honor centuries ago. If the chain of descent can be made out, countless others are equally as certainly descended from the same origin, and, furthermore, the claimant is equally as certainly descended from numerous disreputable characters, whose qualities he has the same chance to have inherited with those of his more conspicuous and honored ancestors. No conception is more false in fact than the current conceit that any man is descended from a single line of ancestors. The lines of descent approach infinity. And nothing is more certainly destroyed by the inexorable logic of figures than any assumed merit based upon

“claims of long descent.” We are not only all descended from Adam and Eve, but probably every German, Frenchman, Spaniard, Italian and Anglo-Saxon is likewise a descendant of Julius Cæsar and Charlemagne. It is true royal dynasties have died out, but no account is taken of illegitimate descendants, usually numerous, in such cases. Besides, luxury and wars decimate dynasties, and intermarriages reduce the number of descending lines. Cæsar left no legal heir in the direct line, but according to what Seutonius and Plutarch tell us of him he doubtless left many descendants. Famine and war have destroyed whole populations, but when after a few generations a man’s descendants have multiplied into many lines, no disaster could within any reasonable probability cut off all his descendants. The modern “claimants” have no monopoly. The beggar next door is probably a genuine lineal descendant of Charlemagne. As Pope says :

“What can ennoble fools or slaves or cowards?
Not all the blood of all the Howards.”

Or as Sancho Panza hath it :

“Every man is the son of his own works.”

Every man leaving descendants who survive beyond the third or fourth generation will, in all probability, in a few centuries be one of the ancestors of every man of his nationality then living on the globe. But if there is any element of uncertainty as to a man’s descendants there is none as to his ancestors. The “past at least is secure.” Every man has necessarily had millions of ancestors, and equally of necessity has “royal blood in his veins.” WALTER CLARK.

THE FLIRT.

A woman standing Alexander-like

Upon the threshold of a winter season’s sin,

Looks back upon the summer’s broken vows

And, laughing, sighs for other hearts to woo and win.

R. AUDLEY LEIGH.—’96.

A GOLD MEDALLION.

Nine ! chimed the clock on the mantel of Professor Keling-broke Adams' study. It was a typical place, this study. Over the flat-topped writing table, which stood in the centre of the room, were scattered piles of scientific periodicals, some containing articles written by the professor on a variety of chemical topics ; the walls were lined with books, and in fact the whole room was fairly bursting with the air accumulated learning.

The professor, just at this moment, was seated near the fire and was engaged in the perusal of a little batch of letters which the morning's mail had brought. He was a small, spare-built man, with a clean-shaven face slightly creased by wrinkles, a firm under-jaw, and hair generously sprinkled with gray. For five years he had been professor of chemistry at the Hayne University. During that time he had reflected great credit on the institution by his work as instructor, besides contributing much to the world's store of knowledge by the results of original investigation pursued along many lines. It was his volume on *The Compounds of Fluorine* which gained for him an entrance into the Royal Society ; his work *Disinfectants and Antidotes* which had become standard ; and then there were numberless monographs which had flowed from his pen, from time to time, as his indefatigable brain toiled on.

"Winklefield, Winklefield," said the professor aloud and knitting his brows in perplexity, "that name sounds familiar ; but, to save me, I cannot recall the man. What can he want of me ? Well, well, I have no time for him now. After the lecture I may be able to consider his request." So saying, he tossed the letters on the table, siezed a volume from a revolving case near his elbow and remained absorbed in its contents until the hour for lecture. This duty over with, and several of minor importance attended to, he went in search of a cab.

"Where to ?" asked the driver. "Potter prison."

"Yes, sir." The professor was soon rattling over the cobble stones and trying hard to recall the face of his would-be interviewer, Mr. Alex. Winklefield.

The building before which professor Kelingbroke Adams alighted was much like all of its kind. Bare walls of substantial masonry, with small, iron-barred windows at regular intervals, made up the exterior, and within, the same regard for system in the arrangement of apartments, and the same disregard for ornament prevailed. The first floor was occupied by the jailer's family.

"What is Winklefield's offense?" asked the professor, of the turn-key as they ascended the stairs.

"Murder. He confesses having killed Mikel Kahnlaus, the head of the big chemical manufacturing establishment, who mysteriously disappeared two years ago."

Nothing more was said until a key was put in the lock of cell No. 18, and the turn-key remarked, "Here's your place."

There was so little of furniture in the room that for a moment after the professor entered he thought it entirely empty, but a glance toward one corner of the room discovered a small couch, upon which was seated a lean gaunt man, whose scalp shone from beneath a sparse growth of black hair. His chin was resting upon his chest, and his legs sprawled out in front of him; but at the sound of the professor's steps, he arose and swung himself forward with a long, ambling stride.

"How are you, Professor?" he said, wrinkling his colorless sunken face into a grin.

The professor involuntarily shrank back, there was something so suggestive of fens in the man's appearance, in the glint of his bloodshot black eyes, and in his hissing enunciation.

"Don't remember me? No? Circumstances alter cases; eh, Professor? Suppose you had seen me standing beside a set of bulbs and flasks in Dr. Jebbet's private laboratory, instead of in a prison, would that have aided your memory, Professor?"

Could you then recall Alex. Winklefield?" And, squinting, he threw his head back and burst into a fit of subdued laughter.

"Yes, I remember you now, Winklefield, but I regret to find you in such a place. How came you here?"

"To answer that question was exactly why I sent for you, Professor Adams. So far as the other is concerned, wait until you have heard what I have to tell you before you venture the first statement. Have a seat," he continued, siezing the Professor's arm and almost jerking him to the bedside and shoving him down into a sitting posture.

Winklefield began, to turn rapidly up and down the floor and to mutter to himself.

"Please proceed," said the Professor, "my time is valuable."

"Sure, sure," he said, halting and facing his auditor. "You remember that I was Dr. Jebbet's assistant and that I left him about eight or ten years ago."

"Yes, yes, I remember."

"Well, when I left him, I obtained through his recommendation a position as assistant to a German chemist, Mikel Kahnlaus, who at that time was a man of rather small means, and was trying to increase them by discovering a process which would enable him to manufacture, artificially and cheaply, the commercial article which, together with his name, has since become widely known.

"Kahnlaus and Dr. Jebbet had known each other in the Universities of Germany, where they studied. At the time I went to Kahnlaus, he was living in the suburbs of the city, and I suppose, was not known by half a dozen people. He had rented a small, four-roomed brick house of one story. Besides the four rooms there was a basement, which he used as his laboratory. Just above, on the right hand side of the hall, was the library, and back of this was the room used as a kitchen. The other two were occupied as bed-rooms by his step-mother and himself.

"Never saw him?" asked the criminal, pausing for a moment and squinting at the Professor. "He was a man of medium size, with blue eyes and light hair and a very large and very prominent nose. His step-mother, who couldn't speak a word of English, kept house for him. There they lived for nearly two years, without a single visitor that I ever heard of. During the whole time I worked for him I never once saw her. I used to concoct all sorts of plots and schemes which would enable me to, but I never did. I felt a curious pity for her, for I knew she was lonely. She must have been a tender-hearted soul, for I met Kahlans one morning with some flowers she was sending to a neighbor whose child had died.

"I have never seen a more industrious fellow in my life than Kahlans. Early and late he was in the laboratory. The work he divided according to his own notions, giving me such as he chose and reserving the remainder for himself. Although I was on oath to tell nothing, yet he never seemed to trust me. I had nothing to do which would give me the least clue towards solving the secret. This worried me. I felt that it was an injustice he was doing me in not giving me a chance to prove my fidelity; in not letting me help him out and reap with him the reward of fame—I cared naught to be rich.

"For the first six months matters went on smoothly. One morning Kahlans came over to the table where I was at work and told me of a few tests which he wished me to make. Some moments after he went out and did not return until late in the afternoon. I had done pretty well and was about finished when he came in.

"‘Let's see, Winklefield,’" he said, and looked over my results carefully. All at once he nearly sprang over the table and exclaimed, 'I have found it!'

"Well, the next news I knew, there was a chemical manufactory flying under the colors of Mikel Kahlans."

Thus far, Winklefield, although manifesting some signs of excitement, had controlled himself.

"Damn him, sir," he burst out, his ghastly face livid with rage, his eyes glistening, his pinched purple lips quivering and his fists clinched," I tell you it was *I* who made the discovery. It was *my* work which brought him fame. It was *my* brain which gave him wealth. I hired myself to him for a pittance! I lived in penury; I gave him my best service and as a reward, was robbed of what little of honor there was due me.

"No! No! I was too good a bargain to be rid of. He must keep me, by offering honeyed words and a position.

"But listen, and see how I got even with him," and his voice affected a tone of intense self-satisfaction. "I hated him and determined to slay him. I accepted the position as chief chemist in his establishment, and was one morning working on the preparation of a compound—private work, you know—when I stepped Kahnlans. Now, just about as high as I could reach above my desk, there was a shelf on which rested a carboy of acid, and as I glanced up and saw Kahnlans a plan for revenge flashed through my mind.

"See here, Kahnlans, I called, I have something to show you.' He came, and while he was examining the retort, I stepped around in order to tip over the acid. The receptacle would crush his skull and the acid would do the rest. I rubbed my hands in glee. His profile as he peered down at the mixture is with me yet. The scar on the temple, the wisp of hair which protruded from his ear, the crow's feet around his eyes, are all as distinctly before me as you are now.

"As I raised my arm, the door opened and one of the men entered with a message that Kahnlans was wanted at his office at once.

"My act would have been a foolish one, and I afterward cursed my stupidity. What good would it do me to kill him and that be the end of it? I must show to him and to the world that genius rises above the wiles of mediocrity. That none can cheat genius of its dues.

"My feelings toward Kahlans now underwent a complete change. Where before I had been indifferent, I was now all smiles; where I had been harsh, I whispered in his ear and slapped him on the back, I called on him at his home, I dined with his family. In the days of prosperity he married. I surprised them with my attainments. I convinced them by my philosophy; I talked learnedly on music and art. Thus matters proceeded, until I departed to the country for a day or so, ostensibly for the purpose of attending to business. The night after my departure was one of the darkest and stormiest I have ever seen. Kahlans was in his study, and you should have seen his astonishment when he looked up and saw me standing at his elbow.

" 'Why, Winklefield!' he gasped, his book falling to the floor as he sprang out of the chair, 'where did you come from? I did not hear you enter.'

" 'O, quiet yourself, old man, don't get excited,' I replied, smiling. 'I just thought I would look in on you and see if everything was all smooth.'

" 'Very good indeed of you, Winklefield. Take a chair; I am all right, was just thinking of you. Made the trip safely?'

" 'Perfectly, thank you.'

"We smoked, drank, and chatted away pleasantly, until our conversation turned to science.

" 'Kahlans,' I said, 'will you believe me if I tell you that I have accomplished what the old alchemists failed on; that is, I have changed one of the baser metals into gold?'

" 'Of course, if you say so. You are most assuredly to be congratulated. When did you do it?'

" 'It is no joke. I swear it.'

" 'Impossible!'

" 'Don't be too positive. Here,' I said, 'let's look at the theory founded on the relationship existing between elements.'

" 'Suppose we have a primary substance, whose atoms, under certain conditions, group themselves into a definite shape.'

Let this process of grouping continue, more and more of the atoms being added each time. Then for each new grouping, a new shape would assert itself and we would have a number of substances wholly unlike each other, although composed of the same material.

“ ‘Now let us imagine that a certain grouping of these atoms represents the element hydrogen, another gallium, another boron, etc. Clearly, if this is so, we should expect the atomic weights of the elements to increase as we ascend. What are the facts? hydrogen 1, lithium 7, gallium 9, boron 11, carbon 12, nitrogen 14, etc.

“ ‘By arranging the atomic weights of the elements in a table, as was done by Mendelejeff the Russian chemist, the properties of the elements can be determined. For instance:

Lithium	= 7.	Gallium	= 9.	* * *
Sodium	=23.	Magnesium	=24.	* * *
Potassium	=39.	Zinc	=65.	* * *

“ ‘The properties of lithium, sodium and potassium, bear a very strong resemblance to one another, as do also those of gallium, magnesium and zinc. Mendelejeff, by means of this system of arrangement, was enabled to describe in detail and give the atomic weights of elements before they were ever discovered; wherever there was a gap he could calculate by analogy and foretell with almost absolute precision, what would be necessary to fulfil the requirements, just as Leverrier discovered the planet Neptune, by mathematical calculations before eye ever beheld it.

“ ‘To what does all this point? Evidently toward the supposition with which we started: that all of what we call elements are modifications of one simple substance. The spectroscope also points towards this, for in the case of iron, instead of one spectrum, it gives 460 different ones. Well, then, if all elements are modified forms of one, why can we not take iron, for instance, resolve it into the primary constituent and

then, by a sort of process of crystallization, build up or make gold? Thus far, it would seem that no power has been discovered strong enough to break the bonds of affinity between the atoms of the elements. Heat comes very near doing it. Suppose I combine heat and electricity?

“‘Is it plausible now Kahnlaus?’ I asked, stooping to pick up my pencil.

“‘It certainly sounds that way.’

“‘Good!’ I bent over towards him and seizing one wrist, had him handcuffed before he knew what I was about. ‘A glance at the shackles on your ankles, Kahnlaus, will be sufficient to prove that you are mine. Don’t be alarmed or try to call aid, for it would be useless. I am simply going to verify that theory with your own flesh and blood. Nobody knows I am here, I slipped out of my room, rode on the truck of a freight car to the city, came around and crawled in at an unfastened window, and here I am. After I have killed you, with this sponge saturated in chloroform, and stored your body away, I shall return to the country, and when the news of your disappearance reaches me I shall be surprised and grieved; and while your family are having the search made I shall be extracting the iron from your body. When I have done, I will make it into a gold medallion, which I shall present to the Royal Society as the result of the greatest work of modern science.’

“‘He opened his mouth as if to cry out, but I siezed him by the throat and the sound ended in a gurgle. ‘Now,’ said I, ‘I shall give you one more opportunity to accept the sponge. If you try to yell again, I will strangle you.’ I took my hands away and he was quiet.

“‘You see, Kahnlaus, I am doing this because I discovered the process which you stole from me and which has made you famous. I shall not be cheated out of what belongs to me. The world shall know me after all.’

“‘I put the sponge to his face. There was a look of the most

intense longing in his eyes as he turned them up to mine. Slowly the lids drooped down, his head fell back and he was stone dead.

"I sent for you, Professor Adams, because I knew you could test the truth of my work. Here are my results."

Winklefield took from his vest pocket a paste-board box which he opened, and there lying on a mass of cotton, was a small gold medallion.

J. D. HUFHAM, JR.

Wake Forest, N. C.

THE APPLICABILITY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

The question has often been asked, "Of what use can the knowledge of science be to a man, unless he expects to teach; or unless he expects to reach that position where he can write learned scientific books, or meet his co-laborers in the scientific profession in debate upon great problems?" "Unless you can contribute something to science in the way of adding a new genus, of what use is your knowledge to yourself or anyone else?" The writer will in a small and weak way attempt to answer these questions, hoping at the same time that some one may be induced to study the subject of Natural History more thoroughly.

A man, to be successful, no matter what his vocation, whether a minister, a doctor or farmer, must be an observer; and his success is in the same proportion as he is an observer. Every person is endowed with an observing power, which might be said to supply the place of instinct in the lower animals; in some this power is in an embryonic state, and unless it is developed by some course of training, it will forever remain so, while there are others who have it in more developed stages, and who will pass for keen observers without a course of training.

The first fact laid down is, that a person must come in contact with, and see, the object in all its forms and shapes;

he must see it in all its colors; he must be familiar with all its motions, and the changes of form and color that it undergoes, if he would be a keen observer.

But perfect observing power does not stop here. He must be able to take all these in at one time, perhaps at a glance, for if he should fail to observe the color at a certain place or a peculiar marking on the object, or a certain motion or change that it undergoes, then his impression of the object is imperfect, like an improperly developed negative. For the mind of a keen observer is an instantaneous photographic camera with plates always prepared. The keener the power of observation, the more sensitive are the plates of the human mind, and the more sharply defined will be the image outlined upon it.

As has already been stated, this embryo of observing power, which every person possesses, must be developed by some course of training, otherwise the possibilities are that it will always remain unimproved. The study of Natural History affords the best and quickest means of acquiring, or developing into a higher stage, this power, this priceless gem. In the study of Natural History, the student studies the actual object, something that he can see and touch. His eyes are his only guide; and when he has once learned to follow them he will not be likely to trust to those of some one else.

When a student begins work with a microscope, he sets out on a voyage of discovery all alone. Every object, although it has been discovered and studied by every student of Natural History for the past two thousand years, is as new to him as if he were the original discoverer; and he is the original discoverer, so far as he is concerned. The first day with the microscope is a day filled with perplexities. The student is greatly annoyed by having to look again and again, before getting anything like an accurate knowledge of the object; in other words, the photographic plate is not sensitive enough to outline a perfect picture. But, in a little while, that period

of annoyances is passed. The embryo has begun to grow, and as it develops, he is surprised to find himself unconsciously observing objects and natural phenomena, that do not pertain to his course of study.

No one can be considered a well educated and well rounded man, I think, until he has taken a thorough course in Natural History in some well kept Biological laboratory, and has learned to do original work. It frequently happens that the most brilliant members of the Annual College Classes, in whom the pride and hope of the College are placed, and who are expected to be successful, are complete failures; and this may be traced to their abuse of, and indifference to, the Natural History course. They do not learn to use their eyes to observe, but rather trust to brilliancy.

A person, who wishes to keep his observing power sharpened, should spend at least a part of his spare moments all through life in studying some insect or plant, and should write down in full, in a note book kept for that purpose, the results of his observation. No person, who calls himself a student, should take a walk through a field or in the woods without enlarging his note book with some observation. He, who walks through life with his eyes shut, does not live, but rather stays in the world. He loses all the beauties of nature; and does not keep in touch with his God.

SPENCER CHAPLIN, JR.

AN ADVENTURE OF JAMES SMYLIE.

One beautiful evening in October James Smylie, a blacksmith, and Sarah Truelove, the daughter of a farmer in Brazil, went for a walk. It was very natural that these young people should take a stroll together, for Smylie was known by all his neighbors, or at least his female neighbors, to be deeply in love with Miss Sarah. On the other hand, the men of the community who were in the habit of observing

love affairs, unanimously agreed that Miss Sarah loved Smylie. "'Tis a dead case," some burly fellow would say. "Didn't you see how Sary blushed last Sunday when Jeems winked at 'er?" The news that this couple had gone to walk was almost equivalent to an announcement of their engagement, for it is the custom in Brazil, never to waste time tramping through the woods, unless you had some serious business on hand, such as Smylie had on the day mentioned above.

Now, for some time after they set out, these young people were much embarrassed. Sarah knew that James intended to propose, and he knew that she knew it. This made them walk at a very cold distance from each other, and carry on a very dry, jerky conversation. However, as they went deeper into the woods, they lost some of their shame-facedness, and at last became so much at their ease as to seat themselves on an old log. James knew his time had come.

"Sary" he began, "it's no good to beat the devil round the stump. You know what's in my mind as well as I do."

"I know nothin' uv the kind," replied Sarah. "I thought you wanted to gather nuts. How'd I know you wanted to propose?"

"Ne'mind, I do want to propose to you right here. Le's git married. You'll need some one to protect you, and I'll need some one to keep me company."

Sarah did not reply to this; for, at every word, James had slid a little closer, and by the time he had finished he had her in his arms. She did not object to his awkward caresses, so he took it for granted that all was well.

"Sary, dear," said he, "I'd die for you. I'd climb that poplar tree and fall out uv it for you. I'd fight any kind uv a critter, whether nat'ral or unnat'ral, for you."

Thus we will leave them for a little while, and turn our attention to another quarter.

Soon after James and Sarah had started on their stroll, the

boys of the Truelove household heard what was to happen. Their mother told them that Smylie was going to "ax sister Sarah to marry him."

"I say, le's have some fun," said one to the other, as soon as they had got out of doors.

"How?"

"Why, just take the white Billy goat and tie him in the graveyard and scare Jeems and Sary when they air comin' home. They won't come, you know, till after dark."

So the white goat was led off at sunset and tied to a tombstone. Mr. Truelove saw the boys leaving and followed them. When they stretched themselves on the ground behind a grave, he kept his eye on them from a bunch of bushes a few yards away. There they lay; the boys watching the goat, and the old man watching them. The moon came up, but nobody moved. Mr. Truelove was almost tired out and had just about decided to start back home, when the voice of Smylie fell upon his ear.

"Sary, my love," he was saying, "I'd downright die for you. I'd fight all the sperits in the graveyard up there before I'd let 'em tech you."

By this time, they were nearly opposite the tombstone to which the goat was tied. Now, one of the boys had a way to make the goat stamp and stutter like a human idiot, and he put him to work at once.

"Stamp, stamp! Fo-ot, f-o-o-t!" said the goat.

Smylie and Sarah stopped and stared at the brute with amazement. They failed altogether to recognize Billy, who seemed to be hurling curses at the happy lovers.

"Sary, my diamond," said Smylie, in an undertone, but still loud enough to be heard by the three spies,— "Sary, my moonstone, 'tain't no good to fight'm. He'll shore o'ercome me. But I've hearn that if you'll speak to such as 'em in Scripture language, he'll not bother you."

"Stamp, stamp! F-o-o-t, f-o-o-t!" said the goat.

"O thou creature of hell," said Smylie; "trouble not them that air harmless, like me and Sarah. Go thou back to thy home in hell, and mutter and stamp thy feet at old Satan. I'd fight thee willin'ly, but I ain't so low down as to brawl with such as thou art."

"He, he, he!" giggled the boys.

"Stamp, stamp! Fo-ot, f-o-o-t!" said the goat.

"O, thou unbodied spirit," said Smylie; "I've always feared thy master, Satan, so much that I've always tried to please 'im. So you can't be mad at me. But here is Sary Truelove, who never did obey the devil in 'er life. You're after her, p'r'aps, and if you must have her, why take 'er and leave me alone."

At this the old man came on the scene in high dudgeon. He swore at Smylie so hotly at first that his words were as unintelligible as those of the goat had been.

"You infernal lizzard! You idiot! To call my white Billy 'thou,' and finally promise to give Sary up to him! Oh, that I had you in a sausage mill!"

He could not find words strong enough, and assailed the unfortunate James with his fist and feet, which soon sent him bounding through the woods.

The next day a great feast was given to the Truelove boys, as a reward for the skill they showed in testing the bravery of others, and for saving their sister from the awful fate of being the wife of James Smylie.

SIMON PUREGOLD.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

There is, lurking in the mind of almost every man, a belief in things supernatural. Though he may not acknowledge the existence of such a belief, though he may scout at the mention of such things; yet, to a greater or less degree, he believes in things uncanny. My opinions on such things have been con-

siderably strengthened since the event, which I shall now relate, occurred.

One evening, several years ago, in company with a friend, John Dalston, I left the little town of Burnett in the western part of North Carolina. We expected to drive to Mapleville, a distance of about ten miles, and there spend the night. But, soon after leaving Burnett, we took the wrong turning in the road, and, when we discovered our mistake, night was fast closing upon us. We had gone several miles through a bleak, desolate country without seeing a sign of human habitation. A thunder storm, common enough in September, was gathering in the west. It began to seem, as though we could not escape a thorough wetting. Just then we caught sight of an old deserted-looking house standing back a hundred yards or more from the road. What were we to do? The prospect of a night spent in such a dreary spot was not inviting.

"What shall we do?" I asked.

"Get under shelter, as quickly as possible," answered John; "don't you see that the storm is coming?"

The roar of the coming rain was now to be heard plainly. Turning out of the road, we were soon under shelter.

We had no difficulty in entering the old house, for the door had long since fallen from its hinges. Striking a match (by this time it was pitch dark) we looked around us. We found ourselves in a large room which still showed traces of former comfort and elegance, though for years it had given a home to the owls and bats. With a few blows with his foot John splintered the door, which was still lying where it had fallen, and, piling the pieces in the wide, open fire-place, soon had a bright blaze.

"I say," exclaimed John, looking around with a critical air, "I have been in places before now that looked more comfortable. What are we going to do about supper?"

Not having any suggestions to offer, I did not answer; but continued to look around the room. The walls and high ceil-

ing were damp and mouldy, but they still showed traces of fine workmanship. In one corner stood a book-case, curiously and richly carved, but cobwebs and dust were all that it now contained. The house had probably been deserted for a score of years or more.

"Let us make ourselves as comfortable as possible," said John, stretching himself at full length before the fire; "I suppose the whole tribe of ghosts will visit us to-night." "There never was a more suitable night for them to be abroad," he added, as a fresh gust of wind brought down the rain in sheets.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" I asked, looking at him closely.

"No, I don't," he replied shortly, "nor does any other sensible person." "But say, Henry, doesn't this remind you of that rainy night when we were with Jackson, in the Valley of Virginia?"

"Yes," I answered, following his example of being comfortable. "What a long time ago that was!"

For several hours we lay there, going over again scenes of our boyhood. We had been playmates and schoolmates in the little town in New Jersey, where we were born. When John went off to college in Massachusetts, I could not be content till I went too. We were loyal to each other, and when John fell in love with little Daisy Deane, I wished him success with all my heart, though I loved her too. After leaving college, we both came South and cast our lots with the Southern people. When the war between the States broke out, we shouldered our muskets, and, side by side, we went through the four years' struggle, fighting against those who, only a few years before, had been our neighbors and friends.

At length John said, "Henry, our beds to-night will not be of the softest; but twenty years ago, when we were following old 'Stonewall,' we would have been very thankful for such a shelter over our heads. Now, let us sleep."

Despite the hardness of my couch, I was soon asleep.

I do not know how long I slept; but I awoke with a nameless feeling of expectancy and dread. What it was that would happen I could not tell, but I felt that something strange was about to take place, nor was I mistaken. I could not see anything, for the room was in total darkness, nor could I hear anything, except the steady drip, drip of the rain.

But soon a soft light began to play over the room in tremulous waves, now rising, now falling, now growing brighter, and fading away. But soon the light became steady, and shone pure and clear. This is what I saw:

A room tastily and luxuriously furnished—soft carpets were on the floor; beautiful pictures decorated the walls; here was the Palisades of the Hudson; there was a farm house in the Connecticut valley. Where had I seen those pictures? Who was that girl sitting there at the piano? Just then she turned her face towards me and, with a start, I recognized—Daisy Deane. A handsome young man, dressed in the gray uniform of the Confederacy, stood at her side, looking down into her deep blue eyes. He was bending over her with an expression on his face that brought a pang to my heart. I, too, had loved Daisy Deane in years that were past. But soon there came an interruption to this scene. I saw Daisy spring to her feet with a look of wild terror on her face. Looking toward the door, I saw Alexander Deane, Daisy's father, standing on the threshold with a brace of pistols in his hands, and a look of murderous hate on his face. He made one step forward, and raised his pistols. At that instant, Daisy rushed between her father and her lover. Throwing her hands above her head, she fell to the floor. Then a strain of the wildest, sweetest music echoed through the old house—a crash, as though every string in the piano had snapped at the same moment, and all was silent. Swiftly the curtains of darkness, as if moved by unseen hands, came together and the room was in total darkness.

A sound, like a long-drawn sigh, aroused me from the stu-

por into which I had fallen. Raising myself on my elbow, I asked in an awe-sticken voice:

"John! John! are you asleep?"

"No," answered he slowly, "who could sleep while such scenes were being enacted?"

For a few moments he was silent, then he said, in a hollow voice:

"For years, I tried to find out what had become of Daisy Deane. Now I know what was her sad end. I hope that young fellow killed him."

"Killed whom?" I asked, but I thought I knew to whom he referred.

"Alexander Deane," he answered bitterly.

It is needless to say that we slept no more that night. The next morning, as soon as it was light, we left the old house, depressed and shaken by what we had witnessed. After going about a mile, we came to a farm-house where we stopped, ostensibly to get breakfast, but in reality to learn the history of the deserted house. The farmer very willingly undertook to give us its history. I give it here, as he gave it to us:

"A few years before the war, Mr. Deane, with his daughter, moved into this neighborhood. Mr. Deane was not popular with his neighbors, because he was so headstrong and quick-tempered; and, more than that, he was a strong Abolitionist—and such views were not at all popular. But his daughter, Daisy, was loved by everybody. She was pretty as a pink, and as sweet as she was pretty. George Ripley, who lived a few miles away, saw her, and soon learned to love her, and his affection was warmly reciprocated. George's father, old Colonel Ripley, owned a great many slaves, and, of course, the anti-slavery opinions of Mr. Deane did not at all meet with the Colonel's approval; but George and Daisy were not caring for such minor affairs. About this time the question of secession came up.

"Colonel Ripley and Mr. Deane met one day at some public gathering, and began, each, to express his views on the

the question of secession. From argument they soon passed to abuse, and almost to blows. Mr. Deane forbade George to ever come near his house again. But when did ever love obey such prohibition? George continued to see Daisy, without her father's knowledge, and did all that he could to induce her to marry him, but she steadily refused to disobey her father.

"The war began, and the breach between the two families became still wider. George enlisted in the Confederate army and was put in command of a company of his neighbors. This served only to increase the animosity of Mr. Deane toward him. But George and Daisy still met occasionally in secret.

"One day Mr. Deane had left home to be gone for two or three days. That evening Daisy contrived to send a message to her lover, and soon he was with her. But from some cause or other, Mr. Deane returned home that night. No one knows what took place—except that, by some one, in some way, Daisy was shot through the heart! Mr. Deane suddenly disappeared, and no one knew whither, while George went back to his command, and was left dead on the fateful field of Gettysburg.

"In a little while it began to be rumored that the house was haunted. Several families have tried to live in the old house, but they have as invariably been compelled to leave. The house has stood deserted now for more than ten years."

We thanked him for the story, and continued on our way. After we had gone some distance, I turned to John, and said:

"Well, John, what is your opinion now, about such foolish things as ghosts?" But the question remained unanswered.

The old house still stands, for aught I know, telling to every one, who has the courage to enter its walls, the story of how Daisy Deane met her death at her father's hands. He, in his bigotry, would not tolerate the opinions of another when they differed from his own. Daisy was the innocent victim of her father's ungovernable fury. C. M. S.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

STAFF OF EDITORS.

PROF. R. W. HAYWOOD.....ALUMNI EDITOR.

EU. SOCIETY.

PHI. SOCIETY.

THOMAS H. BRIGGSEDITOR.

J. H. GORE, Jr.....EDITOR.

M. B. DRY.....ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

W. C. BARRETT.....ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

TH. H. BRIGGS, Editor.

WITH THIS issue, the new board of editors assumes control of the Magazine. Succinctly stated, the policy of the editors will be to encourage the production of fiction, verse, essays and interesting historical and scientific papers.

The tend of the Magazine will be toward a higher standard of literary excellence, and that standard can only be obtained by the co-operation of the entire student-body. We want the idea given up, that THE STUDENT is the property of any one man, or set of men. It is *yours*, and we want every man, Freshman or Senior, to feel that this is so. Every word of slander or vituperation, that you may fling at the Magazine, will fall as much on your head as on anyone else's. Would you not do much better to take an interest in th work, and contribute an article, now and then?

The Magazine represents the College, and Wake Forest will be judged by it. The responsibility rests with you. How will you have the judgment?

BELIEVING THAT we are expressing the sentiment of every truly thoughtful undergraduate, we venture the assertion, that no College has a corps of more efficient or devoted teachers than has Wake Forest. No set of men have kinder hearts, or are more blessed with patience, than these. Each and every one seems imbued with a peculiar enthusiasm in his

own department, and, what is more, the general harmony between faculty and students, is unparalleled. The old mechanical and traditional methods of teaching are things of the past, and the stimulus of the new higher education is being felt by all.

Without partiality, we cannot help but note the zeal and enthusiasm shown by the younger members of the Faculty. Their ardor is contagious.

ARTICLES HANDED in for publication will be impartially judged, and, if accepted, published at the pleasure of the Managing Editor. Contributions for the November issue, must be in by the twentieth of October, in order that the Magazine may be issued before the fifth of the month.

TO THE FRESHMAN no better advice can be given than that he work in the Literary Societies. The hitherto unequalled excellence can only be maintained by the persistent and conscientious work of each member. There are stimuli enough—the Carlyle medals, the improvement medals and the Society honors, to say nothing of the personal good that is sure to result. The benefit which one receives from the Societies will only be in the same proportion as one's work. An idle member is worse than useless, and if you do not intend to work, you had best stay out.

BOOK NOTES.

By JOHN HOMER GORE, Jr., Editor.

We trust we have not infringed upon the rights of the readers of THE STUDENT by making a change in this department. It is our intention to *read* carefully the books on which we give notes. This is a departure from the old rule of taking some

literary journal, and copying the notes written there. We do not make this change to please the reader; but, rather, to educate us in giving our own opinions, which, according to our understanding, is the end for which THE STUDENT was established.

Bessie Costrell. MacMillan & Co., 75 cents.

"Bessie Costrell" is Mrs. Ward's latest story, and to us it seems very dull and lifeless. We were expecting something far better. While it is well written, it is a very commonplace story. We had no idea that the author of Marcella could write such a sorry story. We laid the book aside with a good deal of dissatisfaction.

Bessie Costrell, with whom her uncle leaves his savings (a considerable amount) steals them, piece by piece—drinking and treating her neighbors, until she is found out, and then, through fear of the policeman and her husband, a stern man, commits suicide by jumping into a well.

The story is a sickly tragedy, with very little human nature in it, and as dull as a campus lie. We hope that her serial, to begin in the November *Century*, will be up to the average.

Prisoner of Zenda, Anthony Hope. Henry Holt & Co., \$1.

"The Prisoner of Zenda" is a thrilling story, told in Anthony Hope's best style. When we read it, we feel as though we are lifted and carried over into Ruritania.

Rudolf Rassendyll seems to have lived in idleness, and after missing many chances of being something, decided to try to please his sister-in-law by taking a journey, promising her that he would write a book of adventure. He went to Ruritania to the Coronation of Rudolf the Third. Rassendyll resembled Rudolf the Third very much. He stopped over in Paris on his way to Ruritania, and there he saw Mme. de Mauban, who, later on, played an important part in Zenda affairs. He stopped at a station just outside of Strelsau, and from there went towards Strelsau; but, in the forest of Zenda, he was found asleep by a hunting party. Rudolf the Third

was in this party. Every one in the party noticed the resemblance between Rassendyll and the king. Rassendyll made himself known to the king, and went to Zenda as the king's guest. Zenda was the home of Michael, brother of the king. Michael wanted to take his brother's life, and reign in his stead. While they dined that evening, one of Michael's trusty servants brought in some wine saved for the king's special use. The wine contained some kind of drug, and had the desired effect. The king could not go to the Coronation, and if he were not there Michael would be crowned in his stead. Rassendyll took his place, and was crowned. Michael held the king as a prisoner, while Rassendyll held the throne, attended to governmental affairs, and did the king's courting. The people wanted the king to marry Flavia, and they expected it. Rassendyll played well his part in the king's love affairs. His first work was to free the king. He did this, but with a great deal of difficulty. The taking of the prisoner was a very bloody scene. Rudolf the Third takes the throne, but without the love of Flavia, for she loves Rassendyll. Flavia, thinking it for the good of her country, decided to marry the king, so she and Rassendyll part forever.

The book is charmingly written. It is charming because it is simple. Flavia took a sad part in life, and played it well. She was a true, noble woman, made unhappy by fate.

The Idiot, John Kendrick Bangs. Harpers, \$1.

This is a collection of breakfast table chats, in which Mr. Idiot takes a prominent part. Mr. Idiot has an abundance of imagination, and most of his time is occupied in annoying his bachelor friends, or Mr. and Mrs. Pedagog, with some of his foolish theories about the problems of every-day life. He reaches the goal of life by getting married.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

M. B. DRY, Editor.

—W. G. Freeman ('56-'59) is a practising physician at Murfreesboro, N. C.

—Rev. J. B. Boone ('60-'61) has been appointed Superintendent of the Thomasville Orphanage. Mr. Boone is well qualified for the place, and we think the selection a good one.

—The appointment by Gov. Carr of Hon. C. M. Cooke ('60-'61) to fill the office of Secretary of State, made vacant by the death of Hon. Octavius Coke, seems to have met with the approval of the people throughout the State. Mr. Cooke is well qualified to fill the office with credit and honor.

—'72. B. B. Winborne has been elected Judge of Hertford county by the Justices of the Peace of that county. Gov. Carr has issued his commission for two years.—*N. C. Baptist*.

—'74. J. S. Mitchell is bookkeeper and cashier in the Henrietta Cotton Mills, in Rutherford county.

—'75. John E. Ray, formerly Superintendent of the State School for the Mute and Blind in Colorado, is now Superintendent of the Kentucky School for the Deaf, at Danville. Mr. Ray's success, as a teacher of this unfortunate class of people, is well known.

—'80. W. B. Waff is the efficient pastor of Reynoldson Baptist Church, and other churches, in Gates county.

—'84. George B. Carter is travelling agent for the *Courier-Journal*.

—J. F. Highsmith ('86-'87) is a successful physician at Fayetteville, N. C.

—'87. L. L. Vann is a practising physician at Neapolis, Va.

—'87. H. E. Copple is Principal of Rock Rest High School in Union county.

—The untimely death of Rev. J. E. Green ('87-'92) will bring sorrow to the hearts of all who knew him as a student at Wake Forest. At the time of his death, he was teaching at Ronda, in Wilkes county, and was pastor of several churches.

—'88. Rev. J. W. Lynch, who for some time has been pastor of the First Baptist Church in Danville, Ky., is now visiting the Holy Land.

—J. V. McGougan ('88-'89) is practising medicine at Fayetteville, N. C.

—'89. G. P. Harrell is one of the Principals of the High School at Forest City, in Rutherford county.

—A. M. Yates ('89-'92) is Principal of the Academy at Apex, N. C.

—'90. J. R. Hankins, who has been teaching with Prof. Henry Simmons, at Eufaula, Ala., has returned to Johns Hopkins University, where he will complete his course leading to the degree of Ph.D.

—'92. R. L. Moore is a successful teacher at Amherst Academy, N. C.

—'92. Rev. M. A. Adams is one of our most successful young preachers. He is becoming more and more popular with his flock at Reidsville, N. C.

—'92. Rev. James Long, a recent graduate of the Theological Seminary at Rochester, N. Y., was married, August 29th, to Miss Mary Faulkner, of Saluda, Va. THE STUDENT extends congratulations.

—'92. Rev. W. R. Cullom, who has been supplying for the church at Scotland Neck during the Summer months, has returned to the Seminary at Louisville. Mr. Cullom is one of the most promising young ministers of the State. He is one of the tutors in the Seminary.

—The friends of J. R. Stokely ('92-'94) are glad to know of his success as a student at the University of Tennessee. During the last year he has succeeded in winning two medals—one for excellence in oratory, the other for high grade of scholarship. Moral: Wake Forest men succeed every where.

—'94. F. E. Parham, who was valedictorian of the class of last year, has gone to the University of Chicago.

—'94. R. F. Beasley is editing the *Monroe Journal*. The paper is, in every particular, a success, and is very popular with the people. Let more Wake Forest men enter journalism.

—'94. J. J. Payseur is making an enviable reputation as teacher and preacher at Matthews, N. C.

—The following is the program of the banquet given by the Local Alumni Association of Union county, at Monroe, August 23d: Toast Master, E. W. Sikes, of Johns Hopkins University. Toasts were responded to as follows: "Duty of Alumni to Each Other," by T. W. Bickett, Louisburg, N. C. "Days of the Shillalah," by Hon. W. C. Dowd, Charlotte, N. C. "Recollections of the Hill," by Hon. J. L. Webb, Shelby, N. C. "Wake Forest—Its Influence," by Dr. T. H. Pritchard, Charlotte, N. C. President C. E. Taylor was also present and responded to the toast "Wake Forest as It is To-day." The banquet was a complete success. A large number of old students and friends of Wake Forest were present, and marked interest in the continued welfare of the College was manifested.

EXCHANGES.

JOHN HOMER GORE, Jr., Editor.

The college journals before us are full of commencement, and, of course, this in itself gives us little room to make notes. Many have pretty covers with nothing between them.

The Bachelor of Arts is a new magazine, "devoted to University interests and general literature." It is the only magazine of the kind we have seen. For college news, it is excellent. The athletic department is under the care of Walter Camp. Every college man should have it.

The Emory Phoenix is a very pretty college magazine, but one is disappointed upon opening it, because he can find nothing of interest in it. A good story simply told, or a good essay, will attract attention.

The Southern Collegian is one of the best exchanges we have. The themes are good, and the subject matter well arranged. We do not like the essay as well as the simple story, but when it has for its subject Edgar Allen Poe, we enter no objection.

The Vassar Miscellany is the neatest exchange we have, but there are too many essays in it. Why not do some story work?

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

W. C. BARRETT, Editor.

THE OLD spirit in foot-ball has again come to life.

PROFESSORS SEEM to increase our work as theirs increases.

Mr. R. N. Simms has been chosen as assistant in the Biological Laboratory.

PROF. E. W. SIKES spent several days on the Hill at the opening of the session.

BOARDING HOUSES and club houses are all full. A good year for the "beef man."

COLLEGE OPENED with a larger number of students and with brighter prospects than ever before.

THE WORK of Rev. C. W. Blanchard is showing itself in the largely increased number of students.

HAZING IS out of fashion at Wake Forest. The faculty have taken part in it and destroyed the fun.

MISSES FANNIE Powers and Mary Taylor, left Wake Forest some days ago to enter college at Murfresboro.

MISSES MARY Purefoy, Marie Lankford, and Bertie Edwards are attending the Oxford Female Seminary.

HURRAH! THE interest in *ball playing* is not dead, though it has received some stunning blows from the friends of the College.

A NEW cover has been built over the College well in front of the dormitory, which will add greatly to the comfort of the students in hot weather.

MR. T. B. HILL has been elected Orator to represent the Philomathesian Society at the next anniversary. Mr. I. S. Boyles, who was elected to fill this place, did not return.

MR. A. B. CANNADY has been elected second debater for next Anniversary, from the Phi Society. Mr. James Griffin, who was elected last May, will not return to College this year.

AT THE first meeting of the Athletic Association, Mr. R. B. Powell was elected Captain of the baseball team, and W. Hickman Carter, Manager. Gray King, Manager of the football team; John Gore, Captain. Trainer for Field Day, John Gore.

AT A MEETING of the members of the Class of '96, the following officers were elected: President, H. H. McLendon; Secretary, J. W. Carlton; Orator, R. G. Rozier; Prophet, I. M. Meekins; Historian, J. H. Gore; and Poet, J. D. Hufham, Jr.

AMONG THE number of old students, who have visited the Hill since College opened, are Messrs. W. R. Cullom, J. W. Millard, C. J. F. Anderson, W. B. Morton, J. V. Devenny, T. W. Bicket, Frank Parham, Carey Newton, Foster Hankins, and J. D. Boushall.

ON THE 3d of October, at 2 o'clock P. M., in Wingate Memorial Hall, Mr. John G. Mills was married to Miss Sophia Laneau. The beauty of the wedding was its simplicity. Dr. W. R. Gwaltney officiated. We extend our congratulations and wish for them much happiness.

THE WAKE FOREST SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY met October 1st. Prof. C. E. Brewer read a paper on "Assaying." He spoke of the different ores of gold and silver, and the methods of determining their value, and showed, by experiments and diagrams, the different methods of assaying and the treatment of different ores.

PROF. GULLEY has moved his family to Wake Forest, and is giving his class his entire attention. Wake Forest has furnished to North Carolina a great number of men who have distinguished themselves in the practice of law. Now that she has a school of her own, with Prof. Gulley at its head, it will furnish them more abundantly.

ON THE evening of the 17th of September, the students gathered in the Memorial Hall to enjoy a reception, given to the new students by the good people of Wake Forest. Dr. Gwaltney opened the meeting with prayer; Mr. E. W. Sikes, President of the meeting, made the introductory speech.

The following gentlemen made five-minutes addresses: S. McIntire, "The People of the Hill;" A. C. Cree, "Young Men's Prayer-meeting;" T. B. Hill, "The Literary Societies;" Bruce Benton, "Faculty and Students;" Professor Brewer, "Athletics;" Dr. Gwaltney, "Relation of Pastor to Students;" Professor Poteat, "The Bible Bands;" Dr. Taylor, "The Christian College."

When the speaking closed, the students were invited to retire to the small Chapel, where refreshments in great abundance were served.

THE FOOTBALL prospects are fine. Every afternoon crowds of boys may be seen walking towards the park to see the

games. There are about twenty contestants for positions on the team, and from these we are going to get a good team. We have arranged some dates, and are now in training. The general criticism is, that the tackling is not low enough. The blocking, while not the best, is all we could expect. Full-back is likely to be very weak. Kellenger does not kick well, when there is the least pressure brought to bear. Bailey is at quarter, but is rather light. R. Barrett and L. McIntosh are doing good work, but do not run low enough. Folk and C. Gore, with hard work, are going to make good ends. Fenner is playing fine ball. His going through the line is decidedly creditable. Barbee and Tatum are good men, but need training. McGeachy is best man for centre. Moss is a good ball player, but has not been able to show himself yet, on account of his lameness. There are many other promising candidates, whose names we cannot here give.

“CHRIST AS AN EDUCATOR,” was the subject of the address, delivered on the evening of the 4th, by President Kilgo, of Trinity College. The burden of his remarks was that the education most to be desired, is that which is dispensed under distinctively Christian influences. He deprecated very strongly that kind of training, the chief merit of which is its so-called “practicality.” The speaker was given, what he easily wins wherever he goes, a very appreciative and attentive hearing. It is a good thing, we believe, to have had the President of Trinity College here. We are sure that his coming to Wake Forest will serve to strengthen the bond of friendship between the two institutions. And as the needs of all Christian colleges are the same, everything that brings them into closer co-operation is very much to be desired. We see, in Trinity’s young, energetic and determined President, “great things” for that institution.

WITH SOME apprehension concerning our own safety, we venture a few brief remarks about this year’s crop of “newish”:

Under the fostering care of the Faculty, some peculiar specimens have been developed. Mr. Tedder, with his scathing satire, keeps the nerves of all tingling. Mr. Folk greatly amuses the ladies with his alertness in conversation and his scintillating wit. Mr. Watkins, on account of his matchless physiognomy, is contemplating assuming the name "Sallie." Mr. Forbes is the favorite of the Faculty, by reason of his ceaseless and indefatigable striving to win the valedictory in 1910. Dr. Taylor's cow, on account of her antipathy to lurid colors, committed suicide against the fence when Mr. Martin passed by. In defence of Mr. Martin, however, we must state that he alleges that the cow was excited to such a rash deed by Mr. Flemming's snigger. The Faculty are contemplating binding Mr. Hollingsworth's head with chilled steel, to prevent his ever efflorescing ideas from bursting their bounds. The New York *Tribune* is in mourning because of the retirement of Mr. Hilderbran from active political life. With profound sorrow we chronicle the shocking profanity of Sanderlin, and the choice and pious vocabulary of Speer. In passing, we note the personal adornments of Mr. H. Powell.

ON THE evening of the third of September, at 8 o'clock, Prof. W. L. Poteat introduced, to a large audience of students and citizens, Dr. J. L. M. Curry, who had been invited to deliver the opening address for the session of '95-'96.

Dr. Curry began by congratulating the students upon being in a College of established reputation for good scholarship, thorough mental discipline, high standard of graduation, and healthful Christian atmosphere. The influence of a College, he believed, conduces to the elevation of public opinion, and stimulates refinement, rather than conceit and coarseness. There is no royal road to learning, the speaker declared. Every man is appointed a minister, and upon him devolve certain duties, altogether untransferable. The degree of success with which he discharges these duties is determined by the thoroughness of his training.

The educated man must beware of current inaccuracies of speech. For example, the too common exaggeration, which is ruinous to the memory and all logical thinking. The inutility of ordinary discussions is largely the result of failure to agree upon the terms of the proposition.

The young men of the South should do more in the way of authorship, original investigation, and scientific discovery. We stand on the threshold of undreamed-of achievements in the utilization of the forces of nature. And in all the departments of mental activity there is ample opportunity for the youth of the present day to win distinction.

Though we cannot all be Statesmen, authors, and inventors, we can be patriots and citizens. Let each man seek to lift politics above Tammanyism and Quayism. Let the science of government be patiently and critically studied, and the methods of legislation be improved. The speaker closed by begging his student hearers to avoid narrowness and selfishness, and to cultivate a noble and elevated altruism.

THOMAS H. BRIGGS & SONS,

RALEIGH, N. C.

HARDWARE,

STOVES, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,
LIME, CEMENT, PLASTER, GUNS AND GUN GOODS.

—BICYCLES.—

Best Goods. Lowest Prices. Square Dealing.

W. H. & R. S. Tucker
& Co.,

RALEIGH, N. C.


*Dress Shirts, Negligee Shirts, Drawers,
Underwear, Collars, Cuffs, Scarfs,
Handkerchiefs, Hats, Shoes, Etc.*


WE SOLICIT THE PATRONAGE OF STUDENTS.

IN ADDITION TO OUR LARGE AND
GENERAL STOCK OF

DRY GOODS,
CARPETS, Etc., . . .

We have the largest and
most thorough equipment
in the State of

 Gentlemen's
Furnishings.

BOYS! 

WE SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE.

WAKE FOREST, N. C.

Druggists, Booksellers
and Stationers,

T. E. HOLDING & CO.

DRESS SUITS Made to Order

A SPECIALTY.

▽ WE have a large line of samples of
the best cloths for DRESS SUITS,
▽ and will guarantee a Perfect Fit and
Low Prices.

WE ALSO HAVE
A FULL LINE OF

CLOTHING,

Underwear, Hats, Shoes, &c.

Lowest Prices Guaranteed.

Whiting Bros
LOWEST PRICES GUARANTEED
CLOTHIERS & HATTERS
Raleigh, N.C.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

VOL. XV. WAKE FOREST, N. C., NOVEMBER, 1895. No. 2.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY FROM UNFAMILIAR SOURCES.

Petit Treason—Judicial Execution by Burning at the Stake in North Carolina.

Blackstone tells us (4 Com., 75 and 203), that for a servant to kill his master, a woman her husband, or an ecclesiastical person his superior, was petit treason, and that this offense was punished more severely than murder, a man being drawn as well as hanged, and a woman being drawn and burnt. This law has since been changed in England. It has doubtless been forgotten by most that this offence of petit treason continued in this State after the adoption of our Republican form of government, and as to slaves at least, (both white and black), that the punishment inflicted was to be burnt at the stake, in continuation of the practice and law of our ancestors in England. This continued to be the law in North Carolina till 1793.

Your magazine having solicited contributions of curious and useful historical data, I send you a copy of one of the few remaining records of the judicial executions, by burning at the stake, which have taken place in our State since the adoption of the Constitution of 1776.

The Act of 1741, which continued in force till 1793, provided that if any negroes, "*or other slaves*," (and there were other slaves in those days) should conspire to make an insur-

rection or to murder any one, they should suffer death. It was further provided that any slave committing such offence or any other crime or misdemeanor, should be tried by two or more Justices of the Peace and by four free-holders, (who should also be owners of slaves) "without the solemnity of a jury; and if the offender should be found guilty, they shall pass such judgment upon him, according to their discretion, as the nature of the crime or offence shall require, and on such judgment to award execution." It further provided that this commission should assess the value of any slave executed by by them and report to the next Legislature, who should award the owner of such slave the compensation assessed.

The following is a *verbatim* copy of one of the certificates made to the Legislature to procure pay for a slave executed under said Act:

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA—Brunswick County.

March 5, 1778.

At a court held for the tryal of a negro man slave for the murder of Henry Williams, said fellow being the property of Mrs. Sarah Dupree.

Justices of the Peace present: William Paine, John Bell, Thomas Sessions.

Free-holders: John Stanton, James Ludlow, Needham Gause, Aaron Roberts.

According to law, valued said negro James, at eighty pounds Procklamation Money.

The court proceeded on said tryall and the said fellow James confessed himself to be One that had a hand in the murdering of said Henry Williams in concurrence with the evidence of four other mallefactors that were Executed for Being Concerned in said murder on the 18th day of March, 1777.

Ordered that the Sheriff take the said Jimmy from hence to the Place of execution where he shall be *tyed to a stake and*

Burnt alive. Given under our hands this 5th day of March 1778.

Justices of the Peace: William Gause, John Bell, Thomas Sessions.

Free-holders: Aaron Roberts, John Stanton, Needham Gause, Jas. ^{his} X Ludlow.
mark.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA—Brunswick County.

We the undernamed persons being summoned as Justices of the Peace and freeholders of the County aforesaid to hold a court for the Tryall of a negro man slave named James, the property of Mrs. Sarah Dupree, for the murder of Mr. Henry Williams of Lockwood Folly, do value the said slave James at the sum of Eighty Pounds Procklamation Money. Given under our hands this 5th day of March, 1778.

Jastices of the Peace: William Gause, John Bell, Thomas Sessions.

Free-holders: Aaron Roberts, John Stanton, Needham Gause, Jas. ^{his} X Ludlow.
mark.

The journals of the Legislature show that the assessed compensation "Eighty Pounds Procklamation Money" was voted to Mrs. Sarah Dupree the owner of the slave.

There is a similar record in Granville County, showing that, on the 21st of October, 1773, Robert Harris, Jonathan Kittrell and Sherwood Harris, Justices; and Thomas Critcher, Christopher Harris, Samuel Walker and William Hunt, freeholders, tried and convicted Sanders, a negro slave of Joseph McDaniel, for the murder of William Bryant, and he was sentenced to be burnt alive on the 23rd, two days thereafter. Doubtless there are other records of similar proceedings in other Counties, if not destroyed in the lapse of time, but these two will serve as a curious reminder of a by-gone age. After

1793 the slave charged with murder became entitled to a trial by a jury of free-holders, and one of the most splendid efforts of the late Hon. B. F. Moore was in behalf of a slave tried for murder. His brief in that case, and the opinion of the court delivered by Judge Gaston, will remain enduring monuments of the claim of both to abiding fame. The opinion and brief will be found reported in *State v. Will*, 18 N. C., 121, 172.

While the circumstance I have attempted to rescue from oblivion may not seem to the credit of the men of that day, it is an historical, social and legal fact which will serve to "show the age, its very form and pressure." It is to the credit of the next generation that the statute was repealed by a more humane and just one, in 1793, and that the latter Act was afterwards illustrated by the learning and impartial justice displayed by court and counsel in *State v. Will*.

It is true of the generations of men as of individuals, that we "rise on stepping stones of our dead selves to higher things."

WALTER CLARK.

THE CELTIC CHURCH.

Tradition has it that Paul introduced Christianity into Britain. This is only a monkish legend of latter date. The Roman legions more probably brought it when they came to guard Rome's distant island possession. The legionaries were withdrawn to drive Alaric from the Danubian frontier. While they were defending Rome nearer home, the English made the conquest of Britain. Before this the Christian Church comprised every country in Western Europe, save Germany. The English conquest was a wedge of heathendom, thrust into this Christian communion, and broke it into two equal parts. On the one side lay Italy, Spain and Gaul, whose churches paid obedience to Rome: on the other side was Ireland. The condition of these two posts was different.

In 590 Gregory became Bishop of Rome. When a young deacon he had seen the English captives in the slave-markets of Rome. That he was interested in this people is evident from the well-known story in which his pity is expressed in poetic humor. When the opportunity presented itself he determined to bring those "with angel faces" within the folds of the church. Augustine, the provost of his own monastery, was designated for the task. A safe permit was secured from the Gauls for his passage through their territory. At this time Ethelbert was ruling in Kent. He had married a Christian, Bertha, of Paris. To this court Augustine made his way. The Roman missionaries were kindly received by the overlord of Kent, sitting in the open air on the chalk downs of Minster, as a precaution against magic. The King listened patiently to the sermon of Augustine. With the tolerant spirit of his race, he replied, "Your words are fair, but they are new and of a doubtful meaning." He granted them protection in his own King's tent. The band of monks entered Canterbury, carrying a silver cross in front of them and singing a hymn. More than a century before, Hengest and Horsa had landed at the same spot. The place—Island of Thanet—is better known as the landing place of Augustine than of Hengest and Horsa. It was, in some respects, the undoing of the conquest. The march of the monks was the return of the Roman legions. The civilization, arts and letters that had fled before the English conquerors, returned with the Christian faith. The Roman law never took deep root, but it is significant that the codes of customary English law soon began to be put into writing.

Gregory had marked out a plan of ecclesiastical organization, designed to embrace the whole island. London and York, which had been the principal cities of Roman Britain, were to be the seats of two archbishoprics, to each of which were to be attached twelve suffragan sees. But there was still too much civil disorder for so great an ecclesiastical fabric to be knit together.

During the Roman occupation Ireland had escaped invasion. Agricola, as he gazed across the narrow channel that separates it from England, had planned, as the last of his exploits, the conquest of this island. He thought a single legion would be sufficient, but his opinion was never put to the test. So Ireland was never brought within the pale of the empire.

The primitive tribal life, which the Celts had brought with them from the cradle of the Aryan race, went on untouched by Roman law or Roman municipal institutions. Ireland is one vast grazing ground. There are lacking those physical characteristics which have shaped the destiny of so many other countries. There are no mountain ranges or great river valleys, no varied distribution of hill and dale, tending to throw lesser tribes together into peoples and nations, and thus to widen their sphere of life and elevate their manners and customs.

The Irish nation consisted of groups of tribes, connected only by the tie of kinship. They were loosely bound together under a graduated system of tribal government. Patrick, and other devoted missionaries, founded their church in the midst of this system. Its government was naturally moulded upon the political forms and social life around it. In those countries where Roman law and institutions preceded the church, it moulded its organization upon them, thus establishing a national and episcopal system. The Celtic Church, following the same principle, became tribal, and lacked compact organization. But what this church lacked in organization it made up in zeal. While Latin Christianity was fighting for life with wild barbarian hordes who hovered upon the frontiers, the Celtic branch was growing strong and robust; the science and Biblical knowledge which fled from the continent, found a shelter in Durrow and Armagh, the great university towns of the West. This new Christian life soon beat too strongly to be confined within the narrow limits of Ireland. Its zealous monks founded a monastery at Iona,

which became a great center. Columban established monasteries in Burgundy, and even among the Apennines.

The gentle Aidan fixed his bishop's stool on the island-peninsula of Lindisfarne—now known as Holy Island. This Celtic Christianity flung itself with a fiery zeal into the battle with the mass of heathendom, which was hurling itself against the church. This race, which had been driven by its conquerors to the verge of Western Europe, turned back, and it seemed was about to conquer them in turn.

Northumbria gained supremacy in Britain; the Celtic Church was the more powerful in this region; Latin Christianity prevailed only in the South; the heathen gods had been driven from their homes, and now the question arose to which Church was the English nation to give its adherence. The labors of Aidan, and the victories of Oswald and Oswiu seemed to have annexed England to the Irish Church, which quoted, for their guidance, not Gregory but Columba. Should the nascent English Church throw itself into a state of isolation and fight against the world? So long as Aidan lived, his piety, and the reverence in which he was held, hushed all whispers, but when he died there began the strivings of two men, who soon brought it to a head.

In 664 King Oswald called a Synod at Whitby to settle all disputed questions. Here the forces of both sides met and combatted hotly. The one disputant appealed to the authority of Columba, the other to that of St. Peter. "You own," cried the King to Colman, "that Christ gave the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven to Peter. Then I will rather obey the porter of Heaven, lest when I reach its gates, he who holds the keys in his keeping turn his back on me, and there be none to open."

This humorous form of decision could not conceal its importance; the Synod broke up, and Colman, with the Irish monks, forsook the see of Aiden and sailed away.

This decision was of immense moment to England after-

wards. Had England clung to the Celtic Church, it would have remained isolated. Though Rome was fallen from her former greatness, she still retained the traditions of civilization, arts and letters. Its faith held together the nations that sprang from the ruins. By this decision England became a devisee of the heritage bequeathed by the dying Empire of Rome, and gained political unity through ecclesiastical unity.

E. W. SIKES.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.

THE SPHERE OF JOURNALISM,

The limit line of duty is as hard to draw as is that of any shadow. Man may not place a line and say, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further." Even if duty were a constant thing, and did not vary with the conditions which hedge it about, its boundary line would be hard to define. And yet there are always guide-posts to be kept close at hand; there is always a finger which points to the right. No life has been launched on the sea of existence without some polar star to steer by. There are guiding principles as abiding as time in every sphere of life's duty. Hence, comes the question, What are the journalist's guiding principles? In other words, what is the sphere of journalism? What place should the journalist fill?

This is eminently a question of the day. It meets us upon the threshold of a broader existence, and imperatively demands of us a solution. While but the child of a day, as it were, it yet stands before us in the stature of a Titan. Little did Gutenberg imagine, little could he imagine, what a creature he had brought into existence, when nearly five hundred years ago he invented the printing press; for, although journalism may be said to antedate that period, yet it is only since that time that it has established itself as a potent factor in the

history of the world. He but removed the seal of Solomon, and the genie has covered the face of the heavens.

Neither is it a growth of a fungus nature. With all its problems demanding solution, with all of its power for good or for evil, the prodigy has come to stay. It has become one of the abiding factors in our civilization. Oratory may continue its decline and finally pass away, but journalism, we believe, will linger with us until the opening of the pages of that greatest of all journals—the record of human life.

That the journalist is the leader of modern thought, is fast becoming the tritest truism. His words are received as the utterance of an oracle by all ranks and classes, from him who scans our wonderful dailies to him who absorbs the country weekly. Once it was enough to say that the pen was mightier than the sword. Now it could be truthfully said that it is mightier than all other human instruments beside. It is now the lever that moves the world. I repeat, that it is not the orator, the historian, the philosopher, the poet, nor even the novelist, who shapes the thought of the world to-day. That place is filled by the newspaper editor. Hence, upon journalism devolves a mighty duty. Is it moving the world toward something better? Is it using its wondrous power for good?

First, and above all things, for the accomplishment of this, the editor must be *a man*. Our civilization is in a momentous condition. Her forces are hanging in the balances. Before us lies a wider or a narrower existence. The world is loud in her call for men. The editor who would fill to the fullest the measure of his duty, must be one who shall answer to this call. Let him hearken to the wail of humanity's need; let him love journalism because of the good which it can do, and not for the money which it can make, or the political power which it can give; let him look upward, and not around him for help; let him but be such a man, and men will flock to his banner as did the vassals around those of the knights of old. Let him have a man's aspirations after something better; let

him eagerly desire to direct men's aims to something higher, merely for the sake of humanity's gain, and when he shall look up, at the end of his labors, he will meet the approving smile of his God.

If our editors be men in truth, they will have abiding convictions. You know old Archimedes boasted that he would move the world if you would but give him something to rest his lever upon. So likewise, if the journalist would move the world of thought he must have something on which to base his arguments. He must have conviction. He must speak in the earnestness born of belief. All men listen to him who speaks in sincerity. Let it but once be understood that every sentence appearing on the editor's page is based upon his inmost belief, and the minds of the people will be bowed before it as the forest before the lordly cyclone. The avalanche of trust in another's conviction sweeps all resistance from its impetuous pathway. Before this trust, however, can be established the current idea must be destroyed that editors are as fickle as weather-cocks. The suspicious belief which is now awarded them must be changed into the most unwavering confidence before journalism can fill its appointed sphere.

It is necessary that the journalist should be himself. He must reveal to the world his own personality. He has taken upon himself the position of leadership, and hence is supposed to have views which the people should know. At any rate, when one reads an editorial he wants to know the editor's own opinions. Old-time, stereotyped expressions, impersonal statements, stale generalizations are things which rapidly pall upon the taste. In this day of revolution in all things, when old habits and customs are giving place to new, the impersonal style of newspaper editorials has become a thing of the past. The world of newspaper readers is calling for assertions backed by a man. The thing wanted is not the mask-like, indefinite "we," but the bold, responsible "I." The world demands that their leader be willing to stand behind his asser-

tions with a manly boldness and vigor. His statements must be fragments of what he believes. They must be essentially parts of himself, for abstract ideas, like abstract reasoning, are of little weight with the popular mind. Life is not an abstraction, but a stern reality.

We sometimes hear the question raised as to whether or not a secular paper should ever deal with denominational subjects, or a denominational paper with secular subjects. Certainly, if the editor in question knows nothing about the matter, he ought not undertake its discussion; but if, on the other hand, he is well acquainted with its nature, why shouldn't he discuss it? If our denominations fall into folly, and, blinded by feeling, are unable to see it, why shouldn't the secular press reveal the fact? Or, if secular affairs become corrupt and in need of a remedy, why shouldn't the denominational papers strive to suggest the remedy and remove the disease? To say that it should be otherwise, is to say that the editor is not free. If an editor's only function is to arrange contributions and the notices of fifth Sunday meetings, then some shrewd Yankee will soon invent a machine to take the editor's place; but his duty must be wider than this. He must play a man's part in the drama of life; he must lay his hand on an individual goal. The journal should be but the editor's voice, and that voice should speak against error, in whatever department of life it occurs.

Our secular journals must soon call a halt on a tendency which seems now to be moving them. So patent has become the fact that they are mere political organs, that the contents of an editorial may be guessed before it is read. Certainly the line it will take is known. This fact causes the editor to lose his power. He becomes not an independant, responsible man, but the mere mouth-piece of a political party. No man can develop his individuality if he be constantly forced to guard well his expressions, lest he say something which may injure "the party." He becomes not a man, but a thing—nay,

rather, he becomes a slave. He speaks not from the basis of self-conviction; he becomes the spokesman of a tyrannical master, doomed to suffer alone all of the punishment which follows an unguarded statement. Such a man profanes the editor's sanctum. His claim to leadership is mere mockery of the basest kind. He has chained himself down to unchanging positions, and yet lays claim to the title of a man. He has precluded the possibility of a change of mind, and thus has doomed himself to certain stagnation—the open enemy to healthful growth. The man who never changes his opinion is a man who never grows. But now if an editorial is ever out of the regular line, either a new editor has come into office or the old one has become an obnoxious “mugwump.” In this enlightened day, when the press has attained the utmost liberty, our editors have signed away their freedom. It is questionable whether this be a smaller evil than the censorship of the press. In the one case we breed men, in the other we breed machines. Oh, for an *independent press!* a press that will voice a man's convictions! If our journals must be “organs”—though the term sounds slavish—let them not be the organs of human establishments, but let them be the organs of eternal truth.

No wonder is it that the press does not occupy as it might its magnificent sphere. No wonder is it that keen observers have even now begun to predict that already its power is waning. No wonder is it that, when the people stretch out their pitiful hands for help, they lay them not upon substance but upon mere shadow. No wonder is all of this, when he who sits in the unpretentious oaken chair, which could be made mightier than a monarch's throne, has so far fallen short of his possibilities as to become the mere bondsman of his fellow-men.

And yet the press is not wholly corrupt. There still linger traces of its pristine purity. History's page reveals the fact that it has ever seemed to be trying to voice the sentiment of

the people. Laocoön has been struggling to throw off the serpent. The giant has been wrestling with his chains. Oh! that he may some time burst them asunder, and stand forth with unshackled arms to work wonders in the world in the battle for the right!

Not for one moment would I deny that the press in its lifetime has accomplished much. It has usually stood on the side of the oppressed. Like a mighty search-light it has ever and anon darted its beams into the dens of iniquity, though at times the wick seems to burn rather low. Has the government been radically wrong in its principles? The press has clamored for reform. Has the social system been foul with corruption? The press has held up the fact to publicity. Much, indeed, has it accomplished; and yet there remains very much undone. There are yet many wrongs to be righted; there are yet many iniquities to be revealed. The greatness of accomplishments is always judged with an eye to the possibilities. He who has the ten talents must double the gains of him with the five. The editor can never rest on his oars. He can never accomplish all that he might, for his sphere is as wide as the world itself, and as deep as human woe.

Ah! but, it is objected, all of this is mere idealism, there is nothing tangible in it. Certainly it is idealism, to some extent, inasmuch as he would be an ideal man who filled to the fullest his measure of duty. But infinity may be approached. The editor may be constantly thrown with the worst class of people; crime, misery and vice may be all about him; the darkest side of human life may be the one which is constantly shown him; and yet he himself need not be debased. He may touch crime and vice but to purify them. He may see misery but to relieve it. He may cleanse the world like sunshine, and yet be untainted, pure. The only need now is that he cease his incessant raking to and fro upon the muckheap of politics, corruption and crime, and look up, to see the golden crown of possibilities that is hanging just above him.

One of the quaint old Jewish legends tells of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory, the Angel of Prayer. Sandalphon stands by the gateway of heaven, and into his hands, as the days come and go, are showered the petitions of suffering men. No sooner has he presented these before the throne of his Lord than they turn in his hands to precious jewels. Well has some one said that similar to this is the editor's function. Into his hands must come the plaintive missives of human woe. His must be the duty of presenting them at the thrones of those who can afford relief. He must stand as the people's advocate before the bar of the human conscience. He must be the high priest in the temple of humanity. And just as Sandalphon must stand at his post so long as human woe shall last, so the journalist must continue his function until not a single vestige is left of "man's inhumanity to man." Naught but the millennial dawn itself will speak the words to the journalist's pen, "Peace, be still; thou hast done thy duty."

R. N. SIMMS.

TO EUGENE FIELD.

Good-night! Alas, the shadows fall!

Thy sun has set, and leaves this land in tears.

Thy soul shall wake, beyond this mortal pall,

And, singing still, shall live thro' future years.

RALPH A. LEIGH,—'96.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON AND THE LAW OF GRAVITATION.

Sir Isaac Newton is universally recognized as the greatest man who has appeared in the history of scientific discovery, and possibly possessed the greatest intellect that has ever worked on earth. His name has been placed at the head of those great men who have been the ornaments of their species

and the benefactors of mankind. The transcendency of his genius, together with the splendor of his irreproachable character and the simplicity of his nature, makes him the admiration of his country and the adornment of the world. Few men have even approached him in careful and painstaking investigations into the phenomena of nature. We can readily excuse what would otherwise appear to be gross egotism on his part, when he says in his old age, "If I have seen farther than other men, it is because I have stood on the shoulders of giants."

Sir Isaac Newton was born in Lincolnshire, England, on the 25th of December, 1642, the same year in which Galileo died. The future astronomer seems to have been of premature birth, and was so weakly as an infant that his mother spoke of it afterwards as a marvel that he lived; and she declared 'she could have put him into a quart mug.' But that frail tenement, which seemed scarcely able to imprison its immortal mind, was destined to enjoy a vigorous maturity, and to survive even the average term of human existence.

At the usual age, Newton was sent to school. For a time he seems to have neglected his studies; but a boy who was above him, having one day given him a severe kick, causing him great pain, Newton labored incessantly till he got above him in school, and from that time he continued to rise, till he stood at the head of his classes.

At the age of fifteen he was recalled from school by his mother, to superintend the management of the farm. He seems to have disliked this sort of employment and gave his attention to other things. The perusal of a book, the execution of a model, or the superintendence of a water-wheel of his own construction, whirling the glittering spray from some neighboring stream, absorbed all his thoughts, when the sheep were going astray and the cattle were treading down the corn.

In 1661, by the advice of friends, Newton was sent to Trin-

ity College, Cambridge. He studied with great care the science of Infinities, Logic and Optics. On these books he wrote comments during their perusal, and his progress was so rapid that he is reported to have found himself more deeply versed in some branches of knowledge than the tutor who directed his studies.

In 1665 he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, and four years later, in 1669, he was elected to the Lucasian Professorship of mathematics in Trinity College. This appointment seems to have been coeval with some of his grandest discoveries. The first of these, of which the date is well authenticated, is that of the different refrangibility of the rays of light, which he had established in 1666. The germ of the doctrine of universal gravitation, it is most likely, presented itself to him in this same year, and he had brought his method of fluxions to such a state, in 1669, that he permitted it to be communicated to the Royal Society on the 20th of June, in that year.

Newton's discoveries in Optics alone, would have made his name immortal. He succeeded in analyzing the nature and origin of colors, as no other man had done before him. His experiment with mirrors led to the invention of reflecting telescopes, which were far superior to the refracting telescopes in use at that time.

Preëminent as were these triumphs of Newton, his astronomical discoveries overshadow them all. It would be incorrect, however, to assert that these triumphs were achieved by his single arm. An alliance, of many kindred spirits, had long been struggling in this great cause, and Newton was but the leader of their mighty phalanx, the director of their combined genius, the general who won the victory, and therefore wears its laurels.

The achievements of intellectual power, though often begun by one mind and completed by another, have ever been the results of combined exertions. In the century which preceded

the birth of Newton, the science of astronomy advanced with the most rapid strides. Emerging from the darkness of the middle ages, the human mind seemed to apply itself with new-born strength to the unfolding of the mechanism of the heavens. The labors of Hipparchus and Ptolemy, had indeed, furnished many important epochs and supplied many valuable data; but the cumbrous appendages of cycles and epicycles, with which they explained the stations and retrogressions of the planets, and the vulgar prejudice which a false interpretation of Scripture had excited against a belief in the motion of the earth, rendered it difficult, even for great minds, to escape from the trammels of authority and appeal to the simplicity of nature.

Copernicus had determined the arrangement and general movements of the planetary bodies. Kepler had proved that they move in elliptical orbits, that their *radii vectores* describe equal areas in equal times, and that the squares of their periods are proportioned to the cubes of their mean distances from the sun. Galileo had added to the universe a whole system of secondary planets, and several astronomers had distinctly referred the motions of the heavenly bodies to the power of attraction. Newton now took up the investigation of the subject, which resulted in the grandest discovery of all time.

Before the time of Newton, two theories had been proposed to account for the motions of the planets in their orbits around the sun. The first was that of spokes, issuing from the sun and pushing the planets round in their courses, suggested by Kepler. The second was that of vortices, or whirlpools, advanced by Descartes. By noticing, as Kepler had done, that the planets all move around the sun in the same direction, from West to East, in orbits which are very round ellipses, nearly circles, and nearly in the same plane, and that the sun rotates on his axis in the same direction, Decartes was led to suggest that all space was filled with air, in which whirlpools and vortices were set up; that one great vortex existed

around the sun, carrying the planets in it, as he observed a whirlpool in a river to rotate faster the nearer the particle of it considered is to the center, so by this means the planets that are nearer to the sun would revolve faster than those more remote. An explanation was also attempted of the way in which subsidiary vortices might be set up in the primary vortex, to account for the movements of the satellites.

Both Kepler and Descartes, thought that the planets, if left to themselves, would stop. But as soon as the first law of motion was known, it was seen that they would go on of themselves, if once started, and that the question to be answered was not why they did not stop, but why they did not move on uniformly in a straight line. It had been clearly seen from the second law of motion that there must be some force continually acting upon the planet, not as Kepler had thought in the direction of the tangent, but across the tangent in the direction of the normal which continually bends the planet out of the natural straight course in which it would freely move, into a curved orbit. Since the sun is inside the orbit of each planet it was suggested that this force acted toward his center. Borelli, a pupil of Galileo, clearly saw this and suggested that each planet had a tendency to fly into the sun, but that it is prevented from doing so for just the same reason that a stone whirled at the end of a string will swing around in a circle keeping the string tight. But the great problem that presented itself was, what the nature of this force was and how it was to be measured. Wren, Hooke, Halley and Huygens, all attempted to solve the problem of how the force must vary with the distance from the center of the sun in order to cause the planets to move in ellipses, but they all failed.

The true law of inverse squares, however, was suggested by several persons about this time, though without logical reason. They supposed that force issued from the sun in the form of rays, and that its intensity on a given planet, like the intensity of light, would vary inversely as the square of the distance of the planet from the center of the sun.

In the year 1666, when the great plague had driven Newton from Cambridge to his home at Woolsthorpe, he was sitting alone in his garden one day thinking of the laws of motion and that remarkable power which causes all bodies to descend towards the center of the earth. As this power is not found to undergo any sensible change from the bottom of the deepest mines to the tops of the tallest mountains, he conceived it highly probable that it must extend much farther than was usually supposed. No sooner had this happy conjecture occurred to his mind than he considered what would be the effect of its extending as far as the moon. He did not for a moment doubt that the moon's motion must be influenced by such a power, and a little reflection convinced him that it might be sufficient for bending the path of that luminary out of the natural straight course in which she would freely move into her curved orbit surrounding the earth. Newton thought it very possible that at the distance of the moon this force might differ much in strength from what it is on the earth.

In order to form some estimate of the degree of this diminution, he considered that, if the moon be retained in her orbit by the force of gravity, the primary planets must also be carried around the sun by the same power; and by comparing the periods of the different planets with their distance from the sun, he found that if they were retained in their orbits by any power like gravity, its force must decrease as the square of their distance from the sun. Having thus obtained the law of the force by which the planets were drawn towards the sun, he set about to ascertain whether such a force was sufficient, when diminished in the duplicate ratio of the distance to retain the moon in her orbit.

In performing this calculation, it was necessary to compare the space through which heavy bodies fall in a second at the surface of the earth, with the space through which the moon, as it were, falls to the earth in a second of time while revolving in a circular orbit. Adopting the common estimate of the

earth's diameter, then in use among geographers and navigators, he supposed that each degree of latitude contained sixty English miles. Knowing the velocity of a falling body at the surface of the earth, and assuming the distance of the moon from the center of the earth to be very nearly sixty times the earth's radius, Newton saw that, if gravity really varies inversely as the square of the distance, the moon ought to fall from rest through very nearly sixteen feet in a minute. He now set to work to find how much the moon actually was pulled through in a minute from rest. When the calculation was made he found that the moon was pulled through only thirteen feet in a minute, instead of the sixteen it ought to have been, if his theory were true. This error threw a doubt upon all his speculations, and he discontinued all further inquiries into the subject and even concealed from his friends the speculations in which he had been employed. The subject was not again resumed till June, of 1682.

While attending the Royal Society, of London at that time, he seems to have heard that a new measure of the earth had been made by a French astronomer, Picard, according to which the distance of the moon was found to be greater than he had thought it in 1666; and therefore it was possible that his old idea of the moon being held in her orbit by the same force that gives bodies their property of weight near the earth's surface might after all be true. He therefore immediately resumed his old calculation and began to repeat it with these new data. In the progress of the calculation, he saw that the result which he had formerly expected was likely to be produced, and he was thrown into such a state of excitement that he was unable to carry out the calculation. In this state of mind he entrusted it to one of his friends who finished the calculation, and Newton had the high satisfaction of finding his former views amply justified. He had unlocked the great mystery of the universe.

The influence of such a discovery upon such a mind can be

more easily imagined than described. The whole material universe was spread out before him, the sun with all his attending planets, the planets with all their satellites, the comets wheeling in every direction in their excentric orbits, and the systems of the fixed stars stretching to the remotest limits of space. All the varied and complicated movements of the heavens, in short, must have been at once presented to his mind as the necessary result of that law which he had established with reference to the earth and the moon.

Newton now awoke to the full grandeur of his mission, and for the next two years all the energies of his stupendous intellect were devoted to the complete unraveling of the intricacies of physical astronomy.

In the spring of 1686, Newton communicated to the Royal Society the *Principia Mathematica*, an embodiment of the great law of gravitation—a work which, by universal consent, stand preeminent over all the other productions of the human intellect.

The law of gravitation, as discovered by Newton, may be stated as follows: “Every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle with a force varying directly as the product of their masses and inversely as the square of the distance between them.” The six distinct steps in the investigation of this law are the following:

It is one and the same force obeying this law which gives bodies their property of weight on the earth’s surface and that holds the moon in her orbit.

The force that holds a planet or satellite in its orbit is directed accurately towards the center of its primary.

It is a force obeying this law with which the sun holds each individual planet in its elliptical orbit.

It is this same force with which the sun holds the different planets in their different orbits.

This same force is exerted between bodies of the solar system which do not revolve around one another, and hence ir-

regularities, or "perturbations," are introduced into the form of their orbits.

These forces do not take place by centers of attraction residing at the center of each body of the solar system, but they are due to the fact that *every particle* of matter in the system attracts every other particle with a force acting in accordance with this law.

Newton investigated these several steps in the theory of gravitation so thoroughly that they have stood before the world unchallenged for more than two centuries. M. B. DRY.

THE ÆLIAN AND FUFIAN LAWS.

Unfortunately, our knowledge of these old laws of the Romans is rather limited. But from what Cicero says about them in his *Oratio pro Sestio*, and one of his *Epistolæ*, we gather that they are strongly illustrative of the fact that some of our modern political doctrines, seemingly the fruit of an advanced civilization, are in reality no more than polished relics of the past. A month or two ago, a remark made by a prominent public speaker led to considerable comment in the daily and weekly press, to the effect that the country is cursed with an over supply of legislation, and that some means ought to be sought by which legislators could be prevented from flooding the country with hasty and unwise laws. This was the very aim of the laws about which this paper is written.

The Ælian and Fufian laws were enacted about 148, B. C., and repealed through the agency of the tribune, Clodius, something over a century later. Their chief function seems to have been to give the curule magistrates power, by virtue of the auspices, to prevent the tribunes from legislating in their own favor against the common interest.

The superstitious belief in omens, so common among the Romans, was what gave the magistrates their power over the

obstinate tribune. And the magistrates sometimes used it against one another. For it was a fundamental part of augural law, ratified by statute law, that no action could be taken by a magistrate, if he was notified that another was engaged in taking the auspices. If, therefore, a magistrate gave notice that on a certain day, or number of days, he intended to "watch the heavens," no measure requiring the auspices could be enacted during that period.

The Roman year, before Cæsar reformed the calendar in 46, was 355 days long. On 118 of these, no public business whatever could be transacted. The remaining 237 were legal business days; that is, up to 148, B. C., when the *lex Fufia* set aside 43 days on which it forbade the assemblies to meet for the enacting of laws. The repeal of this law, therefore, was as good as adding 43 days to the tribune's term of office.

R. H. HERRING.

HOW BLACKIE SHINDLE GOT HIS NAME.

"Did I know Blackie Shindle? Well, I should say! Could I ever forget that white head of his? He came to college the year before I left. Did you fellows ever hear how he came by his nickname? No? Well, I'll tell you; it's not much of a story, but guess it will do to tell before bed-time."

Tom Moore, an old friend of mine, had stopped over to spend a few days with me; and as he saw the haunts of his college life, his tongue was loosened, and he recounted one after another, the tales of his college days. We were sitting around the table—for I had given Tom a little "spread" in my room—and the boys were just lighting fresh cigars. There were only four of us fellows, besides Moore,—just enough to make a jolly crowd,—so we all drew back our chairs and listened.

"You fellows have all heard of Joe Dent, haven't you? Well, Dent was the gayest fellow in college; he was always

up to some prank, but never anything mean or dishonest. Old Dr. Rankin used to say that he could see that most of the jokes of college were *indented* by a certain young man; a poor pun it is, but it shows the old doctor's wit. But Joe didn't care. In nine cases out of ten, he would wait several days after one of his escapades and then tell the whole thing as a big joke.

"There was only one thing he could not and would not tolerate, and that was a Freshman. I mean, of course, the average Freshman; the one who can't distinguish between the Senior and the 'prep.'

"I remember the day Shindle came as well as if it were yesterday. We were standing by the hotel register, when a smartly dressed youngster came in, turned the register with a whirl, and inscribed in a bold, baby hand, 'B. Cunningham Shindle, Charlotte, N. C.' and then cocking a monocle in his eye, he gazed about the place.

" 'It's rather warm to-day,' I ventured.

" 'Well, aw ye-es! Zotizel! Are you the porter?'

" 'Gad! Pretty stiff, eh?' said Joe, as we walked off. 'Guess we'll have to try our hand on him.'

"Several days passed and we were favored by a formal introduction to Master Shindle. By ten o'clock that evening we had cultivated quite an acquaintance with the youngster. His ambitions for the first year, I found, were: to haze several Seniors, make the football and baseball teams, lead his class, and several minor things.

" 'Say, Shindle, let's have some fun!' said Joe, quite confidently. 'You and I will slip out after a bit, and when we come up the stairs, stumble and pretend you have sprained your arm, or something of the kind. Moore will come out and make some of the fellows carry you up stairs and put you to bed. We'll have a great laugh on them to-morrow.' And so the two went out. Shindle was smiling all over, and so was Joe, for that matter.

"When we heard the fall, of course we all ran out, and carried him tenderly to his room. 'Oh! my shoulder, my poor shoulder!' he moaned. And, egad! I really thought the fellow must have hurt himself. Prescott, one of the 'Meds.' came up and examined the arm.

" 'I'm afraid its pretty bad,' he said; and I caught Shindle's eye gleaming with laughter. 'I've got some stuff,' Prescott went on. 'that will help you. Lie perfectly still on your face until I come back.'

"He soon returned with a quart bottle of black ink; and you may believe that Freshman was a beauty when we got through with him. The back of that pretty white head was as black as 'Carter's Best' could make it, and his back shone like a negro's.

" 'All you fellows may go now,' said Dent, with a face judicially solemn. 'I'll sit up with the boy. If I need you, I'll call.'

"So they trooped out as solemnly as they had come in, and left Joe with his victim.

" 'You just stay in bed till those fellows have gone to prayers, in the morning, then slip on the sweater and come on. They'll all have the 'dry-grins.'

"True to his instructions, Shindle waited until prayers had almost begun, and then stepped boldly down the aisle. He had not seen the back of that pretty white head, but the boys did, and such a laugh as they did have! Old Dr. Rankin saw the joke, and turning toward Joe's seat, smiled sweetly.

"And Shindle was 'Blackie' ever afterwards."

TH. H. BRIGGS.

CONCERNING THE CLASSICS.

Let the cultivator of modern literature addict himself to the purest models of taste, which France, Italy and England could supply, he might still learn from Virgil to be majestic, and from Tibullus to be tender; he might not yet look upon the face of nature as Theocritus saw it; nor might he reach those springs of pathos with which Euripedes softened the hearts of his audience.—Sydney Smith.

Shall the study of the classics be continued? The question isn't altogether so preposterous as one might think at first. For your end-of-century education must be practical, if nothing else. And there are a great many well-meaning people who are asking if the literary finish, that from three to six years of classical study are supposed to give one, does not suffer from comparison with the self-evident advantages that accrue from the same amount of time expended in the acquisition of knowledge directly in the line of one's profession.

And besides those who would away with Latin and Greek for good and all, there is another class who, though, in intention, the staunchest advocates of classical learning, unconsciously do the cause they aim to defend, serious injury by so far yielding to the demands of its assailants as to admit that less time might be devoted to the study of the dead languages. For example, one of the leading classical scholars in America declares, in an introduction to a recently published beginner's Greek book, that "there must be a saving of time," and, in order to secure this, that "Greek composition must go." It is not within the limits of this article, of course, or in the ability of the writer, to successfully contest this latter statement; but it may not be amiss to say, in passing, that the translation of English into Greek is considered by men of wide scholarship, as contributing quite materially to the accomplishment of what the writer, referred to above, calls the "distinctive and proper aim of Greek study—to read Xenophon and Thucydides and Herodotus and Homer." To resume, if one concession is made, will not the next come yet more easily, and so on until, little by little, the whole fabric of classical study will be undermined and crumble before the repeated attacks of its avowed enemies, seconded by the well intended, though equally destructive, concessions of its friends?

A paper on the necessity of the continued study of Latin and Greek in our high schools and colleges must necessarily be a restatement of arguments already advanced by others.

But, in the absence of the ability to treat the subject originally, even a re-statement will not, one may well believe, be out of place in a time when, as has already been shown, there is danger of a decline of the interest in the ancient languages. Periodical literature for the last century has been strongly marked by the discussion of the benefits of classical study. And it is to those magazine writers, who have risen to defend the study, that I am indebted, in the main, for what I have to say on the subject.

For those unfortunate people, who look upon effort of any kind as useless, unless it brings pecuniary profit, the accomplishment of being fairly well-versed in classical literature, can have no charm. But literary men, lawyers, preachers, doctors, teachers, editors—and with them who shall say we may not name farmers, mechanics, merchants, who prize their spare moments as God-given opportunities for self improvement, all these look with sadness upon that Philistinism which threatens to snatch, with ruthless hand, from their sons and daughters, that which has been the source of such a lively satisfaction to themselves.

And why should we place a low estimate upon a knowledge of classical literature, considered merely as an accomplishment? Is it a characteristic of the age in which we live, that the dollar-mark standard is to be applied to any and every thing? One would be strongly inclined to fear so, if there were any reason for believing that the opinion of the majority is expressed in the hue and cry of the few, "Give us the education that will be most certain to bring us bread and butter, and bring it quickest." All of which is very well in its way and would be absolutely unanswerable argument if those who bring it forward would show that the man who has some knowledge of Latin and Greek has to go without those essential articles of food. Indeed I am sure that the latter eats his bread and butter with much greater relish than he who has made the securing of bodily sustenance and comfort his whole

end and aim in life. For, all the cares and disasters of business, all the troubles and misfortunes of life, cannot take away that enlargement of the mind and broadening of the point of view which invariably attend upon a living acquaintance with the great minds of antiquity.

No, sensible people are not going to let themselves be goaded and cajoled and harried into the common, vulgar, catch-penny idea of education. As long as the world stands, there are going to be apostles of broad and deep culture, whom the combined efforts of all the advocates of the bread-and-butter system will be unable to move from their position. So, let us continue to read our Cicero, and follow Xenophon on his marches, and bask in the sunshine of Horace's genial good humor and drink in the deep-toned notes of Homer's song.

But the *culture*, resulting from the study of Latin and Greek, does not constitute the only reason for the continued study of those languages. There are practical reasons which ought to be enough to satisfy the most exacting. To start with, the study of classical literature is one of the very best means of forming a good English style. Investigation would, I think, show that the masters of style, in our own language, are those who have been well-read in the literature of the ancients. A prominent editor says, "It is perfectly easy to detect the absence of classical training in a writer. In many years' experience as an editor we have never failed to detect a difference in favor of contributors who had received a classical education."

It is easy to see, too, that the translation of any language, and of the Greek and Latin more particularly, because they are turned into our idiom with more difficulty, enriches the vocabulary and leads to the making of the closest distinctions between words. So it turns out that there is really as much English learned as Latin and Greek. For how the student has to ransack his memory for the proper word! And gen-

erally, when he has once found the word he seeks, it is ever afterward his trusted servant.

How much indebted the English language is to the ancient tongues, every one knows, or many know by some investigation. While the vocabulary of the unlettered has other sources mainly, that of the educated will be found to contain many words of Greek and Latin origin. Take the words, by way of illustration, which have Greek elements, and one would grow tired before he counted all the words beginning with *ana*, *anth*, *chl*, *chr*, *geo*, *ph*, *ps*, *sy*, and ending with *atry*, *ics*, *metry*, *ogy*, *phy*, *sis*, *tomy*. It is not too much to say, therefore, that no one can be said to understand the capacities and powers of his own language without a knowledge of Latin and Greek.

One of the best commentaries on the practical use of these old languages, is a recent utterance of Charles A. Dana, editor of the Sun: "I am myself a partisan of the strict, old-fashioned classical education. The man who knows Latin and Greek, and *knows* it—I don't mean who has read six books of Virgil for a college examination, but the man who can pick up Virgil or Tacitus without going to his dictionary, and the man who can read the Iliad in Greek without boggling—and if he can read Aristotle and Plato, all the better—that man may be trusted to edit a newspaper."

At the risk of forfeiting all claim to originality, I close with the following, taken from the introduction to *Classical Studies*, a book published in 1843: "These great ancients have been, time out of mind, the teachers of the civilized world. They form a common bond, which unites the cultivated minds of all nations and ages together. He who cuts himself off from the classics, excludes himself from a world of delightful associations with the best minds. He fails to become a member of the great society of scholars; he is an alien from the great community of letters. He may be a learned man; he may have all the treasures of science at his

command; he may speak the modern languages with facility; but if he have not imbued his mind with at least a tincture of classical taste, he will inevitably feel that a great defect exists in his intellectual culture.

R. W. HAYWOOD.

AUTUMN.

The brooklet leaps in foaming rills
Adown its mossy ledges;
The crimson cardinal's fluting trills
Ring clear across the sedges.

The wild wood-bine, with serpent fold,
About the pine is creeping;
And far among the bearded gold
The flashing scythes are reaping.

H.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

STAFF OF EDITORS.

PROF. R. W. HAYWOOD.....ALUMNI EDITOR.

EU. SOCIETY.

THOMAS H. BRIGGS.....EDITOR.
M. B. DRY.....ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

PHI. SOCIETY.

J. H. GORE, JR.....EDITOR.
W. C. BARRETT.....ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

GRAY R. KING.....BUSINESS MANAGER.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

TH. H. BRIGGS, Editor.

WE ARE sorry that the nature of the contributions in THE STUDENT does not justify the criticism of our exchange editor on the prevalence of the essay in other magazines; but we agree with him in thinking that stories, in college periodicals, are quite desirable, and shall see to it that the next issue presents a greater variety of subjects than is to be found in this.

THE ACTION of the Faculty in regard to football was, to say the least, unfortunate. The resolution prohibiting match games may, or may not, have been best,—that lies with the Faculty; but the fact that it was withheld until all the games were scheduled and one played, cannot but be regretted. There has been a damper thrown over athletics at Wake Forest, and much ardor will be required to remove it. Athletics cannot and will not prosper without the stimulus of inter-collegiate games. A striking example of this fact has been the action of the Wake Forest football team, in disbanding as soon as the decree of the Faculty was known to be final.

Go to your bosom;
 Knock there; and ask your heart what it doth know.

Meas. for Meas., II. 2.

Truth is truth
 To the end of reckoning.

Meas. for Meas., V. 1.

INSTEAD OF strengthening our early, simple faith, science often tends to weaken and destroy it. But this should not be so. If the reason which God gave cannot create assurance, then why should we believe? This "why?" will not be denied; every day it becomes more prominent. One finds the question rising unconsciously; and, once unanswered, doubt is born. One cannot tell why that simple, child-like faith wavers. It is as if one were watching a metamorphosis, and had no power to avert or change the result. The old beliefs are not destroyed, they are sunk too deeply for that, they are only shaken; but if not repaired, they are lost. We only doubt if the foundations are not false, and, therefore, the whole structure is weak. Reason is the ideal foundation: certainty, henceforth, must be the criterion. If the old structure will not fit the new foundation, then we must remodel or rebuild. It is worse than useless to attempt to retain our hold on the old belief while we grasp for a newer and seemingly better one. That is the very thing one cannot do. It is equally useless to attempt to force ourselves to believe anything in which a doubt lurks. Doubt is incompatible with belief; and belief by the force of will is no belief at all. It is cowardice.

That this demand for reason is deepening and will increase, no one can doubt. It is the fancy of the age; and our colleges are its nurseries.

A young mind is pliable, and our preceptors should be extremely careful to shape the course of study, in science especially, so that the plastic, groping mind may fall into the deepening channels of reasoning belief.

Doubt can never be stifled by creed or dogma. The hackneyed phrases of theology, and the stereotyped, meaningless

prayers that are daily uttered, will only serve to deepen the doubt and increase the unbelief. Neither is form conducive to belief.

If this new *status* is coming, as it surely is; if our theology must rest on reason rather than blind belief or prejudice; if the old days of simple faith and trust are irrevocably gone; then let us guide this new current into channels that are safe and will lead to the same result. "To repel one's cross is to make it heavier." And if we allow a young mind to begin its investigation in the wrong way it will be just so much the harder to change the resulting opinion.

If we reject many of the old beliefs, much of our modern creeds, let us have a reason for doing so, and let that reason be that we may reach better results. It is not for us to create anything, much less a theology, but it is our prerogative and duty to seek to understand what we do find, and a just conception can only be obtained by a careful, earnest consideration of the facts that are ever before us. "Doubt or uncertainty is an uneasy, disagreeable and painful feeling," and we often seek to escape it by plunging into some groundless belief. Be careful that the premise contains no error, else the result will be far wrong; and above all, decide on something.

Agnosticism is the wild fancy of a young man's mind. When the shadows fall and the twilight of life is near, it requires a great moral courage to retain such views.

BOOK NOTES.

By JOHN HOMER GORE, Jr., Editor.

Chaucer. MacMillan & Co., \$1.75.

MacMillan & Co., have added to their Globe Edition of the Poets, the complete works of Chaucer in a single volume, made up from the great Oxford Edition, published in six vol-

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

umes. The volume is likely to be the standard edition of Chaucer,—not only for the student, but also for the general reader. The print is of necessity small, but is clear and beautiful; while the cheapness puts the volume within reach of even the college student.

Function of Criticism. MacMillan & Co., 75 cents, cloth; 50 cents, paper.

The latest addition to MacMillan's Miniature Series, contains Matthew Arnold's *Function of Criticism* and Walter Pater's *Style*. The volume has been prepared at the request of teachers, who have wished these essays in accessible form. The publishers are issuing the whole of this dainty series of booklets in cheap paper form. Mr. William Winter's three little volumes on England, are in themselves worth whole libraries of labored treatises on literature. Teachers would do well to correspond with the publishers, Messrs. MacMillan & Co., New York.

Cyril Ransome's English History. MacMillan & Co., \$1.25.

From the same house comes a new book on English history, by Cyril Ransome. This is the best school history of England with which we are acquainted. The style is vigorous and clear, and the narrative of events is abundantly illustrated with maps and plans of battles.

Ward's English Poets. MacMillan & Co., \$1.00.

Students of literature will be glad to know that Vol. IV, of Ward's English Poets has been extended, and now contains selections from Tennyson, Browning and Matthew Arnold.

Craik's English Prose. MacMillan & Co., \$1.00.

Craik's English Prose, similar in scope and plan with Ward's Poets, will soon be increased by a fifth volume, which will deal with the present century.

A Victorian Anthology. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$2.25.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, comes Stedman's *Victorian Anthology*, bound and printed uniformly with the beautiful Cambridge Editions of Longfellow, Whittier and Holmes. The volume is meant to illustrate the editor's *Victorian Poets*, which is now the standard work on this period of English literature. The *Anthology* covers the period from 1837 to 1895, and embraces selections not only from all the English poets, but from Canadian and Australian poets as well. The vastness of the collection would be indeed bewildering, were it not for the admirable way in which the editor has arranged and grouped the authors. The work is valuable to all lovers of poetry, and is especially valuable to the student or the general reader who is unable to buy the complete works of the authors represented. Our Senior Class in English will use this volume during the spring term in connection with Stedman's *Victorian Poets*.

Hamlet. MacMillan & Co., 45 cents.

Hamlet, the latest addition to the *Temple Shakespeare*. This edition of Shakespeare has been recently adopted in our English department.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Brush. Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.00.

"There grows a bonnie brier brush in our kail-yard,
And white are the blossoms on't in our kail-yard."

Such is the inscription to this truly charming book, written by Rev. John Watson, (I an MacLaren) and made up of seven short stories, the longest of which is told in some eighty or ninety pages of rather large print. The scene of each of the stories is the parish of Drumtochty, of which, the geographical situation, the surrounding scenery, the atmosphere, dense with old Calvinistic beliefs, the people, inimitable in temperament, speech, dress, you will never get a just conception of without reading the book. But you may safely do this, for you will be amply repaid. For it isn't every story

that gets such a hold upon the reader's thought and appreciation as to make him, when he has finished it, regret that it wasn't just a few pages longer, but that's the way Drumtochty stories affect one. And as for the Scotch dialect, that's the veriest trifle. Before three pages are read you will find yourself delighted in it.

The main charm of the stories lies in their simplicity and directness. The reader hasn't gone over a page before he knows exactly how the story is going to turn out. But if he reads to the end, he will regret, as I have already said, that the end came so quickly, and will see that the author can dress the simplest event in a garb of the most wondrous beauty, and invest the plainest character with the deepest interest.

There are no "villains" in the book. As well as I remember, the nearest approach to one is a shiftless sort of a fellow whom Jamie Soutar, "cynic-in-ordinary to the parish" calls "a daidlin", thowless, feckless, fushionless wratch," thus illustrating what a fearful weapon Drumtochty speech is, and so much the more when Jamie wields it. Leaving out this single sentence, all the rest are models of honesty and old-fashioned piety.

Doctor MacLure is considered by many to be the best character, but I think that Drunesheugh, Burnbrae, Domsie and Lachlan Campbell, share the honors evenly with MacLure, noble, good man as he is.

Chiffon's Marriage. Lovell, Coryell & Co., 50 cents.

Le Mariage de Chiffon, by Gyp, (Comtesse de Martel,) is one of the latest romances of French society, and has had a good sale. Four publishing houses almost simultaneously brought it out, which in itself is a token that here is something worth reading. Messrs. Stokes, Hurst & Co., and Lovell, Coryell & Co., have published this romance at fifty cents. Messrs. Stokes' is the only authorized copyrighted translation. This translation has received the enthusiastic approval of the Comtesse de Martel.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

M. B. DRY, Editor.

—'59. W. C. Parker is principal of a flourishing school at Seaboard, in Northampton county.

—'77. C. W. Scarborough is meeting with marked success as principal of the Male Academy, at Murfreesboro.

—'80. We note with sorrow the death of W. G. Ferebee, an influential citizen of Camden county. Taken away in the very prime of manhood and usefulness, he will be greatly missed by the community in which he lived.

—J. A. Maddrey ('80-'82) is cashier of the State Bank of Commerce, at Hendersonville, N. C.

—'81. Rev. N. R. Pittman who, for several years, has been pastor of Patee Park Church, St. Joseph, Mo., and associate editor of the *Central Baptist*, has accepted a call to the First Baptist Church at Mexico, Mo.

—Rev. L. G. Broughton ('81-'84) has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Lee Street Baptist Church, Baltimore, Md. The *Raleigh News and Observer* speaks in very high terms of this young and gifted North Carolinian.

—'82. J. W. Fleetwood is principal of Severn Academy, in Northampton county.

—Rev. Oscar Haywood ('82-85) is pastor of the Baptist Church at Huntsville, Ala. He has not only built an elegant new church at that place, but he has won the esteem of the people, and is doing a great work.

—'85. W. C. Allen is one of the principal teachers in the graded schools of Wilson, N. C. The *Wilson Mirror* notes his success and popularity with favor.

—'88. W. L. Carmichael is succeeding finely in the mercantile business at Brevard, Transylvania county.

—'89. One of the most energetic and successful teachers in the State is C. G. Wells, principal of the Warsaw High School, in Duplin county.

—'90. We are glad to note the popularity and success of T. W. Bickett, in the practice of law at Louisburg, N. C. Mr. Bickett is one of the most energetic young lawyers in the State.

—Rev. A. E. C. Pittman ('91-'92) has accepted a call to Mt. Pisgah Church, in Cumberland county.

—Spencer Chaplin, Jr., ('91-'94) is principal of a high school at Columbia, in Tyrrell county. Mr. Chaplin is also making some original biological investigations among the countless insects and creeping things which infest that low swampy country, bordering the Albemarle Sound.

—'92. John A. Wray has become pastor of the Baptist Church at Milledgeville, Ga. The *Record*, of that place, speaks in very flattering terms of Mr. Wray's powers as a preacher and orator.

—'92. J. L. Corpening was married, October 22d, to Miss Minnie Williams, of Eagleville, Tennessee. Mr. Corpening and his bride have the best wishes and the hearty congratulations of THE STUDENT.

—'93. O. H. Dockery, Jr., is practicing law at Rockingham, N. C.

—'94. M. O. Carpenter, who is now principal of the Reynoldson High School, was ordained to the Baptist ministry in September.

—'94. C. E. Taylor, Jr., who is teaching at Orange, Va., has an admirably written hunting story in the November number of *Outing*.

—'94. We are glad to note that Rev. James Long, who graduated at the Rochester Theological Seminary last June, has accepted a call to become pastor of the church at Golds-

boro, N. C., instead of locating in the North, as was expected. North Carolina cannot afford to lose her gifted young men.

—'95. Rev. I. S. Boyles is to be congratulated. The first thing he did after graduation was to have himself joined, hand and heart, to one of the gentler sex. He is now pursuing studies at the Louisville Seminary.

—The following Wake Forest men are pursuing studies at the Louisville Theological Seminary: C. J. F. Anderson, ('88-'89), Carthage, N. C.; I. S. Boyles, ('95), Surry county, N. C.; W. R. Cullum, ('92), Weldon, N. C.; J. J. Douglass, ('92-'94), Carthage, N. C.; C. H. Durham, ('88-'92), Asheville, N. C.; R. G. Kendrick, ('91), Ronolesburg, N. C.; J. D. Moore, ('93), Globe, N. C.; W. M. Murray, ('93-'94), Biltmore, N. C.; T. D. Myers, ('94-'95), Mitchell, N. C.; W. H. Reddish, ('90-'93), Neuse, N. C.; J. D. Robertson, ('94), Cool Springs, N. C.; W. H. Sledge, ('94), Leaksville, N. C.

EXCHANGES.

JOHN HOMER GORE, Jr., Editor.

The fire at the University of Virginia was a national calamity. We have no doubt but that its alumni and friends will soon furnish enough money to rebuild even a handsomer building, but there were lost many things which money cannot replace and which never will be replaced. Of the 55,000 volumes in its library, only 10,000 were saved.

The Hampden-Sidney Magazine has a very neat appearance and on the whole has very good matter, but we are somewhat partial to story writing and, in offering our criticism we would say it lacks in this respect.

Cornell has made some great strides within the last few years. She has recently added a year to her law course and

has begun work on the new Veterinary College buildings. There will be six buildings in all, costing over \$150,000.

The Bachelor of Arts for October contains many interesting articles. "Why do not college girls marry?" is an article worth reading. This magazine is always full of news for the college man.

We are sorry that Harvard and Yale cannot come to an agreement,—we would gladly see those little differences removed; but, after all, is it not better to take a year to soberly think the matter over, when, perhaps, a lasting agreement may be reached? Harvard acted sensibly in challenging Princeton, thus assuming friendly relations once more.

The Wofford College Journal is high in tone, but it lacks in story writing, and we think that a story now and then would add a great deal towards making it more interesting.

Richmond, Virginia, has made an offer of \$150,000 to secure the removal of the Union Theological Seminary from Hampden-Sidney, Virginia, to Richmond. Several State Synods have voted for the removal.

The Kelly Messenger, published by the pupils of the North Carolina School for the Deaf and Dumb, has greeted us with its first number, and is a credit to that institution. We wish for it much success.

Our brother editor will not agree with us as to our best exchange. We think that it is *The Vassar Miscellany*, and have tried to prove it to him, but either on account of our poor argument or his own frugality of brains (surely the latter), we have failed to reach an agreement. *The Miscellany* for October is full of unusually good matter.

In the case of the United States vs. the estate of Leland Stanford, the United States lost its suit, thus leaving the Leland Stanford, Jr., University one of the richest institutions in the world. The amount involved was over \$15,000,000.

Heffelfinger of Yale, is coaching University of Minnesota. McClung of Yale, formerly coach of Lehigh, is training the Naval Academy. Butterworth of Yale, is coaching the University of California. Trenchard of Princeton, is at the University of North Carolina.

In the *K. U. Enroll* there is an article entitled, "K. U. to the front." It is on the right line,—all grades should be determined "by merit and not by one's skillfulness in fraud." In every institution there are some students who cheat, and the right place to frown down such is among the students themselves.

The captains of some of this year's elevens are: Harvard, A. Brewer; Pennsylvania, Williams; Cornell, Wycoff; Princeton, Lea; Yale, Thorne; Amherst, Pratt; Michigan, Hennen-ger; Chicago, Allen; Illinois, Hotchkiss; Minnesota, Larson; Williams, Hinkey; Dartmouth, McCormack; Trinity, Langford; Virginia, Mudd; Lafayette, Boericke; North Carolina, Gregory.

Our old friend, the *Seminary Magazine*, has come to us, and is up to the average. Among its contributions is "Ministers that have influenced my life," by Edward S. Reaves. There is much in it to interest the Wake Forest boy, because the writer tells us many things about Dr. Royall, whom we all knew well. The writer tells us that: "His work as a teacher and his increasing feebleness incident to his advanced age prevented his preaching regularly himself, so he conceived the idea of preaching through others. And how well he succeeded in this, eternity alone can tell." We are always glad to see the efforts of our own loved Wake Forest boys.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

W. C. BARRETT, Editor.

NEWS ABOUT the College is a rare commodity.

MR. FLEMMING continues to amuse us with his corrugated smiles.

THE "PERIPATETIC" speaker of the Freshman Class is steadily improving.

A LARGE number of the students attended the Fair on Thursday, October 24.

DR. TAYLOR will leave Wake Forest in the near future. He will be absent only a short while.

"THE OLD spirit of foot-ball," that was mentioned in the last issue of THE STUDENT, was short lived.

AT THE last meeting of the Athletic Association, T. H. Briggs was elected Captain of Track Athletics, *vice* John H. Gore resigned.

THE YATES Missionary Society, at its regular monthly meeting the first Sunday in November, was addressed by Prof. N. Y. Gulley.

A LARGE number of the students are contemplating going to the Cotton States' Exposition. They will leave Wake Forest about the 15th of November.

AT A meeting of the Senior Class, October 30th, J. D. Hufham, Jr., offered his resignation as poet of the class of '96, and M. B. Dry was elected in his stead.

THE "NEWISH" have begun to realize that there is a reality in college life, and a majority of them are doing good work, both on their recitations and in the societies.

WAKE FOREST foot-ball team played its last game at Raleigh with A. and M. College October 19th. The score was, 4 to 4. The game was interesting and well played.

THE PEOPLE of the Hill, we are sure, join THE STUDENT in extending a warm welcome to the family of Rev. J. Hartwell Edwards, who will make Wake Forest their home for some months.

THE HALLOWE'EN party at the residence of Prof. Sledd is reported to have been very much enjoyed. Prof. Sledd's home, by the way, is getting to be, under the painter's brush, one of the handsomest in the village.

ON NOVEMBER 4th, the Wake Forest Musical Society was organized. John H. Gore was elected President; Fred. K. Cooke, Treasurer; Robert P. Walters, leader of the Orchestra; and T. H. Briggs, leader of the Glee Club.

THE PHILOMATHESIAN Society meets twice a week for debate. One-half of the members meet Friday night, the other half Saturday night. The plan is working well, and each member is doing about twice as much work as before.

REV. THOMAS DIXON, Jr., delivered his lecture on "The New Woman," in the Memorial Hall, October 31. Would that all women who are clamoring for suffrage and are trying to burden themselves with the ballot could hear this lecture.

THE MARSHALS for next Anniversary have been elected. From the Euzelian Society: First marshal, D. S. Moss; second, L. A. Robertson; third, W. R. Sikes. From the Philomathesian Society: First marshal, Carey Rogers; second, S. E. Hall; third, J. L. Tatum.

THE CHURCH and pastor have agreed to give the "Bible Bands" two Sunday nights in each month for their lectures. The first lecture, under the new arrangement, was delivered by Dr. Taylor on the evening of Saturday, October 20; his subject, "The Universal Elements in Christianity."

THE FACULTY have passed the following resolutions with regard to foot-ball: "That after October 19th, our students be allowed to play no match game of foot-ball except on their own grounds." A great many of the boys were sorry to hear

of the action of the Faculty, but, after considering it, we think they have acted wisely, and we are content to "let the dead past bury the dead."

THE DIRECTOR of the Gymnasium, Mr. W. P. Oldham, who has been sick for some time, is at his post again. Dumbbells, Indian clubs, bars, rowing, and other machines, are in use daily. Boys, attend the gymnasium regularly. You are not the ideal type of the student, unless you can add to your mental equipment the firmness of muscle and the vigor of health, which patient, systematic work with the appliances in the gymnasium is sure to give; that is, to those who are not constitutionally unsound.

WE HAVE seldom heard a more earnest and practical sermon, or one likely to accomplish more good, than that delivered by the College pastor on Sunday, October 20, about the duty of faithful attendance upon religious worship. We desire to emphasize, from the point of view of a student, every point that he made. For the continual, or even the occasional, absenting of one's self from services is a serious lapse from duty, and one, too, which, in our opinion, the college man is peculiarly liable to be guilty of. Somehow or other he feels, though there isn't the slightest justification for the feeling, that he is different from most people, and needn't seek the usual means of Christian growth. And sometimes he has, what he thinks are, real good excuses for staying in his room when he ought to be under the sound of his pastor's voice. There is a Greek exercise, or an intricate problem in mathematics, or some duty which, in his own mind, takes precedence over that which we are writing about. But, by a proper use of his time, all these things can be attended to and his religious duties as well, as the pastor so well showed. We urge all our fellows, therefore, not to content themselves with going to church only when they are required to do so by the College regulations. For, in the period of our lives when the "moral gristle is turning into bone," all influences which make for spiritual development should be cultivated.

" **S**ome say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

VOL. XV. WAKE FOREST, N. C., DECEMBER, 1895. No. 3.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY FROM UNFAMILIAR SOURCES.

Extract from the Diary of Elkanah Watson.

Mr. Watson was born in rifle-shot of Plymouth Rock, Mass. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to Mr. John Brown, the founder of Brown University, and one of the largest merchants in the Colonies.

In 1777, he was sent by Mr. Brown from Providence, R. I., to Savannah, Ga., on horseback, with \$50,000 on his person, to be delivered in Charleston, S. C. He was only nineteen years old. The country was in the throes of the Revolution; society was in an unsettled condition.

He left Providence, he says, on Sept. 4th, 1777. It was about the last of October when he entered North Carolina. Now we will let him tell his own story. It will help us to form some idea of the condition of lower Carolina one hundred and eighteen years ago:

Proceeding from Suffolk to Edenton, North Carolina, we passed over a spacious, level road, through a pine forest, which, beginning in this district, extends quite across North Carolina. We travelled near the North border of the great Dismal Swamp, which, at this time, was infested by concealed royalists, and runaway negroes, who could not be approached with safety. They often attacked travellers, and had recently murdered a Mr. Williams.

We entered North Carolina late in the day, availing ourselves of that hospitality so characteristic of southern manners, and threw ourselves upon the kindness of Mr. Granby, a wealthy planter and merchant. From this gentleman I learned that the Dismal Swamp extends about fifty miles north and south; that it is generally covered with water, and has in its centre, a lake, called Drummond Lake, well stored with fish. He informed me that, previous to the Revolution, Washington and two other gentlemen had contemplated opening a canal, for the purpose of drawing off the water and reclaiming the land for cultivation.

Edenton is situated on the Albemarle Sound. It is defended by two forts, and contained one hundred and thirty-five dwellings, and a brick court-house. The town was nearly overrun by the busy sons of commerce, from its being protected against the access of an enemy, by the difficult navigation of a shallow water. At Edenton I met the celebrated Dr. Williamson, then a resident at that place.

At this place we crossed the sound, 12 miles, and entered a romantic creek, up which we sailed some distance before landing. We were delighted and soothed by the serenity of the close of the day, and the serenade of innumerable songsters of the forest, perched upon the bushes which overhung the boat as we ascended the creek, and formed in some places natural canopies over us. After landing, we travelled eleven miles to Colonel Blount's, where we arrived late at night in Egyptian darkness. We were attacked in his yard by a pack of hounds, but by the exertion of the half-clad negroes, who came flying from their huts to our aid, and the assistance of our own whips, we escaped injury.

From Colonel Blount's we proceeded to Bath on Pamlico Sound. In the morning our ears were suddenly assailed by the sound of the very pack of hounds which attacked us before, in full cry after a panting deer. The deer, dogs, and huntsmen all darted across the road, just ahead of us. The

face of the country being level, with here and there a straight, "cloudcapped" pine, and with no underwood, we halloosed and saw the chase with great delight, far away into the woods. The deer was soon in their gripe, and although the scene was at the moment most animating, when it closed, I could not suppress a sigh at the fate of the inoffensive hunted animal.

We arrived late in the day at Bath, after travelling over a most sterile and desolate sandy plain. The dreariness was scarcely relieved by the appearance of a house, except a few miserable tarburners' huts. We crossed Pamlico Sound in an open ferry boat, a distance of five miles. After landing, we travelled the whole day amid a gloomy region of sands and pine. The road was spacious, and in a direct line. The majestic perpendicular pines, apparently towering to the clouds, imparted an imposing and solemn aspect to the scenery. The only relief from this monotony, and the cheerless and painful silence, we found, was in noticing the watchful and timid deer grazing in the woods. The moment they perceived us approach, their long necks were arched, and their ears pricked up ready for a spring. Sometimes, however, they would gaze intently at us with a wild and anxious eye, and remain stationary until we passed.

We gave chase to a wild turkey who maintained his equal right to the road, like a true North Carolinian, and in spite of our efforts he stretched away upon his long legs, far beyond our reach. The few inhabitants scattered here and there in the forest, subsist by the chase, burning tar, and collecting turpentine. In the latter process, they strip the trees, to a certain height, of the bark, by which means the turpentine is conducted into deep reservoirs cut in the trunk of the tree, whence it is collected. This is called blazing the trees.

It was nearly dark when we reached the river Neuse. It rained, and the wind began to blow, yet we determined, contrary to the advice of the owner of the boat, to risk the passage of a stream two miles wide. Harwood, a high-spirited,

daring fellow, persisted in urging the attempt, but we soon had reason to deplore our indiscretion. Our boat was small and conducted by two stupid negroes, one of whom was a female. The wind rose to a side gale, and as we advanced the storm increased. Our horses became restive—the night was intensely dark, and the sea began to break over the boat's side. At this crisis (having been accustomed from my youth to water and boats) I seized upon a broken oar to steer with, and implored Harwood to bail the water out with his hat, and steady the horses. Happily I caught a glimpse of a light at the ferryhouse, and by it was enabled to direct our course. But for this fortunate circumstance, we must have been bewildered on the river and almost inevitably perished, as the water had half filled the boat when we gained the shore, in despite of Harwood's efforts. Although my tongue was silent, my heart poured forth its thanks for preservation to that Eternal Father who had shielded us, and into whose hands I committed myself on mounting my horse at Providence. We rewarded the poor negroes, again mounted our horses, and proceeded on to Newbern, the capital of North Carolina, groping our way in the dark along unknown roads, and drenched by the heavy rains.

On our arrival, excessively wearied, and needing repose and shelter, we wandered in pursuit of quarters, from street to street, and were turned from tavern to tavern, every house being filled by French adventurers.

A VISITATION OF PROVIDENCE ?

It is the cup men cry, the cup of God's fury that cometh!
Tis the Black Death, Lord help us!
The black, black death.—*Palgrave's Visions of England.*

Just off the filthiest of one of England's city streets, down an alley, where tottering houses leered at the motly throng of passers-by, was a building even more marked by

squalor than its neighbors. It leaned heavily forward and looked as if a push would precipitate dingy windows, decaying doors and decrepit walls in one foul, stinking heap.

Within that house, in a room dimly lit by the fitful flare of a torch, was a man past middle age. He was low and stalwartly built; his long matted black hair fell about his shoulders from beneath an embroidered Turkish turban; his complexion was very swarthy; his dress was oriental in make-up. He strode up and down the room with his eyes fixed on the floor, and if his thoughts had been framed into words, they might have made a narrative something like this:

"The fast falling snow was being driven into great drifts when Mistress Edma's first piteous cry was blended with the wail of the wind outside; and when there was a lull, and Mistress Edma was fallen asleep, Nurse Fordham, with trembling fingers closed Lady Coverdale's eyes, and Sir Humphrey's great, honest, ale-loving heart tottered under its first burthen of grief.

"The morrow would have been the time for the Christmas hunt to begin, but alas! Sir Humphrey's heart was too sore for this. Instead, he sat by the fire all day, with his face buried in his hands and when Mistress Edma's cry would break on his ears he would mutter, 'poor, motherless babe!' Sometimes he would look sorrowfully toward where Master Humphrey was at play and again he would murmur, 'Poor child! Thou dost not know thy loss.' Dark and sombre rested the Death Angel's shadow over the household, and veiled from their eyes, for the time being, all the light of heaven.

"After Lady Coverdale's death, Sir Humphrey seemed to give his whole heart and soul to Mistress Edma, and she in turn loved him from the time when she first stretched out her little arms toward him and cried that he should take her. He was now seldom away from the castle. 'Verily, I believe the master has lost all care for everything save to be near his

daughter,' said Jonas the gardener one day to Anthony the stable boy. 'He is afraid she will not get her dues unless he is here to see to it.'

"Mistress Edma had more ups and downs of sickness than usually fall to the lot of babes, and as a consequence they left her very delicate. When she was four or five years of age she was ailing for so long a season that it seemed she must be given up to die. Sir Humphrey, out of anxiety, was scarce able to eat or sleep, but watched her bedside constantly; and bless you! she would let no one serve her but her father; which practice she afterwards kept up at the table, until she grew to see the folly of it. At last she began to grow better, and to amuse her, he would tell her stories of his wars. Sometimes he would jest with her when she asked him for a story, but he always told it in the end. Old Nurse Fordham said she well minded such an occasion.

"It was one day after Mistress Edma was able to sit up, that she and Master Humphrey had played until they were tired. Master Humphrey, after roaming aimlessly around for a while, left the room. He was hardly out when Sir Humphrey entered, and as usual Mistress Edma came for the story.

"'Ho! Ho! my lady gay, wouldst climb upon my knee? Thou shouldst know a body well and for a long time, ere thou begin to take such privileges.'

"'If my knowledge of thee was measured by my love, father, it would extend forever,' she said, kissing him and nestling down in his lap. The speech and caress so pleased Sir Humphrey that he told her his best one, and when he finished Mistress Edma's cheeks were all aflame and her eyes were shining with the spirit in them. She slid down from her father's knee and went over to Master Humphrey who had just returned.

"'Humphrey,' she said, 'I will one day be a warrior and fight great battles and win great victories.'

"'A warrior, indeed!' said Master Humphrey derisively,

'who ever heard of a woman fighting battles? Why, at the first sight of blood they would turn pale and flee. That is finely suited for wielding a sword or spear,' he said pointing contemptuously at one of her small white hands.

" 'For all thy fine scorn, Master Humphrey,' she interrupted, 'see if my hands do not put thine to shame in wielding weapons,' and with that she turned haughtily and went to an open window.

" A more beautiful picture would have been hard to find. During the afternoon a light rain had fallen and left trees, grass and shrubs bespangled with glistening drops. The soft, glorious sunset glow fell full upon her pale face and curling hair, which shone like a mass of gold; and as one sometimes sits in the twilight and sees the flickering shadows from the fire play over the countenance of another, so it seemed that every passing shade of thought was reflected on her beautiful face, as she sat resting her chin in her hand and looking far out over the wide moorland to the dark forest beyond.

" That night when Nurse Fordham brought Mistress Edma her supper, this little lady was examining one of her father's hunting spears, which sat in the corner.

" 'Nurse,' she said, 'who made this?'

" 'Jock the farrier; but come now and eat your supper.'

" 'Does he make swords too?' asked Mistress Edma.

" 'La! Mistress Edma, how should I know? May be he does. Come eat, and we will talk of that afterwards.'

" The next day, when Sir Humphrey was mounted his horse to go attend some small business not far from hand, out came Mistress Edma as sober as the king's head-counsellor and said unto him:

" 'Father couldst thou take me to the farrier's and leave me there for a short space?'

" 'And what wouldst thou of Jock the farrier?' asked Sir Humphrey, in great astonishment and much amused at her quaint manner.

“ ‘I have business with him, and, besides, it is time I was learning to ride. ’

“ ‘By the faith of Saint Peter!’ quoth Sir Humphrey right strongly. ‘Thou shalt have a palfrey so soon as thou art large enough to ride one;’ and lifting her to the saddle in front of him, they rode off.

“Jock afterwards told Jonas how the master rode to his door that morning and, putting Mistress Edma down, called to him and said: ‘Jock, she hath business with thee,’ and rode off.

“Jock went to the door expecting to find a great lady with her palfrey that needed to be shod, when behold! in stepped Mistress Edma as stately as a princess.

“ ‘What may I do for thee, ma’m?’ said Jock, after he had collected his wondering senses sufficient to speak.

“ ‘Jock,’ and she spake in the same manner as she had done to her father, ‘Art thou skilled in the making of arms? If thou art, I would have thee make for me a good broad-sword.’

“Then Jock made reply with more astonishment than ever. ‘I have never made one in all my life, ma’m, and could not if I would. But pray, if I may ask, for whom would the sword be were I to fashion one?’

“ ‘For myself,’ quoth Mistress Edma with great dignity.

“ ‘For thyself! What use couldst thou make of a broad-sword?’

“ ‘The same as others: to fight with in wars,’ as if in great surprise at Jock’s stupidity.

“Mistress Edma’s pompous manner, and the idea of her fighting in battle was just one whit more droll than Jock could brook. Overcome with merriment he sat down on his anvil block and laughed until verily the tears made streaks down his grimy face and dropped like black beads on his leathern apron.

“In an instant Mistress Edma was in a rage. ‘What art thou laughing at, silly hind?’ She cried stamping her pretty foot fiercely. ‘Is thy simple pate so thick that thou canst

not understand what I mean?' And straightway she doubled her fists and began to smite him; but as he only laughed the more, she put them to her eyes and began to cry. 'I will not stay with such a mongrel swine another minute,' she exclaimed and rushed for the door.

" 'Hold, Mistress Edma,' called Jock, 'I think I can make the sword for thee.' "

"But no! Mistress Edma ran out and was met by her father, who, at this moment drove up.

" 'What ails my lady now?' said Sir Humphrey, tenderly lifting her up and folding her in his arms. 'Thy business with Jock must have been of a sad nature.' But what with her sobs and her ire, Mistress Edma could only cling to his neck and sob the more.

"Jock came out and told Sir Humphrey the story. 'He was an ill-mannered lout to laugh at thee, was he not sweetheart?' said Sir Humphrey smiling. 'There, there! Thou shalt have both a cross-bow and a sword on the morrow:' and kissing the back of her head as she lay sobbing on his shoulder, they rode off home.

"It was the next day, when Jock was come to bring the wooden sword and cross-bow which he had made, that he told Jonas about Mistress Edma's visit.

"For the first day after Mistress Edma received them, she would scarcely stop playing in order to eat.

" 'It is time thou shouldst dine, now,' said nurse Fordham. 'Thou canst play afterwards.' But she would not hear, so that Nurse Fordham must needs go hunt for Sir Humphrey, in whom alone did Mistress Edma stand in awe. Not finding him, she came a second time to coax Mistress Edma.

" 'What, hussy! Art back again? Go to, I tell thee, I have no time to eat now,' and turning to Master Humphrey she spake:

" 'Come Humphrey, thou shalt hold thy castle,' pointing toward the bed, 'and I must wrest it from thee.' "

“So saying, she went over to the other side of the chamber, while Master Humphrey mounted the bed. Now the bow would scarce throw a shaft half way to where Mistress Edma stood, so that while he stood so boldly and gallantly defending his realm, the arrows fell idly at Mistress Edma’s feet. And she, after a few volleys, rushed madly up to the bed and gave Master Humphrey such a thwack across his shins with the sword, that he forgot his play, and dropping his bow, sat down and roared with pain.

“After this, they always fought on the same side. Out in the garden, sometimes, they would set up rows of fagots and charge upon them, shouting and brandishing their swords. Occasionally they would take a prisoner, who Mistress Edma would pretend was a grand nobleman, and she would put such pretty speeches in his mouth, that Master Humphrey’s tender soul would melt in him, and with tears in his eyes he would beg for the life of the man.

“One night after they had spent the evening in this sort of play, Nurse Fordham helped them to bed; she put a log on the fire and noticed that it had a strip of bright cloth tied about the middle, and in one end was stuck a cock’s feather. She thought no more of it until next morning, when she heard Master Humphrey, exclaim half crying: ‘Oh, Edma, nurse has burned up Sir Francis Worcester.’

“All this time Mistress Edma was growing prettier every day. Her face and hands had lost their paleness, having been browned by the wind and weather to which she had exposed them. Anthony, the stable boy said of her: ‘Her teeth are so white, her cheeks so rosy and her eyes such a deep blue, that to look at her one must needs think of pearls, of peach blossoms, and of heaven, at one and the same time.’

“None throughout all England excelled the burly, red-faced Sir Humphrey Coverdale, in a true love for his sovereign, and a liking of wholesome eating, of good brown ale, of jesting, or of chase in the forest. He was especially fond of the lat-

ter and often had the neighboring barons to come and join him. Together they hunted and at night ale and merriment flowed freely.

"One night, after Mistress Edma and Master Humphrey were asleep, there came a great knocking at the castle gates. Sir Humphrey went out and who should be there but Sir William Harvey with Lady Harvey and their two sons, Master Charles, who was Master Humphrey's age, and Master Edmund, Mistress Edma's elder by a year, together with the esquires, servants and maids, making in all quite a train. They were come for a fortnight of hunt. After much bustling, halloing and jesting they all managed to be asleep before the crack of day.

"Master Humphrey, knowing nothing of all this came, down as usual the next morning and was surprised to find two visitors down in the court-yard looking to the feeding of the hounds. Greetings followed their meeting, and after this some conversation about hunting and about the manipulation of arms.

" 'Humphrey,' said Master Edmund, 'I will wager that Charles is more skilled with a cross-bow than thou art.'

" 'May be, but no more skilled than Edma,' replied Master Humphrey. 'I will go fetch her.'

"He turned to go, but met Mistress Edma coming toward where they were. 'Here, Edma,' quoth Master Humphrey, 'Edmund says Charles can beat thee shooting a cross-bow, and I say he cannot. Come prove that I am in the right.'

" 'Aim at that tuft of moss on the side of yon tree,' said Master Charles, handing her the bow.

"Mistress Edma took the bow but missed the mark. Again she tried and failed. A third time the arrow hit the tree below the moss.

"Master Charles then took the bow and sent an arrow into the midst of the target. He then turned and began to jeer at Mistress Edma about the poor shots she had made. In-

stantly Mistress Edma flushed up, her eyes flashed, and seizing the wooden sword that she and Master Humphrey played with, she spake hotly: 'It is in me to cleave thy empty pannikin.'

" 'Tut! Tut! Mistress Edma. This will not do. A lady should leave the handling of arms to men,' said Geoffrey Highgate, a 'squire, who, unnoticed, had been a witness to and heard all that had passed.

" 'Well, he said I could not shoot,' quoth Mistress Edma, bursting into tears.

" 'Charles, where is thy gallantry? Come, let us all go into the castle.'

" 'After this it would seem that Mistress Edma's highest ambition was to outdo Master Charles in all the boyish sports, and in each she failed. This was a thing which waxed sore in her flesh, for never before had she been eclipsed by a comrade.

" 'One day, while they were fighting the sticks, Master Charles' sword shivered and a piece with a sharp point pierced his hand, so that the blood flowed freely.

" 'Look comrade,' he said turning to Master Humphrey. 'I am wounded.' But Master Humphrey was all white and trembling, and his knees smote so he was forced to sit down. 'O Charles, art thou hurt much?'

" 'Here,' said Mistress Edma, tearing a strip from her petticoat, 'let me bind it up. Humphrey hath in him the soul of a kestrel,' and she took Master Charles' hand and began wrapping the cloth about the wound.

" 'A strange light overspread Master Charles' face, as he gazed down at her soft, golden hair, falling around her head while she bent over his hand, and when she had finished Master Charles thanked her and said something about it being worth his while to be wounded if he could always receive such treatment afterward.

" 'Mistress Edma flushed but said nothing.

“After this, some way or the other, Master Charles began to lose his cunning in their play, and before long Mistress Edma had gained complete supremacy.

“The time for the departure of the hunting party from Dunhaven Castle soon arrived and passed. Life there once more assumed its accustomed ways. Eight years slipped rapidly by and changed Mistress Edma into as beautiful a lady as one need wish to behold. Sir Humphrey’s pride in her knew no bounds. Her word was as it had always been, a law unto the household. True to his promise, Sir Humphrey bought for her a palfrey.

“There were many suitors for Mistress Edma’s hand, but none found more favor than the young Sir Charles Haverly, whom in childhood she had hated. He was often at the castle and a handsome couple they made as they rode into the court-yard. He was tall and lithe of figure with laughing black eyes and a mass of thick black hair. He sat a horse so well that each seemed a part of the other. And Mistress Edma? It mattered little whether she was on horse or afoot, so far as her beauty was concerned, for she would have graced her own maid’s garb as well as she did her kirtle of silk and velvet mantle with its jeweled clasp.

“It was one evening, after one of these rides together, that Sir Charles first told her of the love which he bore for her. They were standing alone by the cavernous fireplace in the great hall, and the last rays of the setting sun streamed through the latticed window at the further end and fell in dull, red glow upon the massive oaken mantel. At Sir Charles’ first words a blush mounted Mistress Edma’s cheek; her gaze lowered, and her bosom heaved as her breath came quicker. When he had finished she said: ‘The man I would marry, Sir Charles, must be a warrior. Thou hast of a truth been knighted, but not yet hast thou won thy spurs. Go win them and then I will marry thee.’

Mistress Edma was jesting with Sir Charles and only meant

to tease him by keeping him in suspense ; but she discovered two days after his departure that he had really gone to join himself to the King of France and the King of England in a Holy war. She must stop him. She ordered her horse and it was brought. She sprang to the saddle, but found, from some cause or other, that the stirrup had been removed. Now the saddle had been a gift from Sir Charles, and a fine one it was, with gold-embroidered velvet cushion, studded with silver nails, and it had a silver stirrup. She bade her brother, who was standing near, fetch it unto her. He had scarcely reached the spot, however, when it slipped from his grasp and rolling under the horse's uplifted hoof was mashed out of all shape.

"Up went Mistress Edma's riding whip and down again twice across his face, so that when he stepped back blood was gushing from two long gashes. She would have given more than the horse and saddle were worth to have the deed undone the minute after it happened.

"Sir Humphrey was standing near beholding all, and when he saw Master Humphrey's bloody face he became white with rage, and striding up to where Mistress Edma sat, he lifted her from the horse and smote her so roughly, on the cheek that the prints of his fingers showed plainly for several seconds after.

" 'Take that, for the fault-finding jade thou art, and let naught be seen of thee until thou canst ask his pardon !' said Sir Humphrey.

It was the first blow he had ever given her, and she stood looking at him as though she could not believe what had happened and then, turning suddenly on her heel, disappeared into the castle.

* * * * *

"From the coast-line to the mountains on the right and around to the sea again, as far as eye could reach, was one vast arid waste of sand : sand that sparkled in the moonlight

like snow crystals, and under the beating rays of the sun blistered and dazzled by the intense fierceness of its heat.

“For two days the soldiers had had scarcely enough water to keep their tongues from swelling. Sir Charles had begged the king to go out and defeat the Saracens and push on to where food and water were in abundance. This might have been accomplished a week before, but it was too late now. the king said ‘wait for reinforcements.’ Reinforcements had come to the enemy, but not to them.

“Each day brought new disasters. First, came the news that a hundred thousand troops had joined the Moslem prince, and with it came also the the threat of an attack, which the Crusaders were in no condition to withstand. Instead, however, came the pestilence, and men dropped by tens and twenties. The sick lay in their tents with few to nurse them. The dying begged for water, and were given a thick, muddy liquid that almost scalded their tongues. Sentries fell at their posts. Corpses were dragged to the ditch encircling the camp, hurled in, and left to putrify in the open air. And now from far up the heights, where the army of the enemy was encamped, arose great, white clouds of sand, which the scorching wind brought whirling down, growing larger and larger, till they broke upon the camp in a storm of suffocating dust. Men spoke to each other through the obscurity in strange husky tones.

“One morning, the news that the king had fallen a victim to the fever ran through the camp, and with it died the last spark of hope. Those who had stood up bravely, now broke down in grief. Men went weeping to their tasks, for it was the king who had cheered them, prayed with them and made them look for the best in the end.

“In a tent removed from the rest, and unattended save for the young Esquire Hackett, who had been constantly by him since he left England, lay the young Sir Charles Haverly, sick of the plague. For two days he had raved in delirium,

but this morning he aroused, and supporting himself on one elbow looked around and called : 'Hackett, man, canst thou not get me a drink of water?'

" 'I gave thee all an hour since,' said Hackett drawing nearer.

" 'Then it is well. Hackett,' he continued, 'I am dying, and if thou shouldst ever return to England, I have a message that I would have thee bear to Mistress Edma ——'

" 'But Master Hackett fell to sobbing violently, and tore from his face the mask which he had worn since he joined the Crusaders.

" 'What! It is Mistress Edma herself!' exclaimed the knight, gazing at the unmasked visage before him.

" 'Yea, yea,' she replied, seizing and caressing one of his hands.

" 'Oh, Edma,' he said, his voice trembling, 'I tried to win thy love, and if the king had only listened to me, my valor would not have been in vain. But it is too late now. Dost thou love me?'

" 'She could not, at first, reply for her grief, but clasping her arms about his neck, wept aloud in her anguish of heart. She finally said, between her sobs, 'Nay, nay, thou shalt not die. Only get well and we will go back to England, where I will wed thee.'

" 'Later in the day, a man, in passing, stopped to say that the king was dead. Finding Sir Charles dead, he started to drag the body away to the trenches. 'Leave him alone!' cried Mistress Edma, fiercely. 'I will bury him,' and the man went his way.

" 'That night, with the aid of a comrade, Mistress Edma bore the body by the stricken sentinel outside the trenches, and buried it. Then dismissing her companion, she fell prostrate upon the sand and gave herself up to a storm of grief. 'O Charles,' she sobbed, 'why did I ever send thee away! Why did not the pestilence take me, instead of thee! O pray

that it soon may !' Thus Mistress Edma had wept for sometime when she suddenly felt a light touch on the shoulder, and looking up she beheld three Moslem soldiers. Before she had time to collect her thoughts, she was gagged, bound and thrown across a horse and borne away to the Moslem camp.

"But why dwell further? The story is about done. Mistress Edma was given in marriage by the prince to his chief counsellor, an old man of much learning, and profound in tricks of the black art. After a year she gave birth to a son. Her husband, for fear she would teach the little boy Christianity, would never allow him to be in her presence ; but by bribing the slaves, she often held long converse with him.

"She told him, little by little, her own sad history; and begged him never to accept the religion of his father, but to turn to her own faith and to her own land.

"Thus eight weary years passed. One day the little boy was again secretly brought into her presence. She was lying on a couch with the attendant women around. Long years after, when the boy was a man, that sweet, sad face and soft voice would come back to him: some times in dreams and some times in the murmur of the night winds among the palms. 'My son, remember all I have told thee. Go to my own land, and my kindred will receive thee well and love thee for my sake,' was all she said. And he remembered.

"He went to England, but with what result? Her father, overwhelmed by his sorrow, had died the year after her disappearance; her brother had been killed in a duel, and the estate had gone to the Crown. When he told the story of his mother's life at the court, they laughed him to scorn. What was he to do? The memory of his mother forbade his return to the land which gave him birth. His own people would not acknowledge him. He was an outcast. He must have revenge.

"The father had imparted much wisdom to the son, and

had taught him many secrets for which the world would have risen in arms to slay him, had they known them. ”

* * * * *

The foreigner paused in his walk, took up a lute standing near, and went out into the night. It was late. The moon was flooding everything in a soft, silvery light. The man skulked along in the shadow of the buildings, until he stopped in front of an old manorial residence that rose in sombre gloom from amid its shrubbery. The air was scented with the smell of roses from the flower-garden near by. Lady Clara Crummell still sat by her open window. She was thinking of—. Suddenly there arose on the night air the music of a voice in song, as wildly sweet and as delicately ethereal as the odor of flowers around. It was the old story : a lover in prison in a foreign land, pining for his lady love.

Lady Clara listened awhile and a tear glistened on her cheek.

The singing ceased. A small casket was opened, held close to the window for a moment, then closed again, and the minstrel walked stealthily away. Death stalked in his every footstep. The Black death raged and the people thought it a visitation of Providence.

J. D. HUFHAM, JR.

AN IDLER'S KINGDOM.

“Wade’s Old Field,”—so the neighbors call my kingdom; and this appellation proves what was hinted long ago by a certain poet—that really there is nothing in a name. For my kingdom is not a field at all; nor ever since the making of earth had this spot served mankind in any way, until it was discovered, and with none to dispute, claimed by an Idler as pecuniary his own. And for such use alone could it have been created. The soil is unfruitful, and is covered with a

dense growth of pine and of laurel,—“ivy” my neighbors call it,—which here and there even the nimble hares find difficult to penetrate. It is said, however, that long ago my kingdom, closed as it is now so jealously against the vulgar world, did indeed suffer a highway to pass through its confines. But of this servitude not a trace remains to-day, only here and there a little dell fringed with laurel, and cool and secret enough for the virgin rites of Diana.

But the rest of the appellation is still more puzzling; for who was the mysterious Wade that gave his name to my kingdom? Even old Uncle Ed the blacksmith, who had an explanation for all things else, both on earth and in heaven, and who saw visions and dreamed dreams—even he could only hint vaguely at the meaning of this riddle. And perhaps I had best confess once more that my kingdom is mine, not by right of ink and parchment, but solely by the afore-said right of discovery and use. To this day I am ignorant of the lawful owner; but what of that? The trees, the birds, the flowers, the very guardian spirits of the place—as you will learn later—have sworn fealty to me, and what more have I need of?

My kingdom is dearer for being almost wholly free from vicissitudes of time and season. Such decay as there may be is so gradual that it passes imperceptibly into new life; and my pines and laurels, knowing neither winter nor summer, shape themselves to meet any exigency that nature, capricious and indifferent as she is, may create. In summer there are cool hiding places, where no sunbeam may enter; in winter warm sunny nooks, impervious alike to the subtile snow and the insinuating wind. Diogenes would have given up his tub to lie with me in the winter sunshine on a heap of pine-straw and listen in secluded comfort and quiet to the blustering north-wester from which all the rest of the world is vainly seeking shelter. But changes there are indeed, and these are all the sweeter and more beautiful for their unobtrusiveness.

In spring, my old pine puts forth now and then a new spray, and I kiss in the rapture of discovery the sweet young life, as soft and shrinking as an hour-old infant's hand.

A few scrub-oaks, notwithstanding the jealousy of laurel and pines, have found their way into my kingdom, and even timidly approached my palace, but it is only too plain that the soil treats them as aliens. So stunted is their growth and so feeble in their life that the dead leaves of last year are cast off only by the putting forth of the young buds. But even these, the poor dwarfs of my kingdom, are dear to me; and the rustling of their withered leaves in the winter wind fills my thoughts at times with a not unpleasing melancholy, admonishing me as they do that no place on earth is quite free from death and decay.

My palace—every kingdom, however humble, has its palace—has grown up, unaided and unrestrained by human hands, in the very center of my kingdom, and this is as it should be. Nay, all my subjects have contributed, each in his capacity, to the making of it. The laurel has left an open square of half an acre, around which it raises an ever green rampart, repelling all unseemly intrusion; the wild grass has united with the pine-needles in weaving a carpet which Kings of the East might envy, and half a score of pines, not over-large nor over-tall, form at once columns and canopy.

Here I pass my time, as becomes one who is not only the ruler of a realm, but is also a philosopher. I read, write, or meditate as the humor moves me. Much of my time, as should be, is given to receiving deputations of my subjects, or solitary petitioners. Some score of ants and birds come regularly to receive their morning largess of crumbs. Of these I love most a little brown-winged bird, to whom I have given the place of Chief Musician. His store of music is not varied—only a few notes, but these are clear, liquid, and inexpressibly sweet. I find most trouble in winning allegiance and love from the hares, the least domestic of my subjects.

My efforts in this direction, however, have not been entirely without fruit. One of these shy creatures, which makes its burrow near, has grown reconciled in a measure to my dominion—so strong is the power of habit, and the attraction of a dainty morsel found daily under a certain cluster of laurel. And now my timid subject visits me regularly, and has given me many hours of entertainment with his droll, cunning ways. At first I hear a tripping in the leaves, as light almost as the tread of the southwind; then a little gray elfish shape starts into life among the shadows from which it can hardly be distinguished. At sight of me the creature rises erect on its haunches in mingled terror and curiosity, and gazes sidewise, uttering a low whistling sound. If I make the slightest movement, there is a scurry of nimble little feet, a flash of white, and my timid pensioner vanishes for the day.

Pilgrims, too, there are in my kingdom; and chief among these are some vagabond cattle, those ill-used gypsies of the farm. Cruelty has taught them many ways of cunning. Particularly have they learned the art of self-concealment. Sometimes I am fairly startled to find their dark eyes watching me from leafy hiding places. Most of these cattle wear bells, but so skillfully have they learned to use these badges of vagrancy that there is a sort of ventriloquism in the sound, which makes it difficult to locate. Positively I have often thought one of these bells miles away, when it was hidden only a few feet distant among the laurel.

These creatures, which I have called the pilgrims of my kingdom, are at first very shy; but finding that I mean them no harm, they grow trustful and companionable after a few visits, and even approach to accept handfuls of grass. Oftentimes, after the manner of loyal subjects, they contend stoutly for these poor favors of royalty. However, even loyalty and devotion grow troublesome when subjects insist on taking their noonday nap in the very midst of the palace.

These little joys, making up the charm of life in my king-

dom, are all the sweeter that they are of my own discovery, and are unknown to the world. They cannot be appreciated, or even understood, by one who has seen many lands and lived in many places. For the spirits who keep watch over the mysteries of nature, are just, and reveal these things to him alone whose eye is unprofaned by vulgar curiosity, whose heart is untainted by meaner pleasures, and above all, whose presence has grown familiar and welcome. Such favor has been mine this very day—a calm, warm autumn day. It was in the dry bed of a stream where the pines had showered down their soft needles and hidden all traces of the water's doing. Some fallen leaves were flitting about in the subdued light of the little glen, like spirits of summer hiding from the keen glances of autumn; and this humble vision—it was a vision, for it lasted but a moment—seemed to be that nameless something that I had sought for in vain in the promises of spring and the bounties of summer.

But my kingdom is mine only by day. By night it becomes strange and mysterious, and I forsake it with the first hint of twilight. Once I was tempted to return after dark, after my Tennyson—the daily companion of my life, and the dearest of my possessions—which I had forgotten in the precipitancy of departure, having lingered beyond my rightful period of dominion. Everything was changed. My secret entrance seemed to have removed from its place, and was to be found only after much seeking. Once within, I discovered my loyal subjects strangely transformed. Familiar clumps of laurel, beneath which I had lain a few hours ago, were grown into monstrous, grotesque shapes; uncanny sounds were at my ear; and a thousand invisible horrors seemed gathering to withstand me. Even the thought of losing my darling book could tempt me no further, and I turned and fled, leaving behind me the laurel swaying and tittering.

This irreverence I rebuked on my return next morning, by assuming an air of severe dignity; but I have taken care never again to put myself into a predicament so trying to royalty.

One circumstance, however, consoled me in this temporary disgrace—proving, as it did, what I long had believed in secret—namely, that in my kingdom are beings whose existence and presence tease and elude the senses,—

* * * * * faëry elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees.

For when I returned next morning my Tennyson was not indeed stolen away, but certainly removed from where I remembered to have left it. It was lying, half-hidden, under a wild-rose bush in a secluded nook, and on picking it up, I found it open at those marvellous lines in which the innocent maid prates of the spirit world to the guilty Queen :

“The flickering fairy-circle wheeled and broke
Flying, and linked again, and wheeled and broke
Flying, for all the land was full of life.”

Surely my invisible little subjects had seized upon the book and had been reading of their ancestors' doings in that good old time beyond the sea. And never, after that, was my Tennyson quite safe from their curiosity. Leaves would flutter over in the most provoking manner right beneath my finger, with not a breath of wind to turn them; and if the book was put down for a moment, it had unaccountable ways of slipping out of sight. It lies before me now, with not a page but is marked by a boy's hand, and its once beautiful cover of blue and gold tarnished and worn—the golden link that, through all space and for all time, binds me to my “Idler's Kingdom.”

CHAUCER'S TALE OF THE PARDONER.

It was a bright April morning, in the year 135—, that a party of some two dozen pilgrims were wending their way from London to Becket's tomb, along roads which had but recently been moistened by the “showers sweet” of the Spring. For

two days they had been journeying, and were now several miles beyond Rochester. The first hour of the morning ride had been beguiled by a tale from the Doctor of Physic, and his bloody story had the effect of casting a feeling of gloom over the company; even the irrepressible host feels his heart to be lost for pity, but duty urges him to dispel this dispondency, and he calls out in his most jovial tone: "Thou belamy, thou Pardoner, tell us some mirth or japes, right anon." The person addressed was one well able to enliven the company; he had a voice as small as any goat—but that did not prevent his singing lustily, "Come hither love to me," in which song the sumpner joined in a sonorous bass; his hair was as yellow as wax and hung smoothly over his shoulders; his head was bare, for his cap he carried in his wallet; his eyes were as glaring as those of a hare; no beard had he, "nor ever should have"; a bag which he carried with him contained pardons just from Rome, and various relics, such as Our Lady's Veil, a part of the sail that Peter had when he walked on the water; instead of bones of the saints, he had a choice collection of pig's bones, which, nevertheless, served the purpose of getting in one day as much money from the credulous swain as the latter made in two months. In former days, he had been an able and an eloquent man, a friar very likely, who had entered his order with the best purposes, or, at any rate, with no bad aims, and with possibilities of good in him, but had grown corrupt with its corruption; he is now a shameless hypocrite who glories in his own hypocrisy, a consummate villain, miserly, lecherous, indolent.

Such is the interesting personage who must now regale the pilgrims with his talk. He refuses to begin, however, until he has fortified himself with a cake and a draught of corny ale. While thus refreshing himself, he amuses his companions with a description of his villainies, his hypocritical pretensions, his accumulation of unrighteous gain; then follows an account of his method of sermonizing; he has only one text:

Radix malorum est cupiditas; to gain the attention of his audience he has always on hand a bountiful supply of old stories that happened long time ago, and in relating them he works up his hearers to such a pitch of religious fervor that they willingly empty their pockets into that of the preacher; he receives these contributions graciously, and forthwith appropriates them to his own indulgencies.

In the meantime, the Pardoner's hasty breakfast has been made, and he is ready to begin his story; this is told in the manner of one of his usual sermons; he makes digressions at all possible points, and enters into violent tirades against drunkenness, the pampering of the appetite, gambling, profanity, lying, homicide, and the like. The sermon is a masterpiece of Chaucerian art; the transition from the half-satirical, half-comic, jocular tone of the Pardoner's previous talk, to the thoroughly earnest, devotional, and spirited style of this discourse, is a wonderful specimen of caricature.

There was once upon a time, says the preacher, a set of rioters living in Flanders, who spent their time in nothing but revelry, gambling, drinking, and swearing. Now, three of these happened to be once in a tavern "for to drynke," and as they sat, they heard a bell sounding before a corpse that was being carried to the grave; the dead man was found to be an old comrade of theirs, who had been suddenly slain by a privy thief called Death.

"——for he hath slayn this yeer
Hens over a mile, within a great village,
Bothe man and womman, child and hyne and page."

Thereupon these rioters swear to find and slay Death ere it be night. Up they go toward the village, and on the way they meet a very old man, who cannot die, for

"Deth, allas, he will not have my lif,
Thus walk I like a resteles caytif,
And on the ground, which is my modres gate,
I knokke with my staf, erly and late,
And say: 'Leeve moder, let me in.'"

The three threaten him with destruction if he will not reveal the abode of Death, and at last he tells them to turn up "this crooked way" and they will find him under a tree. They follow the old man's directions and behold! under the tree they find seven bushels of gold florins. After the first joy of discovery is over, they determine to wait till night, in order to carry their wealth home. Meanwhile, the youngest is sent to the village to buy wine and bread, and the others guard the treasure; the guardsmen determine to kill their messenger, on his return, and divide the gold between themselves; the third has, however, devised a plan of his own; he poisons the food and wine which he carries to his comrades. The designs of all succeed, and

"Thus endid been these homicides two
And eek the fals empysoner also."

Such is the story that Chaucer has embellished by his own inimitable art and put in the mouth of the Pardoner. Whence our poet drew his version of the tale is hard to tell, for it is one of those mystical fables which have been found among many peoples in one form or another. Let us look at a few of them.

Two accounts are found as early as the Sanskrit. A Brahman and Bodhigata walk through an unfrequented part of a mountain gorge and witness a scene of death and destruction; a rain of gold has fallen in a certain place; five hundred robbers light upon the spot, and immediately selfish desire prevails; they fall upon one another, and in the end all are slain. In one of the Anandas the following incident is related: Buddha and Ananda wander through the forest and find a great treasure; the former advises his friend against desire for wealth; Ananda, however, seizes the treasure, but is soon imprisoned and punished by the King, and acknowledges the wisdom of his great master.

There are two very similar accounts among Persian stories; in both of these three evil fellows happen upon some gold;

the treasure is guarded by two, while the third is sent for food; the death of all occurs essentially as related in Chaucer's story. In these versions Jesus appears upon the scene and warns his disciples against covetousness.

Three Arabian versions of the story exist. The first is an account of the Virgin Mary and Jesus, according to Arabian Writers (*Orientalist*, i. p. 46): Jesus and a Jew wander along the highway; at a certain spot a quantity of bread is seen, and near by a great treasure of gold. The two remove to a distance to await developments; soon three travellers pass along; while two are counting the money, the other poisons the food; he is in turn slain by the former, and all die. Jesus raises the three to life and they flee from the place. The Jew then greedily takes the treasure and not long after is killed. The other Arabian versions are found in the *Arabian Nights*. The first differs in no way from the two Persian accounts. The second tells of a merchant who is robbed of his treasure by two sharpers, but the latter soon die by poisoning each other's food.

A slightly different account is given among the Kashmir, Proverbs. Four men are travelling in middle India and come across a golden tree. Two men are sent for axes to fell the coveted tree, and two guard the treasure and their provisions. The latter are killed on the return of the messengers, but these, in turn, die by the food which has been poisoned.

In even so remote a region as Thibet we meet with a similar story. Among the Thibeton Tales, collected by Schiefner, occurs the following curious incident: Five hundred robbers are wandering along the steppes of Asia; an elephant appears in the forest; after an exciting chase he is killed, and a great feast is prepared; half of the company are delegated to prepare the flesh for a great banquet, while the rest go in search of water. The mutual desire for gain leads both parties to poison that part of the repast which is entrusted to them, and the feast is one of death.

There are as many as three occurrences of this tale in the Italian. In an old collection of Italian novels, a legendary story of our Lord is told: Christ is journeying with his disciples along a plain; on the way, they meet two men and a donkey; these men have just found a large number of gold piastres; one is sent away to buy food for the other and the beast; on his return he poisons the food, and is slain by his companion, but his death is avenged by the poisoning of the guard and the donkey. Christ uses this as a warning to his disciples.

In the eighty-third volume of the *Libro di Novello*, published in 1572, there is an account of a hermit who is attacked and slain by three robbers on account of his hidden gold; before his death, he tells them that "death" is in the treasure; this prediction is verified by the mutual extermination of the robbers in the familiar manner.

The third Italian version is found in the old Miracle-Play of St. Antonio. It differs little from the preceding, if we change the name of the hermit to that of the Saint.

In German literature there is a Westphalian story, relating the discovery of a great treasure by three Jew-robbers; jealousy prompts them to destroy one another by the sword and poison. In one of Hans Sach's *master songs* the account is given of a hermit who is murdered by three men; the latter soon find the coveted treasure in a tree-trunk, but they enjoy it only for a short time, for they soon die at each other's hand.

An old French tale describes the finding of a golden stone by four rascals, who divide into two equal bands to guard the treasure and to prepare a feast; the daggers of the one party and poison secreted by the other cause the destruction of all.

The Portuguese also possesses a somewhat similar story, of four robbers who find a great treasure in a grave near Rome; one is deputed to make his way to the capital to purchase wine, and accomplishes the death of the others by means of the poisoned liquor, though he is himself slain before the poison has completed its work.

The interesting question of the source of the Chaucerian version will perhaps always remain an unsolved problem; in its salient features, it is very close to the second Italian story, and it is probable that the source of the one is also the source of the other. The occurrence of the tale in the literatures of so many peoples (and the above list is by no means complete) is a sufficient indication of its popularity. We may imagine the poet returning from a hard day's work in the custom-house, and eagerly seizing a favorite book; till far into the night he reads, "as still as a stone," until his eyes begin to pain and burn. After the volume is laid aside, the wierdness and the mystery of its contents still haunt him; he adds a reminiscence of the Black Death, (which is still fresh in the minds of his readers), and a no less uncanny allusion to the Wandering Jew; these are all woven together into a continuous narrative; the poet's pen gives it a local habitation and a name, and the Pardoner is honored with the telling of "what is perhaps the best short story in the language." J. H. GORRELL.

MELTON'S MYSTERY.

Early in the spring of '87, the gossips in the town of Melton had an addition to their stale stock of causes for wonderment. Melton was a wealthy place, of about four thousand inhabitants. Though situated in the northern part of Texas, the place had been settled for fifty years. Everybody was known to everybody else, and consequently the air was incessantly filled with the mutterings of family broils—civil wars on a small scale. With the exception of these times of internal commotions, the place was sleepy and devoid of matters of interest. But in this memorable spring of '87 the little place was deeply stirred by the arrival of a mysterious stranger. He came, no one knew whence, one early April morning. Perhaps, if he had been a drummer, no notice would have been

taken of his arrival; but he came with no baggage, and seemed to have no special business.

The mystery was only deepened when, a few days later, he procured a situation in a flouring mill. It seemed incredible that such a man should accept a menial place in a mill. He went vigorously to work, however, and was soon rewarded with promotion. He became popular with all who knew him, but seemingly he had no desire for the good will of any one. When not engaged in his duties, he was always handsomely dressed; and the almost faultless features of his face, together with an excellent form and a magnificent tenor voice, caused many a foolish maiden to wish that he had cared something for society. But the strange part of it all was his secrecy about the place from which he had come, and the angry manner with which he quieted any inquisitiveness concerning his former life.

The gossips, as I said, had a new theme now. This Mr. Reading: who was he, any how? Surely he was guilty of some great crime. What could it be? "Do you reckon he has ever murdered anybody?" one inquisitive dame was heard to ask. "I shouldn't be s'prised," replied a patriotic scandle-monger. "For my part, I think the matter ought to be inquired into. It is a shame and a disgrace that a man of sech a character should be allowed to stay in sech a peaceful and religious little town as our'n."

A little over a month later a second mysterious stranger arrived. He registered at the hotel as Arthur Walden. He was about medium height, and of a strong athletic build. His honest-looking face, polish of manner, and apparent business ability soon gained him a splendid position as book-keeper in a furniture and hardware house. He was equally as uncommunicative about his past history as Mr. Reading and, if anything, was more inclined to sadness and melancholy. A strange fact was that these two men seemed to be acquaintances, and yet were never heard to speak a word either to or about each other.

Well, Reading grew in favor with his employer and was promoted to book-keeper's place. Finally he became the confidential clerk of the establishment. Imagine the surprise, therefore, when a little over eighteen months after his arrival he disappeared as mysteriously as he came. "Oh, I knew there was no good in him! I told you so; I told you so," one good forked-tongued lady was heard to exclaim. "I knew he was a robber, or somethin' that way. I haint got no patience with any man that'll just take into his bosom any of the scum of the earth that happens to come floatin' to him." But he wasn't a robber; that was the strange part about it. His employer searched his books time and again for some evidence of fraud; but he found that none of the money was missing from the safe, and the books contained not an error. "Well, I do say! I am plum set back by this here new revelation. After all that fellow Readin' may be some account. I always 'lowed, anyway, that he had a good face and was probably honest." So spake our same charitable dame when she heard that no money was missing.

A fortnight later Walden gave up his position and left on the north-bound train. There was certainly some mysterious connection between these two men. What could it possibly be? Why should Walden seemingly so constantly dog the footsteps of Reading, and yet never have anything to do with him after he had found him?

The next time the men were heard from, as I learned from a fellow-drummer who told me the story, Reading was holding a good position in Guthrie, Oklahoma. Walden had gone into the fire insurance business. Both were doing well, for both were excellent business men.

Well, one day they were seen to meet on the street and have a brief but fiery conversation. Each grew hotter and hotter. Finally Walden was heard to exclaim, "I swear by all heaven you shall not!" Instantly Reading retorted, "I will; I swear that I will!" "Then take that, you dog,"

said Walden as he drew his pistol and shot him down. Reading fell dead, shot through the heart. Walden was willingly taken to jail.

I need not tell you of his trial and conviction. Suffice it to say that his Oklahoma jury convicted him of manslaughter only. He rapidly pined away when sent to the penitentiary; and while lying on his sick-bed told the nurse the following story of his life:

"It must have been ages ago when I was young and happy, and yet I remember it well. I had a sister once. She was all the world to me. I was about three years her senior and appointed myself her guard and protector. Our home was very happy. Our mother was dead, but father was kind and indulgent to our every wish. Maude and I read the poets together, we studied music together, we went riding together,—in short, I loved her as I could love no other woman, and was happy in the thought that my little sister, Maude, gave me all of the tender love of her girlish yet womanly heart. One bright May morning—Oh! I can never forget it—we were sitting and swinging in one of the hammocks under the shade of a grand old oak. We had just been reading "Lucile" together, and Maude, while the book lay closed in her lap, was timidly wondering what it must be like to be in love. I lay there and drank in her beauty. Surely God never made a lovelier woman. The beauty of the violets, picturing eighteen successive summers, was beaming from her lustrous eyes. The golden rays of the setting sun were rivaled by the silken curls which dropped around her shoulders, and now were playing fondly with the breeze.

"Finally she broke the silence by saying in a voice as sweet as siren's, 'Arthur, do you think you will ever fall in love?' 'No, pet; you are the only woman whom I can love.' After a little pause, during which she gazed dreamingly at the river at the foot of the lawn, she said with mischief-sparkling eyes, 'But suppose that I should do so.' 'My little Maude

will not do that, for I can't live without her. I am greedy and must have all of the love of her little heart.' 'All right, Arthur, you shall, provided——'

" 'Hello there, old man! You're a fine fellow to be sitting around making love this way all summer. '

"I looked up and saw my old college chum, Ralph Reading, smiling down upon me. He had to pass near by our home, and had determined to run over and surprise me by a little visit. I was proud to introduce Maude to my tall, slender, and handsome chum.

"I need not make the story long. Ralph remained only a few days at our home, but those few days were sufficient to take the sunshine out of my life. The old place was home to me no longer. Maude and I still read and sang and talked together, but it was not the same little Maude who had been for so long a time the good angel of my life. I felt, rather than saw, that Maude had begun to divide her affections. Finally she virtually confessed it to me, when I teased her about receiving a letter from Ralph. After a while, those missives of love would come almost every day, and I was left more and more to myself. And yet, Maude, when questioned, would invariably say that she loved me just as much as ever; she could never love anybody as much as she loved her brother Arthur.

"Matters went on in this way during the winter, Maude and I trying each to feel that nothing had been changed; that we were still the same fond sister and brother; and that I was still the object of all her love, as she was, in truth, the idol of all of mine. In the springtime, however, Ralph's letters became less frequent, and the roses began to forsake Maude's cheeks. Sometimes, when I would come upon her unawares, I would see her with a touchingly saddened face, while she was seemingly deeply absorbed in thought. Often times I found her in a hammock, but her book was always closed beside her and the hammock was hanging still: the little slippered foot

had forgotten to do its duty, while the mind was wandering in love-conjured lands. Once I found her with a letter lying on her lap, all stained with the fellows of the tear that stood trembling on her drooping lashes. What was the matter? This was no longer my little Maude.

"Spring gave place to summer; and still Maude continued to fade, gently indeed as the seasons change, but nevertheless just as surely. Rarely now did Ralph write. I had long since lost my love for the man, and now when I saw my little sister drooping under the influence of a blighted love, I began to hate that man who could not only fail to love such a fairy creature, but could even trifle with her pure, sweet love. Poor little innocent Maude had given all of the love of a woman's heart to one who now had shown himself unworthy of any woman's affection.

"I cannot dwell on the telling. God knows the agony of my heart was bitter. Maude died as the summer did. Just as autumn was tinging the leaves, and as the flowers were dropping their petals, we laid her to rest in the little cemetery not far from our old home. The joy of my life was buried with her. Oh! the hours of anguish I felt when I saw what life was like without her who had been the sharer of all of my boyish sorrows and joys. From my window every evening I could see her tombstone glistening cold and lone in the moonbeams. Oh! how I hated—yes, *hated*—the man who had robbed my life of all of its joy. One night, when the gently sifted snow had veiled the earth with its whiteness, I stood gazing out at the tombstone, as white and as cold as the snow all about it. There I swore I would follow the man who had done me this injury and mete out some kind of vengeance upon him. I would be his shadow. I would blight his life.

"Well, I found him; and I clung to him faithfully. Never did sluthhound follow prisoner closer. As soon as I found him I told him my purpose; I told him of the woman whose

heart he had broken, I pictured her hours of sorrow and anguish. Finally I told him of the oath I had taken, and swore to him anew, that if he ever attempted to plight faith with another woman, I would send his soul to the punishment to which it was doomed.

"I followed him here from Melton. All things went in their accustomed way until a few weeks ago, when I heard that he was engaged to be married soon. I met him and reminded him of my oath, and told him what my action would be if he persisted in keeping the engagement. Well, you know what happened then. He defied me; I was crazed; I shot him."

Thus the sick man ended speaking. Only three months later he, too, was laid in a cemetery. Long before his death, he had repented his deed and sought forgiveness from Him who forgives the vilest. Let us trust, therefore, that his spirit is now at rest with Maude's in a brighter land than this, where the summer never ends, and where no evil genius comes to blight the flowers of their youthful yet tender and lingering love.

R. N. SIMMS.

June, 1895.

THE SOLUTION.

"Oh, Mary! did you see that new fellow who is going to teach our school this year? Well, he's in the neighborhood, and they say he will board with us."

"He will, eh? Who told him so?"

"Why Mary, 'tis a privilege to have him with us. I have just seen him at the post-office, and he's the most entertaining young man I ever met. He'll make things a little more lively around here."

"How does he look?"

"I didn't examine him very closely, but he is tall, with yellow hair and brown eyes. He walks gracefully as a prince."

"Oh, ho! you seem much struck with his appearance. I think I know why you want him to board here."

Susan blushed at this thrust of her sister, and without further conversation they walked together into the house, where Mary repeated to her mother, the widow Murray, the news of the new teacher's arrival. Mrs. Murray, after some hesitation, decided that they would board him. She said that to hear the voice of a man once more in the old house would call back pleasant memories of the time when her dear husband was alive.

"I'll go back, then," said Susan, "to the post-office to tell them it's all right."

She took her bonnet and skipped down the lane, and out of sight. The other two women set about preparing supper for the stranger. They kindled a cheerful fire of great oak logs in the old sitting-room, thinking that he would feel more at home there than in the parlor, and arranged everything as snugly as possible. Near sunset, after they had looked down the avenue in front of the house at least a dozen times, they saw Susan coming with her charge. He had a graceful gait indeed, and seemed so attentive to Susan that Mary thus early felt a faint tingle of jealousy.

In the house, however, Mr. Barnes showed no partiality; he paid equal court to all the ladies. The widow confessed herself charmed with him. At the supper table she dared not risk taking a mouthful lest some of her guest's humorous sallies might so convulse her with laughter as to cause the morsel to take the wrong route. The young ladies were neither so soon nor so easily won over. They considered it in keeping with their maidenly modesty to show a certain degree of coldness to the stranger on the first evening of their acquaintance. But this indifference was not long sustained. Barnes' great variety of accomplishments made them forget themselves.

When the hour for retiring had come, the three ladies were

completely fascinated with Mr. Barnes. Susan and Mary lay wide awake all night, repeating parts of his anecdotes which most amused them, and recalling the wealth of expression which beamed forth while he related this or that pathetic incident. As for the widow, she thought—but we must not expose her just yet.

The school at Hamden, over which Mr. Barnes was to preside, would not open for two weeks; so Susan and Mary resolved, that in the meantime, they would thoroughly acquaint their boarder with the neighborhood. They took him rowing on the river, they conducted him to all places of historical interest in the vicinity, and, in short, wherever Barnes was, there also were these girls. Of course this could not last indefinitely, because the widow, being only of moderate means, needed her girls at home occasionally. So she told them that they either had to stay at home altogether, or accompany Mr. Barnes "time about." This suited them exactly, for the sweet privilege of having him all alone was more desirable to them than being oftener in his company.

Mr. Barnes, too, was highly delighted with the new arrangement. He realized the truth of the saying that "Two's company, three's a crowd," and his refined nature shuddered at the very thought of a crowd. But this princely pedagogue had other reasons for being pleased with the new state of things. A strange feeling had of late taken possession of him, a great passion was daily developing in his heart, the outcome of which he could not even guess. He was in love with both of the Misses Murray—really in love with both of them—and he could tell by no means whatever which he loved the better. He felt that to part with one would be equivalent to tearing his heart in two; to espouse them both was unlawful. Briefly, in whatever light he viewed the matter, he could see nothing before him but wretchedness.

Another strange thing was, that both of the Murray girls passionately loved Barnes. This gave rise to bitter jealousy

between them, which increased until they no longer spoke civilly to one another, and often the widow would have to come in to quell their violent wars of words.

"I'd be glad, Miss," Susan would say, "if you'd let my business alone. You've nothing to do with Mr. Barnes. I was the one to get him to come here. You talked like you didn't want him about the house at all, and now you must poke your nose in between us."

"Don't be so violent, my extremely affectionate sister," Mary would reply sarcastically. "The thing hasn't come to a crisis yet. I dislike to exasperate you, but I must say that I have as much right to enjoy the company of Mr. Barnes as you have."

And here the widow would have to interfere, for Susan, becoming frantic, would want to break the head of her sister.

In this tumultuous way the days slipped by until only a few weeks of school were yet to come. Barnes seemed to live in another world, and had his pupils not been trained to recite at regular times, he would frequently have sat all day without hearing a single class. He had enough common sense to know that this would not do. He resolved at once to consult the widow, for whom he had the warmest friendship, and see if she could not help him out of his predicament.

Accordingly, after school one evening, he asked the old lady, to the amazement of the girls, if she would take a ride with him on the river. She gladly consented.

"Mrs. Murray," said Barnes, after they had drifted for some time in silence, "I'm in the biggest box a man ever got into before. To save my soul I can see no way out of it."

"Why, Mr. Barnes, what's the matter?"

"Well, you won't believe it, but I'm in love with both of your girls, and I'm conceited enough to believe they are both in love with me. Now, if I loved one more than the other, there would be no trouble about it, but that's the rub. To leave one would be like leaving half of myself."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the widow, "Whoever heard of such a thing! And you love both? Now, let me see. I have noticed something peculiar in your conduct lately, and I must confess that I have thought of this before."

"I'm glad to hear you say that you have suspected my condition. May be you have hit upon some plan for my relief. Have you?"

"It is true, my dear Mr. Barnes," she said, "that I have thought of a plan, but I can *never* tell it. It's the only way in the world out of this box, though I am sure you would *never* agree to it."

"Agree to it indeed! I'll agree to anything you can suggest. So please, my dear Mrs. Murray, show me your plan at once."

"Oh, Mr. Barnes! it shocks my modesty to *think* of it. Oh me! oh me! I'm *so* excited! Catch me! Quick! Oh catch me!"

Of course Barnes caught her. There is no need for us to follow their conversation any further, because you cannot but imagine what was the outcome of it.

Susan and Mary were almost consumed with anger when their mother gently broke the news to them. They united for the time to war upon the widow; but fiery arguments no longer had any weight with the old lady, who had long since become used to their quarrels. "Joyous was the wedding," to quote from the Hamden *Gazette*, "which celebrated the marriage of Mr. Barnes, our successful schoolmaster, and Mrs. Murray, the loveliest widow in all the State."

When the ceremony was over, Susan and Mary were taken into the embrace of the most affectionate father ever two girls had.

"There never was a happier man," laughed Barnes between kisses. I've got you both, and the old lady thrown in for good measure."

J. C. MCNEILL.

THE FLOWER BENEATH THE WAVE.

"Like one of those submarine flowers, that are said to rise at times and be visible for a moment in the hollow of a wave."—*MacLeod*.

Over the swells of a shoreless deep,
Where restless waters dark,
In frothing fury, dance and leap,
I drift in a fragile barque.

And lo! 'neath sheening wave appears
In trembling, misty hue,
A flower, that lingering slowly veers
From out my yearning view.

I spring to grasp: "O God!" I cry,
"Will it come back no more?"
—But shrieking winds alone reply
And sounding surges roar.

J. D. HUFHAM, JR.

TEARS OF JOY.

One morning, in 1766, the *Viper* quietly dropped anchor in the Cape Fear, but soon the news was all over the old town that the stamps had arrived and must be purchased at once. Soon there was a mob in front of the Governor's house, demanding him to deliver up Houston, the Stamp Master. The Governor, when he found out that these sons of liberty were going to burn his house, family, and all, delivered up Houston, whereupon the mob marched to the market house and made the Stamp Master take a solemn oath not to attempt to administer the duties of his office.

The Governor, wishing to win back the affections of the people, prepared a feast for them. He had an ox barbecued and purchased several barrels of beer for the occasion. The

feast was to come off immediately after the Regulators met. The Regulators were a band of good, honest, liberty-loving citizens, who had banded themselves together to oppose the unjust oppression of the tax collectors, whom Governor Tryon had appointed. Herman Husbands was leader of the Regulators. The assembly was held, and when it adjourned the Governor invited the people to the feast prepared for them. They showed their contempt for him by throwing the ox over-board and spilling the beer on the ground.

On the day of the assembly there was a duel on the other shore of the river. Captain Simson and Lieutenant Whitehurst had a little political difference, Captain Simson sympathizing with the Colonists. Whitehurst was killed and Simson was tried before Judge Berry and acquitted. Governor Tryon summoned Judge Berry to appear before him. The Judge came, but was received very coldly. He suspected that the Governor was working to have him impeached by the home government, and rather than be disgraced in this way killed himself.

One morning about three weeks after the excitement of the banquet, the duel, and the assembly had blown over, there could be seen men standing in crowds about the old dock, talking about something seemingly of great interest. Being curious to know what was going on, I walked across the street and stood near one of the crowds, but just as I came near a rather fine looking man with a red mustache joined the crowd.

"Good morning, Colonel Ashe. Judge Berry is dead and Husbands is in trouble, I hear," said one of the crowd.

"That duel sometime ago has unsettled everything. I am glad they threw that barbecued ox into the river and spilled that beer on the ground. Judge Berry acquitted Simson, just as he ought to have done. Governor Tryon says Captain Simson killed Whitehurst on account of a love scrape, but politics was at the bottom of it."

"Have you been up to the Judge's, Colonel?"

"I was up there just after he killed himself. He ripped his stomach open with a penknife."

"Do you think, Colonel, the Governor meant to have him impeached."

"I know it."

"Well, they've arrested Husbands and his nigger. I don't see how the nigger is gwine to git clear, but we kin clear Husbands by breakin' into the jail an' gittin' him outen it," said another.

"That's what we kin," joined still another.

The crowd dispersed and in about a week the Regulators broke into the jail and liberated Husbands, but in no way were they able to get Moses, the old negro, to leave his cell. They left him in tears mumbling:

"Den dey'll hunt me down wid dem dawgs an' swing me to er lim', de fust un dey com ter, at dat."

* * * * *

The people were getting tired of being taxed out of reason and now began to show how they felt about it. They had appealed to the Governor time and again to see to it that that department of the government be carried on fairly, but he had turned a deaf ear to them. The citizens were very considerate about their institutions and rulers.

One afternoon, as Moses sat in his cabin door, he saw the tax collectors up about Husbands' house, which was about two hundred yards from his cabin. Young Husbands brought out his gun and ordered them away. They came away towards the cabin. Moses didn't think they intended to molest him, so he sat still. When they came up they went into the cabin and made a search, but found nothing worth having. Then they came out and one, Edward Lea, caught Cujo, Moses' eldest boy, and started off with him, whereupon Moses got his gun from beneath the house, where he had hid it, and shot Lea down. The others fled very much frightened. Moses and his master were both arrested.

Edward Lea, whom Moses had killed, was in love with Maud Tryon, daughter of the Governor, but Adolf Husbands, who was a son of the leader of the Regulators, and whom we have just seen taken from the jail, had won Maud's heart, though the Governor had tried many times to break up this match.

Adolf was a man of very fine character and Governor Tryon knew it. And he knew furthermore he could not put Husbands back in prison without endangering his own life, so he was glad to let him stay out. Adolf grew in favor with the Governor, though the Governor tried to hate him. There was something attractive about Adolf personally, but he was brave and generous too. Moses had always petted Adolf and had waited on him ever since he was a baby. Adolf tried to procure Moses' reprieve, but his efforts were all in vain. The Governor after a while consented to Maud's marrying Adolf, whom we saw taken from the jail.

Moses patiently waited the day of his trial. That day the old town was full of people all in sympathy with Moses. The trial was unusually short. As the evidence was being taken the poor old grey-headed negro looked as if it would kill him. Now and then a tear could be seen trickling down his hard cheeks, but nothing more than an occasional moan came from his lips. His children about him were crying, but he lifted his head only now and then to look at them, and as he did so, the tears flowed faster. When the judge asked him if he wished to make any statement, he tried, but failed, for that which was in his soul was too deep for utterance. He was found guilty of murdering Edward Lea and was sentenced to be hanged the first Friday in January.

Adolf went to see Moses frequently and one day told him he was going to get married Christmas morning, whereupon Moses' face put on a very distressed look, and Adolf asked him why he looked so.

“'Case I ain' gwinter be dah ter wait on you 'bout de table.

I jes wanter eat one mo' dinnah at yo' house, den I feels dat I kin kinder go."

"Well may be you will."

"No, Massa, I is neber to eat no mo' wid you, jes 'case I didn't stan' up an' let er man stole what I had, an' I knows you ain' gwinter git dat 'prieve."

"May be you'll eat that dinner at my house yet."

On Christmas morning, as the grey streaks of dawn began to fret the clouds in the east, Adolf stood near the old brick jail. He could see the dim outline of the gallows built beside the jail, the gallows on which Moses was soon to hang. Adolf had slept none, for Moses was on his mind. He walked slowly away, turning now and then to look back. When the wedding hour drew near Adolf went to the Governor's. The Governor met him at the door, and told him he was going to give him a present which he knew he would like, whereupon he put his hand into his pocket, took out Moses' reprieve and gave it to him.

In a few minutes Moses was at the Governor's, trying to wait "'bout de table," but the old negro was too busy shedding tears of joy to know what he was doing.

J. HOMER GORE.

THE POET'S CHOICE.

Squire Moore was old, rich and eccentric, and therefore interesting to his neighbors. His every act was the subject of much fireside comment, and it was no wonder that the news of his death gave the old women of Hilldale gossip enough for a week. They wondered to whom he had left his money, to whom his lands; and when lawyer Trask probated the will, a week later, they had decided the lot of every prospective heir.

A great surprise was in store for them, however. The old Squire remembered Mary Moore Meade in his will, and left

her the bulk of his money. "A fortune for a name! A fortune because he was her God-father! Very probable!" And the old crones would shake their heads in a mysterious manner, as if they could tell much more if they chose.

But it mattered little to May Meade what they might say. Her laugh was just as gay, and her heart just as light as ever. She was happier than ever, if possible. There was nothing in the range of her imagination that could make her unhappy, for now she had money—a fortune for Hildale—a gay heart, and, well, if you must know—Will. And now they would be married. No one doubted that. They would be married, and Will should have the whole of those long winter evenings to finish his book, to write those little sonnets that always brought the red to her cheeks. So she thought, and so thought all the gossips; but Will was wiser than that. "Wait," he said "Wait, May, until my book is published and my fortune made. If we are married now, the world will say that I married you for money."

And thus the matter rested for a while. Finally the book was finished, and, more wonderful still, accepted by a large publishing house. "If I were only in the city I could advance more rapidly," he said one day. And, in the end, little May had forced a loan on him, not without many a protest, however, and he was soon domiciled in the city.

While the book was in the press, several of his short stories and pieces of verse were published in the magazines, and received favorable comment. At last the book was issued, and he sent the first copy to "May, from its author," on the fly-leaf. He awoke one morning to find himself famous—famous in the high social life of the great city. He was the literary lion of the day. He was handsome, well dressed, and talked as charmingly as he wrote; in short, the gay butterflies of fashion adopted him as the fad of the day.

Among these beautiful women, Alys Gilbert was the most sincere. Her admiration was unfeigned, and it was she who

had helped him most before he became the fad. Gradually this proud woman found a warm attachment growing between herself and the young author. At first she tried to suppress it, but failing in that, she gave her passion free reign. Why not? She was tired of the empty flatteries of the dress-coated individual who guided her through the waltz; the incessant chatter of the women bored her as much. In fact, she was tired of the monotonous life of dances, receptions, calls and light operas. Her nature needed a change, and she found it in the young poet.

For a long while he looked on her almost with reverence, certainly with a sincere friendship, but gradually there crept over him, too, a change. The simulated admiration began to cloy his tastes. May's simple letters helped him for a long time, but a brilliant woman at one's side soon begins to take the place of the letters one once so eagerly expected. One night when he called, Miss Gilbert was singing a pathetic little love ballad. As she finished, and looked up into his face, the truth dawned upon him. Impulsively he seized her hands, and told her the "old, sweet story ever new." When he left the parlors, Alys Gilbert had pledged herself to marry him, on condition that they should go back to his old home and live the wild, free life of the woods.

That night, in his room, he penned a long impulsive letter to little May, and sent it, with all of her little notes and heart-tones, back to her by the morning's post. The next night, away down in Hilldale, a little wet-eyed girl was tying up a package of re-read letters and a book, all of which she kissed fondly before she sent them off.

Then came his troubles. He found that a literary life was not all roses; there were many thorns, and they hurt, especially if the roses all came first. The critics began to find fault with his book; he was no longer the lion that he was, for there were other new books, and other versatile authors. Then his health gave way, and the doctors sent him home to

rest. He was unconcious when he got there, however, and through the long spring days he lay there in the delirium of fever.

One day he awoke from his distraction, and lay still a long while thinking over the past, and wondering if he had been sick long. The old place looked so strangely familiar that he closed his eyes again to gain strength for another look. Yes, there were his pictures on the mantel just as he left them—one of father and mother, one of the old ivy-clad church, one of May. As he came to this one, his eyes filled with tears, and a flood of memories came rushing over him. "Oh, May," he cried, and the next moment a sweet face was bending over him, and he heard a voice, as from a cloud, saying, "Thank God!"

"May, am I forgiven?" And a soft hand closed over his in reply.

TH. H. BRIGGS.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

STAFF OF EDITORS.

PROF. R. W. HAYWOOD-----ALUMNI EDITOR.

EU. SOCIETY.

PHI. SOCIETY.

THOMAS H. BRIGGS-----EDITOR.

J. H. GORE, Jr.-----EDITOR.

M. B. DRY-----ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

W. C. BARRETT-----ASSOCIATE EDITOR

GRAY R. KING-----BUSINESS MANAGER.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

TH. H. BRIGGS, Editor.

WE ARE very often sad at heart and despondent because, as we think, we *cannot*. This often deters one from accomplishing much that otherwise might be achieved; and after it is too late, we awake to find we have feared a shadow. At the beginning of this new year I cannot refrain from quoting, without further comment, this bit of philosophy from Goethe: "Not in thy condition, but in thyself, lies the mean impediment over which thou canst not gain the mastery."

WE ARE continually dropping obsolete words from our vocabulary and adding new ones to supply novel needs. It is seldom, however, that a word is supplied to an old need; but such is the case when Prof. Henry G. Williams introduces "thon" to supply the want, long felt, of a third person, singular number, common gender pronoun. Of course it is a corruption of "the one," by phonetic and euphonic fusion. The first sentence of Prof. Williams' new book, "Outlines of Psychology," reads: "Every student should acquaint thonself with some method by which thon can positively correlate the facts of thon's knowledge." Though there is need for such a word, it is quite improbable that this one will take its place in the language. We are too much wedded to our idiosyncrasies.

"The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year."

—*Bryant.*

THERE ARE two periods in each collegiate year that a student cannot but dread; they are the Intermediates and the Finals. There is a growing sentiment, especially in our modern, progressive colleges, tending to abolish the old system of holding semi-sessional examinations. In many institutions examinations are not required when one's daily mark is, say, eighty-five; in others, weekly or monthly quizzes are held. If I may be pardoned for resurrecting a subject so trite, I will offer a few objections to the old method; remember, however, it is not I, but the time of year that revives this subject.

The primary objection is in the loss of time. Heretofore we have consumed four weeks from every year in holding the examinations; not to speak of the days lost through pretended sickness when men are preparing, or "cramming." It is purposed to reduce this time to two weeks this year, but one must be very strong physically and mentally to stand two creditable examinations in one day.

Unimportant questions, too, have a strong tendency to disgust one. It is not every one that knows how to frame an examination. Unless a student knows the whole text-book, and has the lecture notes at his tongue's end, there is a great risk of an incorrect grading. But one finds that a very small proportion are so well prepared, consequently, for most students, an examination is a kind of lottery.

There are many men who "cram" for examinations, and their papers may show much knowledge of the subject, but one week later very little will remain. One does not go to college to memorize a few facts, I think, but rather to train the mind for the future. Some, too, are physically incapable of undergoing the ordeal. Their nerves give way, and all knowledge is intangible. The intense strain and dread cannot benefit any one, however strong he may be.

And still, it is said, there are those who use unfair means in passing. It is true that this cheating may be eliminated by other means, but if there were no set examinations, certainly the temptation would be removed.

Of course if the old method should be done away with, something would have to take its place. Let us have, then, weekly quizzes, or depend upon daily marks. That would necessitate marking by classes,—as *A*, *B*, *C*,—and therefore having no valedictorian but honor men. Grading cannot be precise under any system, but certainly it would be more uniform under the new method.

ATTENTION IS called to a new feature in the Book Notes department. In addition to the usual criticisms of recent fiction by the editor of that department, Mr. John H. Gore, there will appear, from time to time, reviews of the leading text-books of recent publication, by the several professors. Each review, I believe, will tend to elevate the general tone of THE STUDENT, and also make it of greater practical value to those of its readers who are school teachers, and from whom have come numbers of letters to the heads of the different schools of the college, asking for advice in the choice of text-books.

It is not so much that the gentlemen, who have so kindly agreed to do this work, lay any claim to infallibility in deciding upon the merits of a book; but, naturally, the opinions of men who have spent years in the study of any given branch, will not be altogether valueless to those who are just beginning to teach.

I beg to thank Prof. B. F. Sledd for his criticism of recent English books in the November number. In this issue Prof. W. B. Royall reviews two beginner's Greek books; Prof. J. H. Gorrel, Emerson's History of the English Language; Prof. R. W. Haywood, Ginn & Co.'s new Virgil; and Prof. W. L. Poteat, A Text-Book of Physiology.

WHEN, AT the death of one man, a whole religious denomination mourns, when the sincerest tributes of praise fall from the lips of all who knew him, friend and foe; when it appears that there is no one who can fill his place, it is worth while to pause and reflect what there was in the character of Columbus Durham, D. D., to make his loss so keenly felt. From a personal acquaintance and from the expressions of those who knew him best, I judge that several peculiar characteristics of this man contributed to his marked success and wide influence, but shall be content to note only one, Dr. Durham's unflagging industry. For the last five years of his life he did not take a day's rest, not even Christmas or Thanksgiving. It cannot but be impressed upon us that the highest success is that which comes from the most untiring industry. Certainly Dr. Durham's physical, no less than his mental strength, and his decision of character are not to be overlooked in the estimate of the man; but these were emphasized and heightened by his indomitable energy.

BOOK REVIEWS.

J. H. GORE, Jr., Editor.

The House-Boat on the Styx, by ~~by~~ *Bangs. Harper.*

"The House-Boat on the Styx" is the creature of John Kendrick Bangs' bizarre imagination and, as usual with this author, is good. We read it in *Harper's Weekly*, in which it came out in serial form.

Sir Walter Raleigh, Shakespeare, Dr. Johnson, Nero, Washington, and many other of the world's greatest men are among its characters. The story is brim full of amusing incidents which could have occurred only on a house-boat. Charon seemed very much afraid it was going to be a rival of his ferry business, but the committee engaged Charon as janitor, and made things agreeable. It is rather a satire on modern club life. The most amusing incident in it is the quarrel between Nero and Shakespeare. Shakespeare made a slighting remark about Nero's fiddling and, of course, in answer to it Nero quoted a passage from Othello and attributed it to Bacon as the author. Shakespeare had Bacon, he being a member of the

club, summoned to prove that he himself was the author, and not Bacon. Bacon said he did not write Othello, but he did Hamlet, whereupon a dispute arose, and Raleigh was made referee to decide the matter. Raleigh decided that neither wrote it, but that he himself was the author. The story abounds in wit. Darwin, Barnum, and Noah have an animated discussion about animals, which is amusing.

One cannot afford to miss reading this book, even though he have no other reason than to see how a story can be told. Bangs' style is good and cannot be imitated. We have not yet seen a copy in book form.

Child's Christ-Tales, by Andrea Hofer. Kindergarten Lit., Co., Chicago. \$1.

"Christmas was made for babies,
All their own to keep;
It's the birthday of that Baby
Who was cradled with the sheep."

This book was made for babies and men too. The tales are told in an attractive, simple style, yet not too simple for the theme. The author seems to have studied Tennyson and Wordsworth a great deal, for the language smacks of both. The book has beautiful engravings from master artists, such as: Robbia, Angelo, Spinello, Murrillo, and Raphael. This in itself makes the book valuable. One could not make a more appropriate Christmas gift than this. It is in half-vellum binding, very neat and pretty.

Browning's Poems. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$2.25.

"Browning's Complete Poetical Works" is the latest addition to the beautiful Cambridge Edition of poets. It is bound and printed uniformly with *Victorian Anthology*,—review of which is in last STUDENT,—*Longfellow, Whittier, and Holmes*. To the lover of poetry this is a valuable book. It is in one volume, at a price within the reach even of the college student. It is in rather small print, but beautiful and clear.

History for Ready Reference, Editor Larned. C. A. Nichols & Co.

"History for Ready Reference and Topical Reading," has just been added to our library. It is in five volumes, handsomely bound. The editor gives the very best authority on all historical subjects treated in this work.

The Aims of Literary Study, Corson. Macmillan & Co., 75 cts.

"We teach and teach
Until, like drumming pedagogues, we lose
The thought that *what* we teach has higher ends
Than being taught and learned."

This book gives some valuable hints about teaching English. Mr. Corson, whose methods of teaching are held in reverence by our professor of English, knows how English ought to be taught. He does not believe in the boring method, which prescribes for the student a long course in the history of English literature. Instead of teaching long lists of dates and

trying to attain to "formulae and technical knowledge" of all kinds, the teacher should strive "to enlarge the student's vocabulary, to cultivate a nice sense of the force of words," and to teach the student to speak and write good, live English, "closely fitting the thought which it clothes." This book is invaluable to teachers and deserves the careful reading of every one.

Virgils Æneid. Books I-VI with Vocabulary. Edited by J. B. Greenough and G. L. Kittredge, Boston. Ginn & Co. 1895.

In one or two particulars Prof. Greenough's 1895 edition of the *Æneid* shows improvement upon that of 1882. Some careful and judicious "directions for reading" are given, and will be found very helpful. The author particularly warns the student against the habit of running down the columns of a vocabulary for a translation, before trying to make the literal meaning yield a sense. The warning is well-timed, too; because, to this very habit may be traced the poverty of vocabulary that so seriously retards progress in Latin and Greek. For the student very frequently becomes so confused, by the numerous derived meanings to a word, that he fails entirely to get the literal meaning, which is of course the most important and also most easily remembered. The main addition, however, seems to be in the way of illustrations which are considerably more numerous than in the old edition; and passages from modern poetry, either direct imitations of Virgil, or dealing with ideas suggested by his works. The vocabulary is the same as in the old edition, while the notes are very materially condensed. Under the head of "The Syntax of Virgil," the editor is unfortunate in selecting passages from the *Eclogues*, instead of the *Æneid*, to illustrate his points.

A Text Book of Physiology, by M. Foster, M. D., F. R. S. Macmillan & Co. 1895. 8 vo. \$5.

Prof. Michael Foster, of Cambridge University, is perhaps the most eminent living authority on human physiology. He has but lately published his complete *Physiology* in five octavo volumes. The present single volume is a revision and abridgment of that edition. It retains, however, the essential portions, the abridgment being effected by the omission of the histological and purely theoretical matter. The medical student, for whom the book is specially designed, will doubtless regard such an abridgment as a positive advantage. The histology, which is presupposed, he may get in one of the manuals on that subject, as Schæfer's, and theoretical discussions, while interesting and valuable to the specialist, usually tend to confuse and subordinate the ascertained facts of the science in the mind of the student.

Dr. Foster possesses in an eminent degree that indispensable qualification of the teacher, lucidity of style. He has, moreover, that delightful and rare gift of making the reader a party to the investigation and a sharer in the satisfaction of the conclusion to which it leads. His pages, consequently, are never heavy and dull.

The name of Macmillan is ample guarantee of the highest grade of excellence in the publisher's art. We would strongly recommend this authorized edition in preference to the pirated edition which is on the American market.

The First Greek Book, by Clarence W. Gleason, A. M., Master in the Roxbury Latin School, and Caroline Stone Atherton, A. M., late of the Roxbury Latin School. With an introduction by William C. Collar, A. M., New York; Cincinnati; Chicago. American Book Company.

A First Book in Greek, by Frank Pierrepont Graves, Ph. D., Professor of Classical Philology in Tufts College, and Edward Southworth Hawes, Ph. D., Head Instructor in Greek, in the Academic Department of the Polytechnic Institute, of Brooklyn. Leach, Sewell and Sanborn. Boston; New York; Chicago.

The almost simultaneous appearance of these two books is an intimation that Greek has not yet been driven to the wall. They are both presented in an attractive form, and neither is without merit of its own. The first named is the more radical in its warfare upon "non-essentials," remanding to an appendix the hoary dual and virtually ignoring the famous verb-theme classification of Curtius. Each work is a concession to the growing demand in certain quarters for a shorter route and faster time to the headquarters of the Muses. To the conservatives of this school, the work of Graves and Hawes will be more satisfactory, though that popular teacher and author, William C. Collar, pronounces the work of Gleason and Atherton "a book free from the faults of excess and meagerness, designed with the right aim, built on just principles, and wrought out in its details with praiseworthy tact and skill."

We are unable to predict whether or not either of these books will be allowed to supplant the scholarly and more comprehensive "Beginner's Greek Book" with the sub-junior class of this institution. The thorough mastery of either, we are authorized to say, will be accepted for admission into college, so far as the grammar is concerned.

The History of the English Language, by Oliver Farrar Emerson. Macmillan & Co.

There is no surer indication of the substantial progress of American scholarship than the latest work of this brilliant young Cornell professor. Beginning with the study of comparative philology, the author gradually leads us to a position in which we are prepared to view our mother-tongue in its proper relation to other languages. In this introductory work and in the discussion of Old and Middle English, abundant use has been made of the ripe scholarship of Germany; Kluge, Sievers, Ten Brink and Morsbach are frequently cited, and Sweet's track is most closely followed among English scholars. It is to be regretted, however, that only one page is devoted to Middle English dialects.

The treatment of the effect of the Norman conquest on the language is a

most welcome chapter, tending as it does, to demolish that most ungrounded theory that the Norman rule in England produced an entire subversion of the principles of the language. The Rise of Literary English and English in Modern Times are treated of in two chapters, accompanied by a convenient chart of English dialects. The discussion of the sources of the English vocabulary is enriched with numerous examples.

More than half the book is devoted to the last two chapters, dealing with the Principles of English Etymology and the History of English Inflections, respectively. Special emphasis is rightly laid on the "study of phonetics and the relationships of words as shown by the relationships of vowels composing them." Each vowel is taken up separately and its history traced throughout the various periods of the language. The consonants are similarly treated. An interesting chapter on Analogy precedes the extended study of the inflections. The Old English inflectional endings for the different parts of speech are given in full, with an account of their later weakening and of the progress of the language from the synthetic to the analytic state.

A few errors may be noted, as the omission of the Albanian group in the chart of Indo-European languages (p. 7), and the Dative in *an*, instead of *um* (p. 294). The use of *mutation* and *gradation* for our old acquaintances *umlaut* and *ablaut* is needless and unsatisfactory. In the grouping of strong verbs, the historical classification should be alone adhered to, instead of seeking to institute new classes according to modern similarities in form.

The defects of the book are mainly in minor points and are almost unnoticeable, when compared with the evident merits of the work as a whole. As a clear and accurate treatise on the history of our language, it supplies a long felt want and forms a welcome addition to the library of the advanced student of English.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

M. B. DRY, Editor.

—It is rather unfortunate that there are those who look upon Wake Forest College as a sort of machine, the sole function of which is to grind out preachers. That this opinion is entirely false and ungrounded, becomes strikingly evident on the slightest glance at the wide range of callings and vocations in which the *alumni* of the College are engaged. In business, law, journalism, medicine, agriculture, dentistry, and pedagogy, the sons of Wake Forest stand in the forefront,

and many have reached eminence. It should be the special pride of the College that there are, under the control largely of Wake Forest men, thriving academies and high schools that dot the hilltops from the mountains to the seashore.

The editor of this department would be glad for all old students to inform him occasionally of their whereabouts, and of their successes, and it will by no means be considered by him as presumptuous on their part. He, likewise, earnestly entreats the students of the College to call his attention to any changes made, or successes won, by old students whom they may know.

—'48. A. T. Howell is the pastor of two thriving churches near Richmond, Va.

—'71. It is highly gratifying to note the continued prosperity and usefulness of the Chowan Baptist Female Institute at Murfreesboro, under the efficient management of Prof. J. B. Brewer. During the fourteen years in which it has been under his control, a host of young ladies have received training and have gone out into the world to refine and to purify it.

—C. W. Mitchell ('77-'81) is a successful merchant at Aulander, in Bertie county.

—Among prominent business men, Wake Forest claims her share. L. J. Huntley ('78-'79) is an enterprising and successful merchant at Wadesboro.

—'79. E. F. Aydlett is a prominent lawyer at Elizabeth City, and Moderator of the Chowan Baptist Association.

—'79. C. S. Vann is an eminent lawyer in Edenton. By close application to duty, he has achieved success and won the esteem of the people.

—'79. One of the foremost and most successful physicians of the State is J. T. J. Battle, of Wadesboro. The secret of his success is thorough preparation and close application to the requirements of his profession.

—Among the successful teachers of the State should be

mentioned J. M. Bennett ('80-'82), Principal of the High School at Michael, in Davidson county.

—Randolph Redfearn ('83-'86) is looking after the peace at Monroe. He stands high in the police force of that town.

—J. M. Jacobs ('85-'86) is engaged in the mercantile business at Woodland, in Northampton county.

—'87. E. J. Justice is a prominent lawyer at Marion. He is also mayor of the town.

—'87. Rev. L. R. Pruett is winning laurels as pastor of the Olivet Baptist Church at Charlotte. No one need be fearful of Baptist interest in that city so long as Pruett and Pritchard are there.

—H. F. Seawell ('89-'91), of Carthage, seems to be one of the rising young men of the State. He was chosen Solicitor of his District within two years after having received license to practice law. He is further to be congratulated for having recently married Miss Ella McNeill, a charming young lady of Carthage.

—A. W. Huntley ('89-'91) is the popular telegraph operator at Sanford, N. C.

—'91. C. B. Williams is the efficient pastor of the Baptist Church at Winton, and the Principal of a flourishing school at that place.

—'92. J. E. Green is the President of Louisburg Female College and pastor of the Methodist Church at that place. *snak*

—F. M. Lee ('92-'94) is distributing clerk for a steam laundry at Asheville.

—'92. C. D. Graves is principal of a flourishing school at Edenton, N. C.

—'92. E. Y. Webb is achieving eminent success in the practice of law at Shelby. He is a young man of ability and force, and is in every way peculiarly fitted for the profession which he follows.

—It is gratifying to note that two of Wake Forest's sons occupy prominent places on the editorial staff of the *Seminary Magazine*, published by the Seminary students at Louisville. E. S. Reaves ('92) has charge of the Missionary Department, and J. D. Robertson ('94) edits the Book Department. The initial article of the November issue is written by Mr. Reaves.

—'95. Robert T. Allen is pursuing a course of study in dentistry at the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.

—'95. J. L. Cornwell, who was one of the editors of THE STUDENT last year, is one of the Principals of Spring Hope High School. He is an enterprising young man and is meeting with marked success.

—'95. Rev. J. R. Moore, who was editor of this department last year, is growing more and more popular with the people at Carthage, as pastor of the Baptist Church at that place. Mr. Moore is a young man of energy, and will succeed wherever he goes.

EXCHANGES.

JOHN HOMER GORE, Jr., Editor.

Nassau Literary Magazine has much good matter in it. "A Parisian Card" is well written, but ends too peculiarly to please the ordinary reader. "The Love of Daniel Arrowsmith" is a beautiful story simply told. The author seems to have studied human nature a good deal. The verse is good also.

It is proposed to split Harvard up into several small colleges, somewhat after the plan of Oxford, each to consist of 500 students and its own dean, and its own administrative board, in fact, each a distinct college in itself with its own equipments.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil magnate and multi-millionaire, has just given the Chicago University another million dollars unconditionally, and two millions more on the condition that the trustees of the University will raise an equal amount by the year 1900. Mr. Rockefeller had already given to the University \$4,600,000, so that his gifts, if the conditions attached to the gift of the \$2,000,000 are complied with, will amount to 600,000.

The rhetoric class of the University of Michigan is engaged in collecting all slang words and phrases in common use. These will be published with definitions and a list of slang in use ten years ago.

The College Messenger comes to us in a new dress and much improved in tone. The editor seems to agree with the severer school of critics of *The Veiled Doctor*. Most of the criticisms on this book are too severe, and, we think, much of the severity can be traced directly to prejudice, although not so in the criticism of the *Messenger*. *Browsings* is a very fine department.

The Princeton Gun Club won the triangular inter-collegiate shoot at Monmouth Junction recently. Harvard was a close second, scoring four birds behind Princeton. Yale came last, with a score of eighteen birds less than Harvard.

The new Henniway Gymnasium at Harvard was to have been formally opened soon after November 1.

Of the three thousand students enrolled at the University of Berlin, eight hundred are Americans.

The Trinity Archive is too heavy. A mass of essays with nothing to balance them off. This *Magazine* needs some stories to make it more attractive. Editorial Department is exceptionally fine.

The result of the *Virginia-North Carolina* game, to say the least of it, was unfortunate. Taking a fair view of the game, as given by the *Dispatch*, we see that Carolina outplayed Virginia at every point. Mr. Beaumont is guilty either of gross ignorance of the game or unbridled partiality,—facts in favor of the latter. North Carolina has the best team in the *South*. Virginia's full-back outpunted Carolina's. Baird of Carolina outplayed Penton, Virginia's star, in every particular.

Yale, though greatly handicapped, has won the championship of the United States, having defeated Princeton, which can defeat any other team in this country, yet *University of Pennsylvania* has been heard yelling out "championship." Did not Harvard outplay *University of Pennsylvania* at every point, except full back? Brewer lost Harvard's game. Can *University of Pennsylvania* defeat *Princeton*?

The October number of *The University of Virginia Magazine* is full of good readable matter. It has better verse than any exchange on our table. The stories are well told. This magazine is not heavy in essay work—in fact, almost no essays appear in it. When a magazine is full of essays, with no stories to balance off, originality goes begging.

During the summer the Harvard faculty confiscated all signs found in the students' rooms. Lately they have decided to prohibit the college dramatic and musical clubs from giving performances at any place to which the men cannot go and return on the same day. Great displeasure has been excited among the students, especially among Hasty Pudding and Glee

Club men. This means an end to Hasty Pudding operas in New York, and Christmas jaunts for the Glee Club.

The annual debate between *Yale* and *Princeton* will take place at Princeton, on December 6. The question for discussion will be: "Resolved—That in all matters of State legislation of a general character, a system of referendum should be established, similar to that now established in Switzerland." *Yale* has the choice of sides.

The faculty of Tufts College have made a regulation forbidding all students who are not in good standing in their work, taking part on any of the athletic teams or glee clubs.

Wofford College Journal has little of interest in November number. It has nothing of lighter vein to interest the outsider. The number before this was much higher in tone. The editorials, however, are very good.

Eleven of the twenty-three men who received honors at Harvard last year were prominent athletes.

Of the graduates of European universities one-third die early from bad habits, one-third die early from lack of exercise, and the other third rule Europe.

According to Yale's senior statistics the average expenses of members of the class of '95 were: Freshman year, \$912; Sophomore year, \$943; Junior year, \$942; Senior year, \$1,032; total, \$3,829.

The Southern Collegian is a model magazine, we can find no fault with it. All departments are well gotten up.

The income of the University of Chicago for the past year was \$520,000. For the coming year it is expected to reach a much larger amount, and its disbursements are estimated at \$582,000. The faculty in the graduate school numbered last year five hundred and thirty-four; in the divinity schools, two hundred and eighty-one; in the colleges, seven hundred and seventy-two; a total of one thousand five hundred and eighty-seven. This institution intends to publish a magazine similar to the *Century*, which will rival that periodical. The name of it is to be the *Lakeside Magazine*.

William and Mary began her two hundred and second year with a bright outlook. The enrollment is larger than that of several years previous. The number on the roll is one hundred and sixty.

In the *Tennessee University Magazine* there is an editorial in which this question is asked: "Why is it that those who do write and can write are so prone to hide their identity?" We agree with the Editor: An article not worthy of its author's name isn't worthy of being published in a college magazine. An article really worth something is enhanced two-fold more by having its author's name.

All those interested in Davidson will be glad to hear that Dr. T. P. Harrison, of Clemson College, S. C., has accepted the call to the Chair of Eng-

lish and History, made vacant by the resignation of Dr. Currell. Dr. Harrison will take charge of his department the first of the year.

The editor of the Exchange Department of the *Southwestern University Monthly* does not seem to understand us. We do not want all articles to be stories, but enough stories to make the magazine none too heavy.

The *Mnemosyneau* is a very neat magazine. The editorials are well written, but in some of the other departments we notice an error every now and then. Don't give the naughty boys any room to criticise you. They are going to criticise, anyway, but then we feel better when we know we do not deserve it.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

R. C. BARRETT, Editor, pro tem.

BY THE recent arrival of two "newish" the roll has reached 242.

THE RAILROAD authorities are improving the looks of the depot very much by painting.

ON THE evening of Sunday, the 17th of November, Professor Sledd delivered an interesting lecture to the Bible Bands on "Jerusalem."

IN THE absence of Dr. Taylor, who spent some days in New York City, the class in Moral Philosophy was met by Prof. John F. Lanneau.

A GLANCE at the calendar shows that there are only a few days now before that happiest day of the year, Dec. 25th. A merry Christmas to our readers!

THE EVENING meetings, conducted by Dr. Gwaltney, assisted by Rev. W. J. Willoughby, of South Carolina, and Rev. J. H. Edwards, of Wake Forest, resulted in genuine good.

PROFESSOR BREWER, with about fifty of the students and a number of the people of the Hill, attended the "Cotton States' Exposition." They report the exhibit as being quite up to their most sanguine expectations.

PROFESSOR POTEAT, of the department of Natural History, attended the Baptist Congress at Providence, R. I., where he read a paper on the "Physiological Basis of Morality." He visited Yale and Brown Universities while in the North.

VIGOROUS EFFORTS are being made to put the water works in operation. The workmen have been greatly delayed by the loss of some part of the engine; but now, since it is here, we hope to have soon a sufficient supply of water.

AMONG THE old students who visited College during November were J. E. Yates, of Auburn, N. C., H. M. Shaw, Attorney-at-Law, Oxford, N. C., and A. M. Yates, principal of the High School at Apex, who was on his way to Atlanta.

THE CARLYLE medals, which will be awarded on the 13th of Dec., have greatly improved the work of the fall term in oratory and debate. The races are now getting warm and great benefits will be gained by many who will not receive "the gold." (Dec. 14. In the Eu. Society the medal was awarded to Mr. D. M. Pressley. In the Phi. to Mr. A. H. Caustin.)

THE MOOT court meets in session every Friday evening at three o'clock. The cases tried before the court are quite interesting. The officers of the court are: Judge, S. McIntyre; C. S. C., H. H. McLendon; Solicitor, I. M. Meekins; Sheriff, D. S. Moss.

MUCH COMFORT has been given to the Latin recitation rooms, under the care of Professors Carlyle and Haywood, by the addition of chairs with writing boards attached. Prof. Carlyle now takes a peculiar delight in giving his classes exercises to be written at sight.

NO LITTLE town in North Carolina, we venture to say, is favored with the visits of so many distinguished men as Wake Forest. Conspicuous among these, by reason of his scholarly attainments and life of devotion to the cause of missions, is Dr. George B. Taylor, of Rome, Italy.

AN UNUSUAL interest in the study of History is evidenced this year. The bits of history published in *THE STUDENT*, add much to the value of the magazine. And now a movement is on foot to organize a Historical Society among the large number of students of History, Political Economy and Civil Government. The purpose of the organization is to discuss important subjects connected with those courses, and to present interesting features of North Carolina History. The first meeting took place on the first Thursday evening in December.

“HAVING A LITTLE FUN.” That’s what some young scapegraces, of which we have a goodly number, and without which—well, things would grow rather monotonous, wouldn’t they?—were doing, when the tintinabulous propensities of the college servant received a cruel check, and certain other incidents of like nature took place. Everybody, of course, sympathizes with the longing for fun, which is the characteristic of all healthy school boys; but we are inclined to the belief that, by the exercise of a little ingenuity, our fun-lovers can have their fun and not win the merited rebuke of the faculty.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT TO THE MEMORY OF DR. C. DURHAM.

AS ADOPTED BY THE EUZELIAN SOCIETY, OF WAKE FOREST COLLEGE.

WHEREAS, It becomes our duty to chronicle the death of one of our most honored brothers, the late Dr. Columbus Durham; therefore,

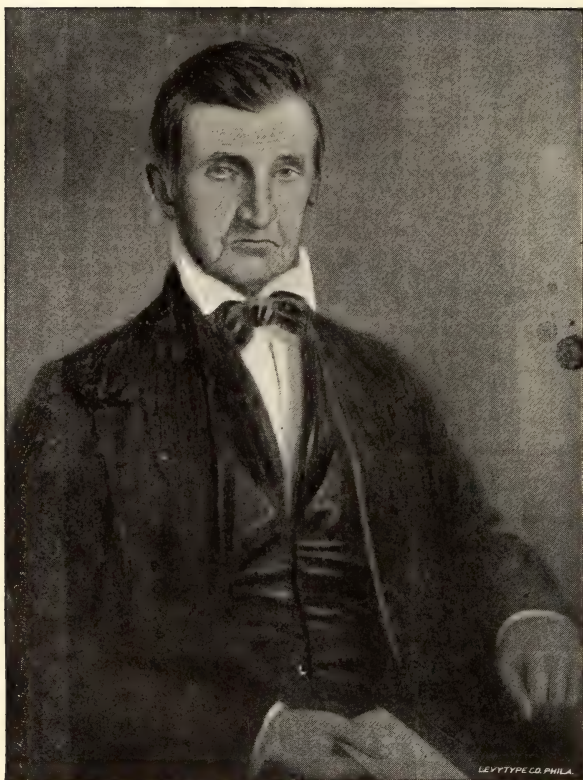
Resolved 1. That we mourn his loss as that of one who did honor to the name "Euzelian," and that we feel that we have suffered an irreparable loss in the death of one who was unflinching in his convictions of right, untiring in his efforts for the promotion of truth, unfettered by personal considerations, and undaunted by the difficulty of the task.

Resolved 2. That we hereby extend our heartfelt sympathy to the family and friends who mourn his loss, and commend them to Him whom our brother served so well.

Resolved 3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, a copy inscribed upon our records, one sent to the *Biblical Recorder*, and another to the WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

R. N. SIMMS,
D. B. RICARD,
T. NEIL JOHNSON,
Committee.





Dr F Leedwell

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

VOL. XV. WAKE FOREST, N. C., JANUARY, 1896.

No. 4.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY FROM UNFAMILIAR SOURCES.

DAVID FRANKLIN CALDWELL.

BY PULASKI COWPER, RALEIGH, N. C.

Judge David Franklin Caldwell was born in Iredell County, North Carolina, in March, 1791. He was the son of Colonel Andrew and Ruth Caldwell. His mother was the daughter of Hon. William Sharp.

He went to school in Iredell County, and when prepared for College entered Chapel Hill, but did not graduate. He was a member of the Dialectic Society. Among his college classmates were Bedford Brown, Bryan Grimes (father of the late Major-General Bryan Grimes), Dr. William R. Holt and James Morrison. He read law under Hon. Archibald Henderson and was admitted to the bar in 1815, and located first in Statesville, N. C., and subsequently moved to Salisbury, N. C.

He was first married to Miss Fannie M. Alexander, a daughter of William Lee Alexander, and granddaughter of Judge Richard Henderson, and a niece of Hon. Nathaniel Alexander, Governor of North Carolina in 1805. The issue of this marriage were six children—William L. A. Caldwell, Archibald H., Elizabeth R. (wife of Colonel Charles F. Fisher, who fell gallantly leading his Regiment at First Manassas),

Richard A., Julius A., and Fanny M. (wife of the late Major Peter W. Hairston). Of these, there only survive Dr. Julius A. Caldwell and Mrs. Fannie M. Hairston.

His second marriage was to Miss Troy, in 1839, but from this marriage there was no issue.

He was first a member of the House of Commons from Iredell County in 1817. He was elected to the House of Commons from Rowan County in 1825, and was a member of the Senate from Rowan in 1829, 1830 and 1831, and was Speaker of the Senate in 1829. He was appointed a Judge of the Superior Court of Law and Equity in 1844. He was six feet one inch in height, weighed about one hundred and seventy pounds, blue eyes and black hair.

Judge Caldwell made a good legislator, and being a fine lawyer of sound sense and judgment, he knew the needs of his constituents. He considered their interests and secured the enactment of laws conducive to their advantage and protection. He was dignified and reserved, firm and decided in his views and opinions, unmovable when his conclusions had been reached, and steadfast and unalterable in his rulings. It is easily to be conceived that he made a most capable and acceptable presiding officer, and gave to the Senate a Speaker equal to any of those who had preceded him.

He is better known to the people of North Carolina as a Judge of the Superior Court of Law and Equity, which position he held from 1844 to 1859, when he resigned. His manner, dignity on the bench, his high sense of honor, his moral rectitude, his firmness and determination, his just dispensation of law and justice, tempered with mercy and tenderness, if justified, or applied with harshness and rigidity, if demanded, constitute the upright judge, and cause him to be remembered as one of the best and purest judges recorded in the annals of the State's judicial history.

What he conceived to be his duty, he performed with fearlessness and indifference to criticism. He was gratified at the

sanction of his fellows in his acts and deeds, but the want of that sanction would not alter his purpose or deter his action, if he conceived he should follow the line his judgment and conscience dictated to him to pursue. He would do nothing that savored of impropriety. If he were invited to dine, or to tea, he would be sure to be advised if the party inviting had a case in court, and if so, he would as surely decline the invitation. In the whole term of his service as judge, and at that date he frequently had not access to railroad facilities, it may be safely stated that, unless prevented by sickness, he never once failed to take his seat on the bench, and open court on time Monday morning. I have known judges, frequently, not to reach the county seat before Tuesday, when they had the chance to ride on trains that ran sixty miles an hour.

No levity or confusion was tolerated while he was holding Court. Old man Solomon Blythe, one morning, walked into the courthouse at Jackson, N. C., and his conversation being sufficiently boisterous to disturb the Court, the Judge said: "Mr. Clerk enter a fine of fifty dollars upon that loud-talking man over there." After Court adjourned, the Sheriff applied to old man Solomon for the fifty dollars, who, just at this time, observed the Judge passing by, went up to him and said: "Look here, Mr. Judge, how in the h— did you and this here d—d Sheriff make it so much? Can't you afford to take a little less? I'll go to jail before I'll pay that much." Solomon's face showed he meant no disrespect, though terribly in earnest. The Judge replied: "Well, then, old man, how much can you pay?" "Well," said Solomon, "I'll pay twenty-five dollars, or go to jail." Then said the Judge, "You go to the Clerk and pay him twenty-five dollars, and then go home, and don't you come to Jackson again while I am holding Court." Solomon obeyed, but the Judge, before he left, released the fine and directed the Clerk to return him the twenty-five dollars.

John R. Drake, the witty and sensible Clerk of Northamp-

ton Court, in *ante bellum* days, was afflicted with two voices—coarse and fine—he would start coarse and end fine. His desk was right under where the Judge sat. A witness was presented, and the Judge said: “Mr. Clerk, swear that witness?” Drake started off in his coarse voice and ended with his fine. When he got through the Judge straightened up, and looking over the railing, said: “Mr. Clerk, does it take two clerks to swear one witness in this Court?”

While holding Court at Currituck Court House, in pristine days, and at a time when some of the people were less enlightened, and more inclined to disregard judicial presence and authority than at the time when our Governor Jarvis left his seaside associations and the plow behind to enter college walls, a Goose Honk citizen, enlivened by old Ocean’s breezes, wafted serenely across the pliant surface of Currituck Sound, and inspirited by the strength of the old-time Currituck corn juice, blustered into the court room, and yelled out, “Get out of the way! Get out of the way, I say. I’m a horse; I’m a horse, I say.” Judge Caldwell quickly said, “Mr. Sheriff, put that horse in the stable, and keep him there till he thinks he ain’t a horse.” To the jail he went, but late in the evening he concluded he wasn’t a horse, and was released; but he stayed there long enough to know and, to his dying day, to define full well the difference between a horse and an ass.

He was very persistent in his determination to allow none but lawyers inside the bar. If he saw one not a lawyer occupying a seat there, he would not be long in ousting him. In the court house in Jackson, I witnessed the following incident: Mr. B. M. was quite an influential Democratic politician in the upper part of the county, but was rough and uninviting in his appearance and dress. About twenty years before this occurrence he had obtained license to practise in the county courts, but not practising, the fact was not generally known. He was sitting somewhat conspicuously in

the bar, and the Judge kept eyeing him until he could stand it no longer. All at once he pointed his finger at him and said: "You get out of that bar; you have no business in there. Get out, sir!" B. M. removed with dispatch, and as he was climbing over the railing, said in a tone loud enough for the Judge to hear: "I've got license to practise law, anyway." The Judge called to him and said: "Why didn't you say so then; come back in the bar. I'd like to know how I could tell you were a lawyer, judging from your looks."

Among Judge Caldwell's characteristics not one was more marked and acknowledged than his great personal courage. No circumstance or surrounding, or apparent advantage of an adversary, could make him flinch or swerve. On one occasion, one Hopkins, himself a man of nerve and pluck, was tried before him and convicted. Some years after this they happened together in a stage-coach, and Hopkins recognizing him, he said: "Is not this Judge Caldwell?" He replied: "Yes, sir, I am Judge Caldwell." "Well, sir," said Hopkins, "you tried me once and punished me too severely, and now I'm going to whip you for it." "Whip me?" said the Judge. "How dare you to insult a judge of North Carolina for discharging his duty. Get out of this stage immediately, sir!" Hopkins was so taken back at this sudden sally, that he got out almost without knowing it. When asked why he got out, he said: "Why, that old fellow's eyes looked as big as two moons. If I'd stayed in that stage, I believe that he would have killed me in half a minute." Mr. Charles Overman, formerly of Charlotte, and now of Reidsville, says this circumstance was told to him by Hopkins himself.

In Salisbury during the days of nullification, with Judge Caldwell, lived in that town Mr. Charles Fisher (the father of the late gallant Colonel Charles F. Fisher, of the 6th N. C. Regiment) a man of mark and note of that date. Judge Caldwell was the leader of the Whig party, and Mr. Fisher, the leader of the Democratic party, in Rowan and surrounding

country. Judge Caldwell was a tall, slender man, and of but little physical strength. Mr. Fisher was a stout, heavy man and of much strength and activity. Both men were of decided and unquestioned courage. Mr. Fisher was a licensed lawyer, but never practised—was a business man and politician. Mr. Fisher was a nullifier and Judge Caldwell was a Unionist, and out of their contests a very bitter feeling had arisen, which lasted as long as Mr. Fisher lived, who died several years before Judge Caldwell.

Mr. Fisher had an appointment to speak at Mocksville, on Tuesday of court week. (Probably the first court after Davie county was created, as the court was held in the old Methodist church.) Judge Caldwell had it published and proclaimed that he would reply, and the evening was surrendered by the court to the speakers. Judge Caldwell was on hand to reply, but Mr. Fisher consumed the whole evening, speaking until dark, and gave Judge Caldwell no chance to reply. Judge Caldwell was very much incensed, and he and his friends denounced Mr. Fisher bitterly.

They were both stopping at the same hotel, then kept by the late Mr. Lemuel Bingham. Judge Caldwell had a habit of talking to himself. He was walking up and down the floor and between Mr. Fisher and the fire, mumbling to himself—"a d—d poor court, a d—d poor court." Mr. Fisher, thinking he was referring to him and springing up before him, said: "Did you call me a d—d poor shoat?" "No," said the Judge, "I didn't, but I do say you are a d—d poor shoat." Mr. Fisher caught him and pushed him back into the big, old-fashioned fire-place, and would have burned him to death but for the interference of Mr. Bingham, Mr. Matthew Mills and others. Mr. Bingham related this occurrence to Judge Furches of our present Supreme Court, who related it to me. Mr. Bingham was Judge Furches' father-in-law.

Judge Caldwell challenged Mr. Fisher, and placed the matter in the hands of Mr. Samuel P. Carson, of Buck Creek,

then in Burke county (now McDowell) as his second. Mr. Fisher accepted, and selected broad-swords as the weapons to be used. Mr. Carson would not allow his principal to fight, though he insisted that he should be allowed to do so; but Mr. Carson stoutly refused, saying that "the object of the code was to place the parties on an equal footing." Carson then published a circular-letter, giving his reasons for refusal and saying in this letter that if any one declared that Judge Caldwell had acted not in accordance with honor or courage in this affair, he pronounced it false, and that his address was Buck Creek, Burke county, where he could be found at any and all times. Mr. Carson was a very determined man and had killed his man in a duel (Dr. Vance, an uncle, I believe, of the late Governor Vance), and it has not been ascertained that any one took the trouble to look for, or to find him.

It is somewhat singular that, this being a political quarrel and party strife and spirit running high at the time, Judge Caldwell should have selected as his friend a leading Democrat with whom to intrust his life and honor; but it would seem that it had not been misplaced.

It was also a singular coincidence that a son of Mr. Fisher should have married a daughter of Judge Caldwell. Col. Charles F. Fisher, one of the State's most honorable citizens, married Miss Elizabeth R. Caldwell, and one of the issue of that marriage is Mrs. Tiernan, widely known as "Christian Reid," whose literary productions have electrified the readers of States and Territories and are treasured and preserved in the libraries of foreign climes. The capable and wide-awake editor of the *Charlotte Observer*, Joseph P. Caldwell, is also a nephew of Judge Caldwell.

The late Col. John Randolph, of Jackson, N. C., told me an amusing incident which is illustrative of Judge Caldwell's quick spirit and courage. Col. Randolph was at one time a practising lawyer at the Northampton bar, and also Clerk and Master of the Court of Equity. The Judge and he were

bosom friends, and, when holding court at Jackson, the Judge spent most of his spare time with the Colonel. Some few years before the war Col. Randolph was appointed General Agent of the Mutual Fire and Life Insurance Companies, of Raleigh, which required him to travel throughout the State.

On one occasion while at Kinston, a bully about the town made some offensive remarks in his presence which he believed were intended for him, and said to the bully: "I am inclined to think, sir, that your remarks are intended for me." Quickly replied the bully, "You are a d—d liar, you don't think any such thing." The Colonel, himself of quick and impetuous temper, fired into him with his cane and gave him a sound thrashing. He was indicted, and at the next term of the court put in an appearance and submitted. Judge Caldwell happened to be the Judge presiding.

After court and late in the evening the Judge said to the Colonel, "Come, John, let us take a walk." The Colonel acceded and they went off together, but had not proceeded far when the Judge said, "John, you did wrong to strike that man with that stick." "Well, Judge, he called me a d—d liar." "Never mind, John, the law does not allow you to strike a man for calling you a d—d liar." "Now, Judge, just think of it! Suppose, Judge, he had called you a d—d liar." "John, the impudent scoundrel! If he had called me a d—d liar I would have given him ten times as much as you gave him. That I would, John!"

Judge Caldwell died at his home, in Salisbury, on the 4th day of April, 1867, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, and was buried in the Lutheran graveyard of that town.

Judge Caldwell, was apparently brusque and seemingly distant and reserved, yet it was easily observable that, beneath that dignity and reserve, was a kindly heart and suave disposition that at once dissipated and removed all uncertainty of approach or communion. His courtesy and kindness to the young members of the bar were noted, and they leaned to

him with exceeding tenderness and regard. He would always protect and shield the witness from what seemed to him to be unwarranted severity, or improper inference, exercised by an attorney—an example worthy to be more generally followed by the judges of the present day. The moment the attorney overstepped the mark and assailed the witness without cause or justification, that moment the chiding remonstrance of Judge Caldwell confronted him.

He was a just, upright, determined, fearless and able judge, who held the scales of the law in even justice, and he valued his honor of higher degree than his life. If he ruled sternly, it was not without moderation or mercy. North Carolina can well point with a just and elevated pride to the line of her honored and distinguished judges of the past and the present, and from the bright galaxy of the illustrious legal stars that have illumined, and do now illumine, the pathway of her judicial firmament, no name can be selected that more combines the qualities that go to make up the pure and proper judge than the name of DAVID FRANKLIN CALDWELL.

IN THE BEND O' THE RIVER.

TH. H. BRIGGS.

Along the banks of the Tracey river there exists a curious population, half civilized, half barbarian. Their shaky cabins are perched on the barest hill-tops and crags, and each one has its bit of garden spot behind it.

One never sees the men at work; nine out of every ten own whiskey stills, the tenth runs a store or loafs. So far from being a disgrace to operate one of these stills, it is a positive honor. It is the height of every urchin's ambition, and not one of them but could tell the exact location and capacity of every still on the hillside.

There is no law among these people; no civil case has ever been on docket from the Bend. Sometimes a revenue officer comes up the river, asks a few questions, and goes away. None have ever been so foolhardy as to attempt an arrest, except the officer who tried to arrest Jem Barker two years ago. He was talking to Barker in a very friendly manner, and insisted on Jem's going with him to the city, and finally, to urge his point a little more effectively, he drew his revolver. He only lived long enough to know that he had fired into the air, and to see his would-be captive leering over him with a malicious glint in his eye. "Say, stranger, yer thought yer wuz sharp, didn't yer?" was the last thing he heard. A reward was offered for the knowledge of the officer's whereabouts, but although every man, woman and child knew that the body lay at the river bottom, just above the falls, no one ever needed the government's hundred dollars badly enough to reveal the secret.

All had gone well enough in this wild settlement for so long that no one doubted that they would ever be disturbed. Even old Davy Lockley, peggamist that he was, could not but say that he wanted no better place to lay his old bones than "in the bend o' the river." And all continued to go well, until Joe Santry sent his boy "Bud" to the city "ter git sum book-larnin'."

Bud had never been looked on with much favor by the older men, and when he returned to the Bend with his "city ways en sto' clothes," this disfavor was by no means diminished, especially when he boasted that he could not live in such a hole as the Bend, and must needs go to the settlement every day to talk politics and drink beer. As old Davy Lockley used to say, "Ez ef our clear old corn whiskey ain't good enough for ennybody!" and then he would invariably produce an old black bottle from his breeches pocket and give evidence that it was good enough for him.

But notwithstanding the dislike most of the men bore

toward young Santry, they liked a good time and a whiskey-drinking far too well to allow their dislikes to keep them from old Joe's, when he invited them all down to "drink the bye's health and welcome 'im home."

For sometime there had been a rumor at the settlement that the revenue officers were preparing to "make er raid up ter the Bend, and git Sal Snowden." But whenever the undaunted Sally heard these reports, she always tossed her jaunty head and remarked, "Wall, let 'em come! There's plenty er room ther, fur sum mo' uv 'em in the river!" Jem Barker always smiled when he heard Sally boast in her wild way,—but he smiled at anything she said, for that matter. It was the common gossip in the Bend that Sally and Jem were to marry in the late autumn. But when any one had courage enough to ask her about it, she would answer, "Lor! me marry that red-headed woodpecker! If I wuz ter marry, I'd hev ter give up my still, en the Lord knows I wouldn't do that fur no man." But whatever she might say to the contrary, the women would not be silenced,—gossip is too much alike the world over.

On a moonlit night in October, Joe Santry's cabin was filled with mirth and gaiety. A huge fire was burning in the yard, throwing its weird shadows far into the woods and over the river. From the cabin came the notes of Lad Emory's fiddle, as he tuned with the banjo that was to be his sole accompaniment, saving the rhythmycal beat of the dance. Some impatient swain was already tripping across the floor, getting his feet in practice for the harder steps with which he expected to captivate the hearts of all the women. Joe Santry, his big face beaming with joy and hospitality, circulated the whiskey in an old gourd, and though the men needed little encouragement, he continually urged them to take just one more swallow before the dance.

"Ef everybody's here we mought jest ez well begin, I reckon," he said finally, as he paused in his exertions, wiping his face with his great bandanna kerchief.

"All's here, savin' Jem Barker, en I 'low he'll be long 'fore many minutes."

Just then, as if in answer, they heard a rough but sweet voice out on the river singing:

"Good-bye, my honey, when I come back
I'll make you my love en my bride!"

"Ther he comes now," said an old crone. "En who'd be er-singin' like that ef they didn't speck ter git married?"

They all welcomed the new comer with a shout, as he strode into the firelight, for it was evident that he was a favorite. Sal Snowden was somewhat more reserved than the other women, but she soon found an opportunity to ask Jem why he had not come sooner. For once he forgot to smile, as he answered: "I heard the revenues wuz er comin' arter yer ter-night, Sal, en I thought I'd look eround er bit."

"Yer didn't see nuthin' uv 'em, did yer?" she inquired, almost eagerly. "Naw!" he replied slowly, "I didn't *see* 'em, but I knows they is erbout. I'm er goin' out arter er-while en look eround ergin."

The dance soon commenced and everybody was full of the mirth and excitement, forgetting all else in their happiness. The wild notes of the violin swelled out over the river, and the shuffling of the feet settled into a monotonous monotone, only broken by "First fo' forward," or some other call of the figure. Once or twice Sal looked at Jem Barker in a meaning way, and finally beckoning to her, he went out. She waited a moment and then followed. The night was chilly, and he had already drawn on his jacket and was standing ready to go when she came.

"Well, I'm goin'," he said.

"Don't yer be gone long, Jem," she whispered. "Somehow or other I feel kind er skittish ter-night."

"Brace up, gel, I won't let 'em hurt me; I ain't skeered uv the whole gang."

"I knows yer aint, Jem, but somehow --," and she paused. "Go on, en good-bye, Jem. I'll wait fer yer."

She stood watching the bushes where he went through until the sound of his footsteps had died away, and then she silently turned and went into the house.

In a few minutes she called to Bud Santry and asked if he would go with her to the spring for some water. Ever since he had come back to the Bend, Santry had been "a-sparkin' 'round Sal Snowden," and he seized this opportunity of making a declaration of his feelings. He had begun in an impetuous strain, and she had suffered him to continue until he said: "They all told me you were lovin' Jem Barker, but I knowed that wont so, and if it was it wouldn't do him no good, for the officers 'll have him erfore the sun rises." She interrupted him with an angry jesture, but before she could answer a clear voice came ringing across the river:

"Good-bye, my honey! when I come back
I'll make yer my love en --."

Why had it stopped? She listened more intently: "Halt!" she heard some one exclaim. A contemptuous laugh was the only reply, and she could hear the "Halt" repeated. A sharp report of a gun rang out and the sounds of the oars ceased.

"They've got Jem Barker at last," Santry said. "I told yer so! Will yer listen ter me now?"

"Bud Santry, yer air er traitor, yer air er *traitor*! Go!" she cried, pointing toward the shanty, every nerve in her spare body quivering with excitement and anger. And he went, shirking along through the gloom, coward that he was.

"Come on," he called, turning back for a moment. "Come on into the house. Don't make a fool uv yerself."

But she had turned, with a wild, hysterical cry, toward the river.

"I'm er goin' ter him," she said.

PRETTY POLLY.

C. M. S.

"George, I cannot answer your question now. You ought not to ask me for an answer so soon."

"Why can you not give me an answer now? You have had nearly three weeks to consider whether you love me or not. How much longer need any one wait?" and George Davis turned from his companion with an incredulous look on his face.

Polly Stewart, or, as she was generally called, Pretty Polly Stewart, was for a moment at a loss for a reply. Then she took a step toward her companion and said, in a coaxing voice: "Now, George, surely you are not going to be angry with me." But when she saw that coaxing words were in vain, she said, with a show of spirit, "I have told you that I cannot answer you now; and, if you love me, as you say you do, you will not insist further."

"Very well," replied George, moodily, "you know best. It has now been three weeks since I asked you to marry me, and I think you have had time enough to consider. But I cannot compel you to answer. I hope when you have considered it enough you will let me know. Good evening!" and he left the room.

The young girl, after a moment's hesitation, followed as far as the piazza. There was a curious expression on her face as she looked after the figure which was striding swiftly down the road. He seemed the embodiment of strength and manly vigor. Tall, broad-shouldered, with the glow of health on his face, he was a type of those bold, hardy, self-reliant men who contended with the Indian for the possession of this continent. George was a descendant of one of the early settlers of North Carolina, and that disposition which feared no danger and turned back from no hardship was still strong within him.

Polly Stewart was the only daughter of Widow Stewart, and, with her mother, lived in a quaint, picturesque little cottage situated near the banks of a small stream. Mrs. Stewart was a comely, tidy little body, without a single trace of silver in her glossy black tresses, and with the brightest, sauciest twinkle in her clear brown eyes.

Polly was undeniably the belle of the whole neighborhood, but at the same time she was a perfect coquette. She counted her lovers by the score, and happy was he who was allowed to accompany her to the camp-meeting or the yearly muster. You must know that fifty years ago a young man, when he carried his sweetheart anywhere, carried her on his horse behind him. And if a horse became restless under the double load, and began to rear and prance, it must not be supposed that the gentle swain was causing his horse to caper about in order that his girl would have to hold tighter to him. Oh, no! The young men never thought of such a thing.

There are those still living who can recall those old times. A man of middle age can remember the yearly musters, or, as they were more frequently called, general musters. Once a year, at least, the different companies which made up a regiment of the State militia would all meet to drill together. The muster-ground was a rendezvous for the entire neighborhood. From far and near the people came to hear the fife and drum, and to see the different companies march and countermarch, vying with each other in the drill. Of course every young blood brought his sweetheart, mounted on a pillion behind him. And there was always sure to be some good old "aunty," who, boasting of her skill in cooking, would bake cakes and pies of all kinds and bring them to these gatherings to sell. Then the amorous swain would tickle the palate of his best girl with crisp, spicy ginger-cakes and fresh, sparkling cider, hoping by this means to bewitch her fancy.

Polly Stewart was the belle at all these gatherings. For a

long time it was difficult to say who of her many cavaliers was first in her esteem. But at length it was agreed by all the gossips that either George Davis, or his brother John, would finally win her.

The two brothers lived with their father, Colonel Elwood Davis, at the Davis homestead, about one mile from Widow Stewart's. The father and his two sons kept bachelor's hall. They had all the comforts of that time, and slaves in plenty, to do their bidding, but the home was without a mistress. Nearly two years previous, the wife and mother had laid down forever the cares of the household. She had been an excellent wife; such was the expressed opinion of all. Indeed, Colonel Davis himself had often said: "I do not believe there is another woman in the county, who could do as much work in a day and make so little complaint as Matilda." But now Matilda was gone, and Colonel Davis had been for some time looking about for some one to fill the vacant place in his heart and home. For some reason or other he began to display a very decided fondness for dropping in at Widow Stewart's. "Just to see how everything is getting on, you know."

This was a source of much wonder and surprise to all the unmarried women of the neighborhood, any one of whom would have thought it her highest duty to comfort the heart of the bereaved widower. They could not understand at all why such a handsome, fine-looking man as Colonel Davis should stoop so low as to notice such a gawky-looking thing as Widow Stewart.

Miss Emeline Barker told her dear friend, Sarah Jane Cross, in strict confidence, that Widow Stewart—the sly, deceitful thing, who had already had one husband—was "setting her cap" for Colonel Davis.

Now the gossips all declared that Miss Emeline had made "a dead set" (whatever that is) at the Colonel, but to no purpose. And they said, also that Miss Sarah Jane had, with her own hands, knit and presented to the Colonel, during the

last winter, enough gloves and mufflers to keep his hands and ears warm, even if he were at the North Pole. It is surprising what they could find to object to in a simple, kind-hearted act like that.

While the women were discussing the faults of Widow Stewart, the men were as deeply concerned about what the result would be between the brothers. Old Johnson Pounds voiced the opinion of almost every one when he declared: "Thar is gwine to be war in the camp before long. Them thar two boys is the kind what ain't agwine to be run over by nobody, and don't you forgit it."

Thus matters stood between the members of the two families.

As George Davis strode down the road on the evening with which this story begins, he was in no amiable frame of mind, and, as if to increase his despondency, whom should he meet but his brother John, who was making his way toward Mrs. Stewart's? The brothers looked fixedly at each other, but they passed without speaking. They had reached the point where they spoke to each other only when it could not be avoided. They both knew that Polly must decide, and that before long, between them, and then—neither liked to think of what would probably happen then.

George had gone only a short way down the road, after meeting his brother, when he stopped. The gnawings of jealousy in his heart were past enduring. He must know what took place between Polly and his brother.

He retraced his steps and, crossing the yard unnoticed, took his station near a window through which he could look into the parlor. Just as he reached this post, he heard his brother say in an angry tone:

"Polly, what does this mean? Didn't you tell me that you would not allow George to come here again?"

"Why, John," answered Polly, in the same soft, persuasive voice in which she had spoken to George not fifteen min-

utes before, "how can you say that? You know I could not forbid poor George to come here. What! not let your dear brother come to see me at all?" Then with a peal of musical laughter and an upward glance at John, which set his pulses throbbing, she said: "Devoted lover! jealous of your own brother."

George could hear no more. Already his hands were clenched so tightly that the nails were buried in the flesh. He tore himself away from the spot in a frenzy. His blood was liquid fire in his veins, and his breast was racked with fierce and contending passions. They had made a dupe of him! Dearly should they pay him for it!

But in a little while his anger against Polly was burned out. He loved her, and she should be his, in spite of all the brothers in the world. He would show them whether he stopped going to see Polly, or not. By the time he had finished these resolutions, his anger had somewhat abated.

Next day the brothers did not meet till dinner. Usually that meal was a cheerful one, but that day it was very gloomy. Each one seemed busy with his own thoughts. Colonel Davis seemed to have lost his usual jolly, self-complacent air, and appeared nervous and fidgety. Now and then he glanced at his two sons as if he would say something, but as often he would change his mind. John was rapturously thinking of the last words of Polly; while George sat with bent brows and gloomy air, studying how he might outwit his brother.

As soon as the dreary meal was ended, Colonel Davis seized his stout cane which stood in the hall and, with this cheerful and encouraging remark, "Boys, I believe we are going to have a fine evening," set off in the direction of widow Stewart's.

For several minutes after his departure, the two young men were silent. Then John, remembering where he had met his brother the evening before, suddenly said:

"George, as I expect to marry Polly Stewart before long,

perhaps it would be as well for you not to call there quite so often as you have been doing lately."

For a moment George was silent; then he said, doggedly: "Are you sure that you will marry Polly?"

"What do you mean by that?" demanded John angrily, "Of course I shall marry her."

"Don't be too sure of that," said George, giving way to his passion. "I tell you, John Davis, you shall never marry Polly Stewart. Do you hear me? Never!"

"And who will hinder me," cried John? "You?"

"Wait and see," replied George defiantly, and he left the room. It was well that he did, for in another moment his brother would have been at his throat.

About an hour later, as John stood looking out at a window, he saw George striding down the path which led toward the widow's.

"I'll be there first," he thought, seizing his hat and setting out across the fields.

Just as George, coming from one direction, reached the widow's gate, John came up from the opposite direction. They glared at each other with blazing eyes, but neither trusted himself to speak. Together, side by side, they marched up the graveled walk.

At the door they met Rev. Abner Woods, who was just leaving the house.

"Good evening, boys, good evening," said he, bowing to them with stately dignity. "You are a little too late to witness the ceremony."

They nodded in reply to his salutation, but neither spoke.

Just as they reached the door they heard Widow Stewart say in a loud, angry voice:

"You ought to be ashamed, you old bald-headed skinflint. What will your two sons say to you? They ought to horse-whip you."

Without waiting to hear more they entered the room.

In one corner of the room sat their worthy parent, with Polly perched demurely on his knees. Near by stood widow Stewart, in an attitude of scornful indignation. At their entrance, Polly sprang up with a little shriek and would have run from the room, but Colonel Davis caught her by the arm and led her toward his sons, saying as he did so:

"Boys, I am very glad that you have come in, but I should have liked it better if you had come a half hour sooner. Polly and I were married just about fifteen minutes ago."

THE GOING MAN.

H. B. FOLK.

The rumblings of a not distant battle are heard. On one side will be marshalled "The Coming Woman," on the other "The Going Man." The women have raised the cry of tyranny and oppression; they have set up the standard of revolt; they have dug up the tomahawk, and dedicated themselves to a war of extermination; they have performed various solemn ceremonies—joining hands in a circle and executing a solemn war-dance, all the while chanting in a low tone their war pæans.

The men at first laughed in scorn at the idea of a rebellion among the women. The revolt, however, keeps spreading. Man's derisive smile has a pale and sickly look; his brow has become troubled, haggard and worn. Soon the clash of arms will be heard. The women, led by the redoubtable Mrs. Lease, will march gallantly to the fray, with serried rank and measured tread and waving banners, on which are inscribed such inspiring mottos as these: "Let me vote or let me die!" "Down with the tyrants!" "Give me bloomers or give me death!" Their cavalry, attired in a strange oriental bifurcated costume, is mounted on glittering wheels called bicycles.

The battle is now joined. There are "shouts and groans, and sabre strokes;" prodigies of valor are profound; the earth rocks to and fro with the violence of the conflict; the sun hides his face in terror; doubtful victory perches first on one side, then on the other.

The furious onslaught, however, of Mrs. Lease's squadron prove irresistible. The men waver; they break; they run! The women give swift pursuit. With gasping breath, streaming hair and flying coat-tails, the men flee for their lives.

Glancing back, they see the terrible faces behind them; they strain every nerve; they throw aside every weight. First they cast aside their hats, collars and cravats, which are quickly appropriated to their own use by the pursuing women. Next they throw aside their coats and vests, and these also fall into the clutches of the women.

Next day the women appear arrayed in all their newly won articles of apparel. They walk around proudly displaying their confiscated hats, collars, neckties and coats, as trophies of their valor. They say, though, that women will not yet be satisfied; that she will still cast longing looks at man's remaining article of apparel. She will demand that man make a total surrender of his wardrobe. Helpless, overawed man will be powerless to resist. With trembling hands, he will hand over the last badge of his manhood, and sadly don the robes of his conqueror.

Woman will then reign supreme. She will take man's place, and man must necessarily take hers. She will assign to man the work she no longer deigns to do.

While his wife is out at night attending a political caucus, attired in his usurped garments, yelling herself hoarse, throwing up her hat and dancing a jig of delight at the mention of the name of her favorite candidate, the timid brow-beaten, down-trodden husband is at home, by the dim light of the lamp patiently darning or mending the family linen, while with his foot he rocks the cradle of the crying baby, and in a plaintive voice attempts to sing it to sleep with a lullaby:

"Hushaby, baby! Your mamma is gone;
She's out at a caucus, and will be till dawn!
She wore papa's trousers, and in them looked queer,
So rock-a-by, baby, your papa is here."

Of course it will fall to man's lot to take charge of the culinary department. Robed in the cast-off habiliments of his spouse, with sleeves rolled up and perspiring face, he will attempt to prepare a savory meal for the coming of his lady from the cares of business. Perhaps she appeared unkind that morning, and went off without the usual good-bye kiss, and he wishes to propitiate her by preparing her favorite dish.

He sets to work, with his face flushed with anticipation of the pleasure and delight of his lady. He goes to and from the pantry bearing back divers and sundry articles, the like of which he never before saw, and mixes them together promiscuously. He attempts to take up some hot water; the water spills and comes in contact with his hand. A most animated and graceful jig is immediately performed, first on one foot then on the other, accompanied by a most entrancing and melodious flow of words proceeding from his mouth in a perfectly lovely blue streak.

This dance brings his foot in contact with the tails of the cat and the dog, and their voices are raised in unison with his, in a sweet and entrancing harmony. The sound of this trio, wafted over the neighborhood, causes the impression to be made on some that the church choir has begun practicing at this place.

After the exuberance of his spirit has somewhat subsided, he proceeds with his labor of love. After incredible toil, after innumerable burns, each calling forth its appropriate response, till the air is tinged a decided blue, he at last brings forth the result of his labors, the like of which was never before seen, "on the earth, in the heavens above the earth, nor in the waters underneath the earth."

He surveys it; he tastes it. The impression dawns upon him that something is wrong. He gives a piece to the cat and dog; they refuse to touch it. He then tries the horse, the cow and the pigs; they all look insulted.

He then gives way to despair, and sitting down has a good cry over it. Wiping his eyes with a corner of his apron, he leans his face on his hands, and thinks of the by-gone days when he was not as he is now, when he was free and used to wander about at his own sweet will, monarch of all he surveyed. All is changed now. He is "a slave, a base, ignoble slave." For him no longer do the little birds sing in the trees, the babbling brooks run murmuring by, the summer breezes softly sigh.

He is aroused from his reverie by the clicking of the gate. Horrors! a ferocious looking trampess is coming. What must he do? There isn't a woman about the place! With trembling hands he hastily locks and bolts all the doors and windows. The trampess comes to the kitchen door and knocks. A timid voice through the keyhole asks, "Who's there?" Its "Meandering Mary," and she wants something to eat. A long parley ensues. Arrangements are finally agreed upon. The trampess retires to the gate, while he cautiously opens the door, and places a collection of the choicest edibles upon the doorstep. The door is then locked, bolted and barricaded, and Meandering Mary comes back and stows the provender in her red bandanna handkerchief, retiring from the premises with a wink of extreme self-satisfaction. Not till her departing form has disappeared around the corner, does the frightened and beleaguered man within the house draw an easy breath.

Presently the footstep of his lady is heard in the hall, and she comes in and asks for dinner. With faltering tongue he tries to explain. Her ladyship frowns; she becomes angry. She tells him how her father used to do; that it looked hard for a woman to work all the morning and then come home and find no dinner. He bursts into tears and calls her a

"mean, horrid old thing!" "A heartless old wretch!" He says he is going home to his father. She takes her hat and wrathfully stalks down town to the hotel.

What a glorious time it will be for the young unmarried man, when women and men have changed places! It will be a perpetual leap year. There is to be a ball and the young society man is all in a flutter. He arrays himself in his lovely ball dress; its low neck and short sleeves, attesting his commendable spirit of economy in dress material; he has on his dainty dancing slippers, his bouquet of beautiful roses, his hair is fearfully and wonderfully arranged. With beating heart he goes down into the parlor and greets his escort. He is "so glad to see her." "Hopes he has not detained her long."

The carriage takes them to the ball-room. Another period of mirror surveying, of face powdering, of hair arranging. At last, with his escort, he goes down into the ball-room. His coquettish eyes and lively conversation immediately surround him with an admiring group of young ladies. "Proudly he reigns, like a king upon his throne," and his "cheeks are flushed like a rose in heaven grown." His card is quickly filled, and he has to split many of his waltzes.

Tired at last, he seeks a secluded nook with his lover. He wishes some water. While his lover is gone for it, his long absent sister discovers him, and, bending over, kisses him. The lover, returning, sees her and fancies it is a rival. The glass falls from her nerveless fingers. She believes her lover untrue and sadly retires from the ball, and wanders disconsolately up and down the world.

After many years, finding out her mistake when it was all too late, when her lover had died of a broken heart, she used to relate her sad story to little children climbing upon her knee, in that touching little song, the refrain of which thus runs:

“ After the ball is over,
After it's cleared the fence,
After the batter has 'scooted,'
Giving joy intense.
Many's the yell emitted,
Would we could choke them all—
Many's the purse that's broken,
Just by that ball.”

But, ah me! what will become of the home when the Coming Woman has come, and the Going Man has gone. Man will then be established as the keeper of the home. His it is to welcome with a smiling face his wife as she returns from the business cares of the day, to see that the children are neat and tidy and present a row of bright and shining faces to the critical eye of his lady.

This is his duty—this is the way it *should* be. But the wretch proves recreant. Behold him esconced in his easy chair before the glowing fire, a cigar in his mouth, the newspaper in his hand, his feet propped upon the mantelpiece of yore, notwithstanding the impeding folds of his new robes! In vain does the cook remind him to attend to dinner; the houseboy of the dust and debris of many days in the room; in vain do the loquacious venders of farm produce knock at the door.

The children don't worry him. Oh, no! The irrepressible, leather-lunged little Ike is safely lodged in the cellar, whence his squalls and kicks upon the door are faintly audible. Sammy, who has been guilty of hanging his little sister's doll, is safely housed, head downwards, in the potato barrel. Little Flora's disconsolate wails are deftly silenced by means of a handkerchief passed over her mouth and fastened behind her head. A collection of pillows, skilfully and artfully arranged, changes the persistent squalling of the baby into a faint and muffled sound.

In the midst of all sits the man, calm, serene, happy. He wonders what in the world those women used to do all the

day long, anyway. What an easy time they had! Why, just see how he does all their work, and still has all the day to himself!

Yes, the battle between the Coming Woman and the Going Man is on. Woman has seized her time-honored weapons, the broom, the shovel, and the poker. She has man on the run. With swiftly propelling feet, labored breath, streaming coat-tails, dishevelled hair, and wild and haggard look, man flees from his pursuer. The rapidity with which his feet come in contact with the ground, the anxiety his ears manifest to overtake his nose, and his nose to keep ahead of his ears, his laudable ambition to demonstrate masculine superiority in matters of celebrity, and his commendable thoughtfulness in trying not to injure the broom-stick of his pursuer by letting it come in contact with his head, have earned for him the proud title, "The Going Man."

BLUE-BELL AND GREY-MOSS.

JOHN HOMER GORE.

As I stood in the porch one fall morning, watching the sun rise out of the sea and up through the clouds, it occurred to me to go fishing; but I thought the wind was wrong, and dismissed the idea at once. Presently, however, one of the old servants came out to sweep the porch, and I said:

"Aunt Lucy, do you think I'll have any luck to-day if I try the fish awhile?"

"Dat you will, honey,

"De win frum de Souf,
Blow de hook in de fish mouf."

I got my tackle ready quickly and started for the creek; but Aunt Lucy was wrong; the wind was from the east, and my luck was not what I had expected. Now and again I

was put into a trot by the appearance of a big snake. Aunt Lucy advised me to run when there was any danger in association, and always grounded her argument on "a ruunin' bull totes a whole hide." I was not to be baffled by bad luck, so I kept on fishing until late in the afternoon, and the luck grew very little better, but I did manage to get a few trout.

When the sun was about to set, I threw down my rod and took a walk up the creek. Soon, however, I came to a high bluff, on which there was an old log hut. I sat down on the root of an old moss-covered oak to look at the surroundings. The door of the hut stood ajar, in the missing window panes hung weather beaten rags, at the corner and over the door the woodbine had grown. The old stick-and-dirt chimney had partly fallen. There was something about the old place that embued me with a feeling peculiarly sad. There was no clothes-line or other sign of any inmate. At one end of the hut stood an old dead oak, at the other a cedar in which a thrush was mingling her sweet tones with the sougling of the tree-tops, the cricket was merry with singing, and the sun was tingeing the tree-tops a soft, golden color. I heard something stir the leaves behind me, and turned. There stood an old negro, utterly amazed at seeing me there. He finally drawled out:

"Well, Bawse, how does you do dese days, an' what you foun' heah?"

"Oh, I am all right! Just looking at this hut and wondering what purpose it can serve here, all alone and seemingly without inmates."

"Well, Bawse, dat's a mighty 'portant place, sho's you bawn. Dat's made us what we is."

I was silent for a moment, wondering what he meant, and finally said:

"You don't live there?"

"Dat I doan', Bawse. Dat's wha dey doan' lib nobody,

an' I ain' gwine ter lib dar for nuttin' in dis worild. Dat's wha Ca'line an' Bill libed, but ef hit hadn't bin for dem we wouldn't a' bin whar we is."

"Were Caroline and Bill your children?"

"Dat dey warn't. Bill and C'aline wuz ez ole az I is. Dey libbed hea by deysef. Dey died er long tim' ergo. One ebenin' Ca'line come up dat parf you see dah, er mutterin' an' er smokin' dat pipe uhn hern, an' a hoe ercross her back 'an' tole Bill dat she wuz gittin mighty tired habn' to worrik so hard down in dat rice fiel', ober dah, back uhn dat house. Dat wuz when de lobell an' blue-bell wuz in bloom. Now, Bill wuz blin', bof eyes blowed out on one dese train engines when hit busted in his face an' bilin' water got into hit. Ca'line say to Bill, 'Mr. Redman' (dat's my Marse George's daddy) 'say he gittin' mighty tired feedin' us fur de worrik we does, an' he say he ain' got no mo' money no how, dat he got to hab sumpin t'eat hesef, too.' Bill didn't say nuttin' much, but dat de road say dat dey wuz gwineter sen' him sumpin 'fore long, he speck. Den Ca'line say, 'Bill, you better lemme move dat stool under dat tree dah, 'case I 'speck dah gwineter be a shower toreckly. She move dat stool an' den sot hersef down on de root of dat tree. Dey tawked er little and den say nuttin', but Ca'line sot dar er smokin' her pipe. De clowd come up an' started to drappin' er little rain, an' jes' den de thunder struck dat oak an' killed Bill an' stunted C'aline. Marse George come ober an' tried to hep Ca'line git well, but warn't no use, she got polier an' wuz sho to die, an' she sed nex' ebenin to Marse George dat she gwineter gib him er present dat her young mistus gib her atter her mammy died, an' dat wuz er quilt wid a blue-bell sewed on one corner. Dat quilt wuz de apple of her mammy's eye, an' when it got wore out atter de old lady die, de mistus gibbed it to C'aline, an' she gibbed it to Marse George to 'member her by. We wuz poe az Job's turkey den, but Marse George tole me to take dat quilt off dat gray-moss pile in de corner wha Bill bin sleepin'

an' carry hit home. I went towards home wid it, an' hadn't got no way befo', Lawd-a-massy! I seed sumpin green in de wore out places. I took keerful obseruation and seed dat it wuz money bills, an' runned an' tole Marse George 'bout it; but Caline dun dead den, an' all we could do wuz ter bury her in de ole buryin' groun'. We tore dat ole quilt open an' Laws-a-massy! thank Jesus, we foun' oodles uh money, an' Marse George an' me wuz comfitably off, and t'ain gone yit.

SKETCHES.

TH. H. BRIGGS.

"Heavy essays and scientific articles are never read," said the Man. "Why don't you make the magazine interesting?"

"Why don't you help?" I retorted. And the next week he sent in a dissertation on "Faith."

* * *

It was a bright, blustering day, the first of April, and all the world was up to pranks. Two little girls, dressed alike in blue pinafores and straw hats, were toddling by my door, when a blast of wind swept by, raising the hat of the elder one and carrying it scurrying down the walk. The younger child grasped her bonnet strings with both hands, just as the wind tried to take it, and cried out gleefully, "I April fooled de wind!"

* * *

The poet sat dreamingly before a dying fire. He had worked years on the poem that was to be his masterpiece, that was to bring him fame; but now it was too late. He had only sought fame for little Lucy's sake, and now she was gone. He had written for the child; he had written of the child, and now his inspiration was like a bright dream that had fled. When he had felt dull, little golden-haired Lucy, "baby sunshine" as he called her, would climb upon his knee and revive his spirits; or, perchance, when wearied and

nervous, and the poem would not go forward, he would steal to the crib side and kiss the sunny hair, and the old light would come again into his eyes. This was his all, and it was only half finished! With a half sob he arose, a mass of papers fell from his listless hands, and the flames flared brightly again.

* * *

I.

I have dreamed away the whole afternoon. Stretched beneath a majestic oak I have been living with nature. It is the time of year that is most beautiful to me, the supreme moment, just before the death of the flowers. The trees are fast losing their green, and even now half of them are bedecked in a holiday garb of brown and gold. Away across the fields I see a young maple gayly tossing its gaudy leaves in the breeze as if it were nearing glory instead of death. Here, beside my window, a wiry little elm seems to shudder at every breath of the wind, and drops an offering in yellow to its king. There is still an undergrowth of green, half hid here and there by the brown sered weeds that have fallen on its bosom. If you would peep slyly beneath the grasses you would find the ever dear violet, mistaking this for early spring, lending its delicate perfume to the enchantment. There was a majestic grandeur in the heavens to-day; for as I lay there I could see the fleecy clouds climbing slowly up from out the mysterious west, and ever piling mass on mass above me, almost dimming my very senses. And as the sun set, their golden caps reminded me of the maple below. The whispering, moaning pines sang a lullaby, a crumpled rosebud added its fragrance to the violets, and nature was supreme.

II.

A tempest has been rising since early dawn. For hours great angry, wind-torn clouds have been tossing in the whirl of destruction. Even now I can hear the wind as it howls

outside; one moment it calls piteously at my window, and the next it is away off to the other side raging and shrieking as if forty demons were in its breast. One moment it storms and reproaches me; and the next it seems to be whispering of the dear, sad past. Maybe it's because I've been dreaming again, and maybe it's because there are spirits in the wind.

III.

The storm has passed. In the night it spent its fury, but scared at the purple flushings of sunrise, it fled and the sky is cloudless again and serene. But its work is done. The little trees, where yesterday fortunes of gold swung and danced in the breezes, are bare and lifeless. The brown sere things are now fallen. They hide even the grasses, and every muddy little pool at one's feet is covered with their lifeless, crumpled shapes. But here and there a red-hued bit of gold still clings to its parent stem, and seems to bid defiance to the world, and such is life.

THE PRISONERS.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF GUY DE MAUPESSANT.]

There was no noise in the forest except the faint rustle of the snow falling upon the trees. It had been snowing since noon—a fine, soft snow, powdering the branches with an icy moss, which made a light roof of silver over the dead leaves of the brakes; stretching along the roads a great, soft white carpet, and intensifying the deep silence of that ocean of trees. Before the door of one of the forest houses a young woman with bare arms was breaking wood with an axe. She was tall, slim and active, a child of the forest, daughter and wife of foresters.

A voice from the interior of the house was heard.

“We are alone this evening, Berthine. You must come

in. Night is drawing on, and, doubtless, there are many Prussians and wolves prowling about."

The girl replied, splitting a block with great blows, "I have finished mamma. I'm coming; don't be afraid; it is still light."

When she had brought in the fagots and bits of wood, piling them along the chimney-piece, she pushed into their sockets the heavy bolts of the door.

Her mother was spinning near the fire, a wrinkled old woman whom age had made timid.

"I am not satisfied," she said, "when father is away. It is not well for two defenceless women to be alone."

The younger woman replied, "Pshaw! I shouldn't be afraid of a wolf, or a Prussian either," and she glanced at a huge revolver hanging over the fire-place.

Her husband had been enlisted at the beginning of the Prussian invasion, and the two women had lived with the old guard, Nicholas Pichon, nicknamed the Stilt-bird, who had positively refused to leave his home to go to the city.

The neighboring town was Rethel, an old town situated high up on a hill. Its inhabitants were patriotic, and the worthy *bourgeois* had decided to offer resistance to the invaders, to shut themselves up in their houses and undergo a siege according to the traditions of the city. Twice already, under Henri IV. and under Louis XIV., the people of Rethel had made themselves famous by their determined resistance. They would do the same thing this time, by heavens! or allow themselves to be burned within their walls.

And so they had bought cannons and muskets, equipped a militia, formed battalions and companies, and practiced daily upon the *Place d' Armes*. Everybody, bakers, tradesmen, butchers, notaries, lawyers, carpenters, drilled in their turn, at regular hours, under command of M. Lavigne, formerly sub-officer of the dragoons, but at that time a haberdasher, having married the daughter and inherited the shop of M. Ravandan.

He had taken the title of Commandant-Major of the place, and all the young men having joined the regular army, he had enrolled all the others who indicated their willingness to resist. The corpulent members of the community walked always up and down the streets with military step, in order to melt down their fat and improve their wind; the feeble carried loads on their shoulders to strengthen their muscles.

And they waited for the Prussians; but the Prussians did not come. They were not far off, however, for twice already their scouts had pushed through the wood to the forest home of Nicholas Pichon, the Stilt-bird. The old guard, who ran like a fox, had gone to warn the village. The cannon had been placed in position, but the enemy had not shown itself.

The home of the Stilt-bird served as an advance post in the forest of Avenline. Stilt-bird's son went, twice a month, to Rethel after provisions and to carry the good citizens news of the campaign.

He had gone, on this day, to announce that a small detachment of German infantry had halted near his house on the day before, at two o'clock in the afternoon, and then made off almost immediately. The sub-officer who was in command spoke French.

When the young man had gone, as we have seen, the old guard would take his two dogs as a safe guard against the wolves, which were becoming fierce, and leave the two women alone, advising them to barricade themselves in the house as soon as night approached.

Berthine was afraid of nothing, but the old woman trembled all the time and would say:

"It will turn out badly, all this; you'll see that it will."

This evening she was even more disturbed than usual.

"Do you know when father will be back?" she asked.

"Oh, not before eleven o'clock, at least; when he dines at the commandant's, he always stays late." And she was hanging the pot over the fire to make the soup, when she suddenly

stopped, hearing a faint noise which was brought to her through the chimney's mouth.

She whispered, "It's soldiers marching in the forest, seven or eight, at least."

Her mother, overcome, dropped her spinning and exclaimed:

"Mon Dieu! and father is away." She had hardly finished speaking when heavy knocks at the door made it tremble.

The women made no answer, and a loud, guttural voice called out,

"Open!"

Then, after a moment of silence, the same voice repeated:

"Open!" or I'll break the door."

Berthine took the revolver from the chimney, slipped it into the pocket of her skirt, and, having glued her ear to the door, asked:

"Who are you?"

The voice replied, "The detachment that was here the other day."

"What do you want?" demanded the woman.

"I and my detachment have been lost in the forest since morning. Open, or I break the door."

She had no other alternative; she quickly slipped the great bolt, and, drawing back the heavy door, she saw outlined against the snow six men, Prussians, the same who had been there the day before. She asked, in a determined tone:

"What do you come after at this time of night?"

The officer said as before, "I was lost, quite lost, and seeing your house came to it. Neither I nor my men have eaten anything since this morning."

Berthine objected: "But I am all alone with my mother this evening."

The soldier, who had the appearance of being an honest man, replied, "I can't help that. We shall do you no harm.

But give us something to eat. We are dying of hunger and fatigue."

The young woman made a step backward and said, "Come in."

They entered, powdered with snow, and having upon their helmets a kind of snowy froth, which made them look like eakes. They appeared completely exhausted.

Berthine showed them some wooden benches at the sides of the great table. "Sit down," she said, "I'm going to make some soup for you." Then she bolted the door. She poured more water in the pot, put in some butter and potatoes, and taking down a piece of bacon hanging by the chimney, she cut it into two pieces, one of which she put in the soup.

The six men followed with their eyes her every movement with a starved look on their faces. They had placed their muskets and helmets in a corner of the room, and were waiting, just like little children upon the benches of a school house.

The mother had resumed her spinning, throwing at every moment anxious glances at the intruding soldiers. Nothing could be heard save the light rumbling of the spinning-wheel, the crackling of the fire, and the murmur of the boiling water.

But, suddenly, they were all made to tremble by a strange noise, which sounded like a rough breath blown under the door, a wild animal's breath, loud and rasping. The German officer had made a leap toward the muskets.

Berthine stopped him with a gesture and, smiling, said: "Wolves! They are like you, roaming around and hungry."

The man, loth to believe her, wanted to see for himself, and when the door was opened, he saw two great gray brutes retreating with quick, long steps. He went back to his seat saying, "I wouldn't have thought it." And he waited until his porridge was ready.

They ate as if famished, their mouths stretched from ear to ear in order to gulp down larger mouthfuls, their round eyes opening and shutting in unison with their jaws, and the noise of their throats like the gurglings of a water-spout.

The two women in silence watched the rapid movements of the great rough beards, into which the potatoes actually seemed to run.

The men were thirsty, and Berthine went down into the cellar to draw some cider. She remained there a long time; it was a little vaulted cellar which, during the revolution, had served as a prison and hiding place, people said. You entered it by means of a narrow, winding stair-case, leading up to a trap-door in the floor of the kitchen.

When Berthine came back she was laughing all to herself, with a cunning look upon her face. She gave to the Germans a pitcher of cider. Then she took her meal with her mother at the other end of the kitchen.

The soldiers had gotten through and had fallen asleep, all six of them, around the table. From time to time a head would fall, with a dull noise upon the table, whereupon its owner, suddenly awakened, would straighten himself.

Berthine said to the officer, "Lie down before the fire, if you wish, there is plenty of room for six. I am going up to my room with my mother." The two women ascended to the upper story. They turned the key in their door, and moved about for some time, then all were silent.

The Prussians stretched themselves upon the floor, their feet toward the fire, their heads resting upon their cloaks. They were soon asleep and snoring, all in different tones, some sharp and some heavy, but all steady and terrible.

They must have been asleep a long time, when a gun-shot rang out so clear that one would have thought it fired in the house. The soldiers arose at once. Two more reports were heard, followed by three others. The door to the stair-way opened suddenly and Berthine appeared, bare-footed, in

chemise, short petticoat, carrying a candle in her hand, and looking very much frightened, she whispered—

“The French! There are two hundred of them. If they find you here, they will burn the house. Go down into the cellar at once as quietly as you can. If you make any noise we are lost.”

The officer, thoroughly scared, said: “I will. I will. How do you get there?”

The young woman hastily removed the small square trap-door, and the six men disappeared down the little winding stair-case, descending into the cellar one after the other, backwards, so as to feel their way better. When the point of the last helmet was out of sight, Berthine fastened down the heavy oak plank, thick as a wall, hard as steel, and made yet more secure by a dungeon lock and hinges, gave the key two slow turns and then began laughing—a silent, triumphant laugh, accompanied by a foolish longing to execute a dance over the heads of her prisoners.

They made no noise, shut up down there in a stone box, with no air, except through a vent hole decorated with iron bars.

Berthine rekindled her fire, hung up the pot again, and made some soup, saying to herself: “Father will be tired to-night.” Then she sat down and waited. The noisy clock pendulum sent its regular “tic-tac” into the silence. From time to time the young woman threw a look up at the dial-plate, an anxious look which seemed to say, “He is late coming.”

But soon she thought she heard some one whispering under her feet. Low, confused words came to her through the stone walls of the cellar. The Prussians were beginning to see through her ruse, and soon the officer came up the little stair-case, and began to beat upon the door with his fist.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

STAFF OF EDITORS.

PROF. R. W. HAYWOOD-----ALUMNI EDITOR.

EU. SOCIETY.

THOMAS H. BRIGGS-----EDITOR.

M. B. DRY-----ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

PHI. SOCIETY.

J. H. GORE, Jr-----EDITOR.

W. C. BARRETT-----ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

GRAY R. KING-----BUSINESS MANAGER.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

JOHN HOMER GORE, Editor pro tem.

ALLEN G. THURMAN is dead! He was not the modern statesman according to Mr. Reed's definition, "a successful politician who is dead," but of the old school.

Mr. Thurman was born in Lynchburg, Va., November 13, 1813. His father and mother moved to Ohio when he was about six years old. He read law under an uncle, and was admitted to the bar at twenty-two years of age. His first duties were to his parents. He was a hard worker and, of course, something had to come as a reward. Above all things Mr. Thurman was a Democrat, and could have been nothing else under the circumstances. He was thirty when he married. He was elected to Congress at thirty-one, but one term was enough for him. He is one man who showed his sense by not throwing away his time with political honors, for politics is a sure ruin to a lawyer who tries to attend properly to his business. He was called upon several times to fill places of honor in his own State, and was one of the ablest judges Ohio ever had. He could not stay out of public life, because his country would not let him. He did not seek office, it sought him. Mr. Thurman made his domestic relations most

agreeable. He loved little children, and was always willing to be their playmate and slave, sharing alike their joys and sorrows. He was fond of all good literature, and spent much of his time in reading. Mr. Thurman was never a rich man. In all his dealings he never dishonestly gained one cent, and to this much of the esteem in which he was held is attributed. Surely a good and great man has gone from us.

THE TORRENS LAND SYSTEM had its origin with Sir Robert Torrens, of Australia. The object of this system is to have ready and inexpensive dealings in land as in other property. The method is that of the certificate of title. The form is settled and the buyer gets what he buys. If it be a fee simple clear of encumbrance, or a title subject to encumbrance, or less interest than the fee, it will appear so on the certificate. If the registered owner mortgages it, the Registrar will state it on the certificate. And if a judgment has been given, it is also stated on the certificate. When a transfer is made, the certificate is surrendered and cancelled and a new one given to the new owner; or if sold, or given to more than one, a certificate to each for his respective part. The statute of limitations begins with the first certificate. Registered lands go to the executor or administrator just as personalty. The heirs get new certificates of title to their respective shares. The system is simple and perfect as far as it goes, and it is under consideration in many States. Is it not better than our deed system, and why not have it?

DO WE WANT war with Great Britain? That depends on the circumstances. If Great Britain makes aggressions, then it will be our duty to resist by every means in our power.

Lord Salisbury, to say the least, showed a lack of sense in his reply to our request, which was polite and courteous enough. We have been on very friendly terms with England and have done the bulk of our trade with her, yet a simple request to have a dispute settled by arbitration receives the bigoted, senseless, satirical reply of Lord Salisbury.

The Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin is down on Mr. Cleveland. It seems to think the war would be a calamity. Well it would, but we must not sacrifice our principle to humor the whims of the rich of our country. Rome grew rich and was ruled by the rich, but when the Huns came, who were there to defend her? None. The idea of peace at any price ate from beneath Rome her foundation. The morals of the country were effected by the teachings of money, and in sacrificing principle they sacrificed all. Show England her place at any cost!

THE *Modern Miller*, of December 21, has a very fine article on Bucket Shops and their Victims. The author's definition of speculation is singularly true: "Speculation is buying something you do not want, and selling something you haven't got, in the hope of profiting by the fluctuation in the price."

The author tells some of his own experiences and then advises the man who is bent on "Bucket Shop" business, "How to Trade in a Bucket Shop." Go get all the money you have, borrow your wife's, whatever money there is in the family, sell your clothes, household and kitchen furniture, carry it to the bucket shop proprietor and make him a Christmas present of it, also wish him a merry Christmas. This is the way to reach poverty at once and be done with it. The only difference between the bucket shop and the exchange is that you deal with more reliable persons on the exchange, but both lead to the same place eventually.

JOHN SHERMAN, in the story of his own career, throws out the following, which it might be well for every young lawyer to notice:

“During the early period of practice at the bar I studied my cases carefully and had fair success. * * * I got the reputation of being successful by full preparation and a thorough knowledge of the facts and law of the case. In addressing a jury I rarely attempted flights of oratory, and when I did attempt them I failed. I soon learned that it was better to gain the confidence of a jury by plain talk than by rhetoric. Subsequently, in public life, I preserved a like course, and once, though I was advised by Governor Chase to add a peroration to my argument, I did not follow his advice.”

EXCHANGES.

TH. H. BRIGGS, Editor pro tem.

Sunt bona, sunt quaedam mediocria, sunt mala plura.—Tacitus.

The University of Wisconsin has ten debating societies.

Ohio has more colleges than any State in the Union ; Illinois next.

The American University at Washington will be wholly post-graduate.

El Testigo Guadalajara is before me, and I suppose it is very interesting,

The Villanova monthly is unwieldy. The editorials, though short, are good.

The University of Pennsylvania has sent a geological expedition to Central Africa.

The Kelly Messenger is a novel little sheet, published by the Morganton deaf mutes.

One-sixteenth of the college students in the United States are studying for the ministry.

The University of Wisconsin has 100 students in the School of Music ; Harvard has seventy.

The smallest University in the world is in Africa, having five students and fifteen instructors.

Leland Stanford, Jr. University will soon have an income three times as great as that of Harvard.

The short sketches of the *Mnemosynean* are always good. One cannot keep up with continued articles.

Nearly all of the Southern colleges have sent bodies of students to the Cotton States and International Exposition.

There is a glaring lack of fiction in the *Southwestern University Monthly*. *Realism in Modern Literature* interested me.

Harvard has 1,758 students enrolled. This is an increase of nearly a hundred over last year. Pennsylvania has 2,398.

Ninety-two of Yale's alumni have been college Presidents. No other college can make such a showing, it is claimed.

THE STUDENT is glad to add to its exchange list *The Georgetownian*, *Furman Echo*, *The Berkley Cadet*, and *The Vidette*.

The Ouachita Ripples, *Adelphian*, *Mount St. Joseph Collegian*, and *Thielenian* are all too juvenile to merit any criticism.

From some of the contents of the *Seminary Signal* I would judge that the young ladies are running a religious monthly.

If the women continue to pour into the University of California as rapidly as heretofore, the men will soon be outnumbered.

The senior law class of the Missouri University has elected Hon. Robert G. Ingersoll to deliver the commencement address.

The Trinity Archive for December shows a decided improvement, but it is still heavy. The quatrain "To Pasteur" is good.

The Christmas number of the *Emory Phoenix* is prettily bound. "The Poetry of Poe" and "The Senior Song" are the best articles.

The Franklin Kodak has only six pages of contributions, but "Patience," and "Lowell's Conception of Immortality" are both well done.

The *Davidson Monthly* is strong in its editorials. I liked the first half of "With the Dying Day." A poet wrote the first half—a preacher the last.

One of the neatest exchanges of the month is the *Amherst Monthly*. "A Vacation Affair" is a good story; "Nightingale Valley" is nothing if not novel.

In *The Wofford Journal* Mr. Sullivan shows a rare sense of humor in his "Nibble Toes." The editorials are well done; otherwise the magazine is rather dry.

Of the heavy articles in the *Southwestern Presbyterian University Journal*—I believe I have all the name—"The Evils of Popular Literature" is by far the best.

The University of Berlin, it is claimed, is the largest in the world; there are over 8,000 students enrolled. The University of Cairo has equally as many, if not more.

The Intercollegiate Fencing Association will hold its third meet in New York city. Pennsylvania, Cornell, Princeton and Annapolis have been invited to participate.

The December number of the *William and Mary College Monthly* is by far the best issue I have ever seen from that institution. The stories, essays and verse are all good.

The Hampden-Sidney Magazine is particularly strong in its editorials. The "Sea of Canvass" is good, but there should be more reading matter; fifteen pages are too few.

The Texas University is a good magazine, and is well gotten up. All of its contents are good, but I would especially notice "In Faith to Conquer or to die," and the verse.

One would expect a better magazine from the University of Kentucky than *The Transylvanian*. The little poem, "What of That," is the best thing between the gaudy covers.

The faculty of Boston University has decided to allow work on the college papers to count for English in the regular course. In the class of '99 there are 74 women and 24 men.

The Tennessee University Magazine is well gotten up, and shows much good taste. All of the contributions are good, but I would especially mention "Sweet Peas" and "A Trilogy of Poets."

The University of Virginia Magazine is far and away ahead of any paper on my table, though the November number is not as good as usual. *Aftermath* always contains something good. I like "In Black and White," too.

I was very much disappointed in *The Peabody Record* for December. Such a thing as an eighteen-page speech from a debate, should not find a place in a literary magazine, especially when there are only twenty-two pages of contributions.

It is to be hoped that the editors of the North Carolina *University Magazine* can soon see their way clear to resume publication. It is indeed a pity that a University, with over five hundred students, cannot support a first-class literary magazine.

The Vassar Miscellany is always interesting, and contains articles of real literary merit. Miss King's "The Parts of Three" is one of the best stories of the month, and shows a talent that should not be undeveloped. "Fifty Years From Now" is a dainty bit of verse.

As usual the *Nassau Literary Magazine* is good. I am tempted to say it is the best college magazine published; certainly it stands in the first-class. I have often wondered if the editors of the *Nassau Lit.* did not have just piles and piles of contributors, and the December number seems to answer. Of the ten contributions I notice that *eight* are written by members of the editorial staff.

I am glad to notice the first number of *The Vidette*, from the Newport News Military Academy. As might be expected, it is rather puerile, but there is no excuse for the bad typography. I would suggest that all of the contributions be collected, so that the editorials would not be sandwiched between.

The game between Harvard and Princeton made the ninth victory for Princeton over the crimson since the Intercollegiate Football Association was founded in 1877. Harvard won in '82 and in '87; Princeton won in '77, '78, '79, '80, '83, '84, '86, '88, and again in '95. From '89 until the present year Harvard and Princeton did not meet on the football field. The Tigers have never been beaten on their own grounds.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

BRUCE BENTON, Editor, pro tem.

—Geo. W. Blount (53-'56), of Wilson, died November 28, 1895. In his death Wake Forest College loses a faithful Trustee and a strong supporter. Mr. Blount was editor of the *Wilson Mirror* and was also Mayor of the town.

—C. B. Moore ('76-'79) is conducting a very successful dry goods house at Peachland, N. C.

—Rev. L. Johnson ('77-'78) has become pastor of Washington Street Baptist Church, at Greensboro. The church is fortunate in securing such a good man as pastor.

—'85. E. F. Eddins, who has been teaching for a number of years, and who has sent several successful students to Wake Forest, has a very prosperous school at Palmersville, Stanly county.

—Herbert T. Williams ('85-'86) is the popular pastor of the Baptist Church at Roxboro.

—M. L. Hoffman ('87-'90) and his brother, B. J. Hoffman ('86-'87), are engaged in the cotton yarns business in Philadelphia, Pa.

—'86. Rev. T. C. Britton, who has been a missionary to China since 1888, is visiting friends and relatives in North Carolina.

'89. Rev. M. L. Rickman is pastor of the Baptist Church in Hamilton, Montana. Mr. Rickman has built up the church of which he is pastor in this new town.

—'90. Rev. John E. White, pastor of the Baptist Church at Edenton, was selected by the recent Baptist State Convention to succeed the late Dr. Durham. Mr. White is a strong man, and we predict for him great success in his new field.

—J. E. Dowd ('90-'95) has just closed a successful term at Germanton High School, in Stokes county.

H. B. Allen ('91-'92) is engaged in the mercantile business in Wadesboro.

—'92. George W. Paschal is succeeding well at Chicago University. He was recently elected Assistant Librarian of that great institution.

—We are pleased to note the success of Rev. C. J. D. Parker ('92-'95). He has given up his school at Woodland to take charge of a church in Newbern, N. C.

—'92. One of the most successful young ministers in North Carolina, is Rev. M. A. Adams. He has recently become pastor of French Broad Baptist church at Asheville.

—T. L. Caudle ('93-'95) is teaching a successful select school at Waxhaw, N. C. In connection with his school he is editor of the Waxhaw department of the *Monroe Journal*.

—'95. J. H. Kerr, Jr., who received his license at the last term of the Supreme Court, has located at Warrenton, and is winning success as a lawyer.

—'95. W. C. Newton is pursuing his studies at Rochester Theological Seminary. Mr. Newton was recently elected by the student body one of two delegates to a missionary meeting in a neighboring State.

—'95. S. R. Buxton, who was Salutatorian of his class, is in the mercantile business in Jackson, N. C.

—'95. Mr. J. M. Holding, of the class of '95, has recently been elected to the chair of Greek and Mathematics in Mars Hill College.

—'95. H. W. Early is teaching in an Academy in Warren county.

—'95. O. L. Hoffinan is the successful Principal of a school at Old Fort, near Asheville.

—'95. Rev. M. P. Davis, pastor of Creedmore church, was married in Atlanta, December 4th, to Miss Stella Kinyann, of Centerview, Mo. We extend to the happy couple our congratulations, and wish them a successful voyage in life.

BOOK NOTES.

Th. H. BRIGGS, Ed. pro tem.

The Veiled Doctor. Varina Anne Jefferson Davis, Harpers.

There is great promise in the *Veiled Doctor* of Miss Davis, and the harsh criticism which it has received from some sources is undoubtedly actuated by prejudice. This is the old story of Guinevere and Arthur told in simple prose, with different settings; but Maïam is less guilty than the Queen, while the Doctor has scarcely the same nobility of character that stamps Arthur as king. It is a horrible tale at best, but even the most aesthetic nature is palliated by the touching pathos in the close. The plot, very probably, is taken from Hawthorne's "*Minister's Black Veil*." The incompatibility of the marriage is well shown, and there is a great deal of human nature in the book, though the plot is widely improbable. At first the style seems rough and unformed, but it grows upon one and finally impresses itself as Miss Davis' own peculiarly. Of course there are faults that must be attributed to the inexperience of a young writer, and it must be remembered that this is Miss Davis' second attempt at book-making.

Degeneration, by Max Nordau. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1895. \$3.

This book is one of the results of the new school of anthropology, whose chief apostle is Professor Cæsar Lombroso, of the Royal University of Turin. In dedicating the book to him the author addresses him as "dear and hon-

ored master," and affirms that without his labors it could never have been written. Lombroso has studied in great detail the abnormal conditions which are associated with vice, crime, and mental aberrations, and has tabulated the results with apparently great care and patience. He holds that lawless and anti-social persons are distinguished by certain anatomical, physiological, and psychological marks (*stigmata*), that the vicious or criminal tendency is a symptom of diseased bodily structure or function. In the volume before us, the method which the Italian savant has applied in the domain of sociology Nordau applies in the domain of æsthetics. Equipped with the apparatus of the man of science, he addresses himself to the criticism of contemporary music, painting, and literature. It is the atmosphere of the laboratory which the reader breathes. Nordau is a German physician, resident in Paris now some fifteen years, and like the provincial school teachers of whom Victor Hugo tells us, his pen betrays his profession. We have first a lecture, then a clinic. In the lecture-room the leading forms of degeneracy in literature and art are described, their psychology and stigmata; and we pass at once to the dissecting-room, with its knives, microscopes, reagents, "subjects," and evil odors. After the striking chapters of Book I—"Fin-de-Siecle"—of a general introductory character, Mysticism, the first form of degeneration, and the subject of the second book, is treated in about two hundred pages. The subjects for dissection are Rossetti and Ruskin and their Pre-Raphaelite brethren, Paul Verlaine and his Symbolist followers, Tolstoi with his "haze and hollow verbiage," Richard Wagner the author and the musician, in whom "the stigmata of degeneration are united in the most complete and luxuriant development," that "poor devil of an idiot" Maeterlinck, and "crazy Walt Whitman," the megalomaniac. The second type of degeneration and its "Ego-maniacs" require some two hundred and thirty pages, the Parnassians, the Decadents, Oscar Wilde and his Aesthetes, Ibsen and others being the victims. In the fourth book Zola and his school of the Realists are disposed of in comparatively few pages. In the fifth Book, we at last reach the region of health and hope. It looks into the "Twentieth Century," and asks whether humanity is likely to sink wholly and ultimately into the imbecility and degeneration of these its much praised geniuses. The prophet assures us that this tendency, being unnatural, is self-limited and will wear itself out. "The hysteria of the present day will not last. The feeble, the degenerate, will perish; the strong will adapt themselves to the acquisitions of civilizations, or will subordinate them to their own organic capacity. The aberrations of art have no future." The heat which glows through all these five hundred and sixty pages leads one to suspect that it is the ardor of an advocate of a cherished theory, who sees only what may be turned to its support. A more decided blemish is the supercilious acerbity and flippant vulgarity of epithet with which the author deals with contemporary writers of repute. But these grave defects on one side, say what we will of the theory, the book is intensely interesting and shows a most remarkable grasp of current thought in all the great literatures of the Western world.

Der Trompeter von Saekkingen von V. von Scheffel, edited by Carla Wenckebach, Boston, D. C. Heath & Co., 1895. *Lessing's Emilia Galotti*, edited by Max Winkler, Boston, D. C. Heath & Co., 1895.

All lovers of Scheffel will be glad to know that Miss Wenckebach has followed her excellent edition of *Ekkehardt* by an equally well edited text of his most popular poem. The neat little volume, embellished with four beautiful illustrations, is a model of the publishers art; the notes are ample and judicious; the introduction is a sympathetic estimate of Scheffel's genius and a brief account of the origin of the poem.

Professor Winkler's edition of *Emilia Galotti* should be in the hands of all Lessing-students. The introductory is a scholarly account of the origin, interpretation and artistic beauties of the drama. A valuable bibliography is added. Messrs. Heath & Co., have no superior in this country in the line of modern language publications. Their name upon any edition of French or German works is, almost of itself, a guarantee of excellency.

Stories from Aulus Gellius, by Prof. Charles Knopp, American Book Co.

For several years there has been a marked tendency among Latin teachers to emphasize sight reading. There has been a gradual departure from the old method in which great stress was placed upon syntax, and a growing recognition of the value of Latin in revealing the life and customs of the Romans. In line with this tendency these stories have been prepared. They have merit. They are intended not so much for the class-room to be explained by an instructor, as for the earnest student of some maturity, who, unaided, seeks the breadth and pleasure that come from extended reading of the classics. The notes are judiciously arranged and not too full. There are no grammar references. The giving in Latin of a brief summary of each story at its beginning is helpful in stimulating interest. The subject matter is valuable in itself. The fondness of Gellius for antiquity led him to make frequent quotations from the early Roman writers. In this way he throws great light upon questions of Rhetoric and Grammar, as well as upon the life and style of authors like Plautus and Ennius. The book will probably meet with popular approval.

The Second Jungle Book, Rudyard Kipling, Century Co.

This is the continuation and the end of those delightful Mowgli stories with which Mr. Kipling so charmed us in his first Jungle Book. It has the same easy style that characterized his former work, and is indeed delightful reading. Some critics claim that not one of the books from the present school of writers, sparing Mrs. Ward's, will be read in twenty years; but if Mr. Kipling's Jungle Books are not read, it will argue exceedingly poor taste for the coming generation. In my opinion, these Jungle Books, along with Uncle Remus, will be standard reading forever. There are bits of description in the Second Jungle Book that cannot be surpassed anywhere. Of course the Mowgli stories are by far the better, though it is hard to con-

ceive of one more readable than the *Miracle of Purun Bhagat*. The illustrations are indeed disappointing; although they are done by John Lockwood Kipling, C. I. E., they are few, and show neither taste nor skill. With this book we must bid farewell to Mowgli, Bagheera, Baloo, Kaa and all the pack, and it is not a pleasant parting, for "'tis hard to follow new trails."

Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings; New and Revised Edition; 112 Illustrations by A. B. Frost; by Joel Chandler Harris. D. Appleton & Co.

Appleton & Company have gotten out a new edition of *Uncle Remus*, illustrated by A. B. Frost. Mr. Harris says in his preface to Mr. Frost: "The book was mine, but now you have made it yours, both sap and pith." Certainly Mr. Frost has helped us with his vivid pictures to enjoy *Uncle Remus* and his tales, but we must not forget Mr. Harris in our "miration," for he certainly has "made some of us happy."

A Marriage for Love, Halevy; Dodd, Mead and Company, 75cts.

This is a dime story in seventy-five cent binding. As a book to show the perfection of book-binding and illustrating it is a success, but it cannot lay any special claim to literary merit. One is interested because the end is near, and of course one is not sorry for having finished it. There are some books when, having been read through, we are sorry did not continue indefinitely, but not so with this. The illustrations and Ludovic Halevy of the *Academic Francaise* are its only recommendation. A very common-place story, indeed. "Count" brings the Captain a wife, an heiress of course. This is an American weakness; we suppose it is human, also.

Slain by the Doones, and other stories, R. D. Blackmore; Dodd, Mead and Company.

On a whole, the four short stories of Mr. Blackmore are disappointing. True there is the same quaint and precise style that we find in "*Lorna Doone*," but the substance is lacking. I had expected a continuation of that wild Doone life and tales of John Ridd, but the Doone's play a very small part in the new book. Exmoore is Blackmore's province, and there he is supreme—that is, when he has anything to say. The reflectiveness of old age is betrayed in many a line, and rather adds to than detracts from the book. To say that the book is below "*Lorna Doon*" is not to disparage it, however, for there is much interesting reading in it. The cover and frontispiece are by W. C. Greenough and display true artistic taste.

The Works of Edgar Allen Poe, Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard; A. C. Armstrong & Co.

Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard has collected the works of Edgar Allen Poe and has published them in the Fordham Edition, six volumes in all. Each volume contains a copper-plate illustration—the first a portrait of Poe—besides numerous *fac simile* letters and poems. In the first volume Mr. Stoddard contributes "The Genius of Poe," and "The Life of Poe;" James

Russell Lowell "Edgar Allen Poe ; and N. P. Willis "Death of E. A. Poe." These volumes are neatly bound in red cloth, and are indeed a treasure to every admirer of America's greatest poet.

The Letters of Matthew Arnold, edited by George W. E. Russell, 2 vols.; MacMillan & Co., \$3.

The reading of these volumes has been to us a pleasure and a revelation. We have long wished to know what manner of *man* was Matthew Arnold. In these letters we find—not the serene, unimpassioned critic and poet—but the busy man of the world, the kind-hearted friend, the tender husband, and the affectionate father. Then, too, we have often wondered why it was that Matthew Arnold ceased to write poetry so early in life ; and here we have the explanation. The best of his life was given to bread-winning labors, the worry and strain of which wore out the powers of the poet while the man was still in his prime. Perhaps the most pathetic portion of the volumes is the account of that unfortunate lecture-tour in America.

We shall now go back to the study of Matthew Arnold's poetry with renewed pleasure, from the insight these letters have given us ; and yet, with a touch of sadness and disappointment, too ; for we see now the justness of William Watson's words :

" The deep, authentic mountain thrill
Ne'er shook his page —
Somewhat of worldling mingled still
With bard and sage."

This Goodly Frame the Earth, by Rev. Francis Tiffany. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

We regret that this volume did not reach us in time to review for our holiday issue. It is just the sort of volume that comes in to solve the question of a present to one's friend. The work is "got up" in the style of the famous Riverside Press, and without and within, it is a delight to the eye. Nor have we found its contents less pleasing. It is a volume of travels, which begin at St. Paul and end in Athens. What a medley of pleasant descriptions we find : the wheat fields of the West, the harbor of San Francisco, the temples of Japan and of China, the ruined cities of India, the quiet shores of the Jordan, and the austere grandeur of the Parthæon. The charm of the work is its unconventional freshness. True, the author is a little slangy at times, and reminds us of "young America," but our ears have grown hardened to this kind of speech, and it is not obtrusive in this volume.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

BRIGGS AND GORE, Editors, pro tem.

MR. BARRETT very thoughtlessly left college without making any provision for his department. The readers will have to excuse the exceeding fullness of the department this issue.

CHRISTMAS WAS very quiet on the "hill." Not as many students as usual remained.

MR. OLDHAM is working the men hard in the gymnasium and the prospects for a good field day are very flattering.

MOST OF the boys came back in time for opening, but Mr. Willie Baldwin was detained by cutting his ignorance teeth.

ON WEDNESDAY evening a flower party was given at Mrs. Dixon's. Miss Lawrence won the prize, and Mr. Cannady the booby.

ON THURSDAY evening, there was a party given at Mrs. T. L. Dunn's. The guests came away highly "felicified."

ON FRIDAY evening a conversational party was given at Mrs. Walters'. Miss Ruth Wingate won the prize, and Tom Briggs the booby, as being the most uninteresting person present.

AT THE December meeting of the Scientific Society, Prof. Poteat treated the Bible Bands to a lecture on "The Physiological Basis of Morality."

ANNIVERSARY PROMISES to be one of the best we have ever had. The speakers are of unquestionable talent, and the question for debate is one of "momentous importance."

MR. AND MRS. ROBERT E. ROYALL have gone to Savannah, where they will make their home. Mr. Royall is in the Naval Store business with Peacock, Hunt & Co. Wake Forest will miss them very much.

AT LAST the Library Committee have added to the library about \$150 worth of new books. D. L. Gore, of Wilmington, made the library a donation of \$25. The books were well selected and make a valuable addition to our library.

THE WORK OF the Musical club has been somewhat interrupted by the holidays. The men are getting back to work again and promise to do their part in the minstrel. It is purposed that the Glee Club take a jaunt some time during the spring.

THE HISTORIC AND ECONOMIC SOCIETY had its first meeting, the first Thursday in December. Mr. J. C. McNeill read a paper on "Chivalry." At the second meeting, Mr. J. Gore will read a paper on the "Magna Charta." The meetings of this society are entertaining as well as instructive.

THE BASE BALL prospects are brighter than ever before. Strictly college men will play ball at Wake Forest this year. We are confident that Capt. Powell and Mr. Carter will guide the old ship of base ball all right. There is plenty of college spirit, and if that means money we are sure of success.

THERE WILL be a minstrel here the 13th of February, given by "Corks and Curls." They will be assisted by the Glee and Mandolin Clubs. Mr. Dodd will sing "Only a Pansy Blossom," and Mr. Heck "Backward, Turn Backward." After the minstrel a banquet will be given by the D. V. L. Club.

THE FOLLOWING young ladies were visiting on the "hill" during Christmas week: Misses Poteat, Purefoy, Langford, Stillwell and Edwards, from Oxford Seminary; Misses Taylor and Powers, from Murfreesborough; Miss Lawrence, from Tarboro; Miss Wingate, from Auburn; Miss Reams, from Warren; Miss Wingate, from Franklinton; and Miss Reid, from Kittrell.

W. H. P. 13

W. H. P. 13



SAMUEL WAIT, D. D.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

VOL. XV. WAKE FOREST, N. C., FEBRUARY, 1896. No. 5.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY FROM UNFAMILIAR SOURCES.

EARLY DAYS AT WAKE FOREST COLLEGE.

"On arriving in the neighborhood, I visited the spot, not far from the 10th of November. Here was the farm, with the fences and out-buildings much out of repair—no implements of husbandry, no stock but my two horses, no corn or fodder, no furniture but the few articles I was enabled to bring with me from the meeting of the convention I had just attended.

In making arrangements we found some difficulty, from the fact that we had no means of knowing for what number of students it would be necessary to provide. While I was out on my short agency, servants were hired. The trustees were fearful of having more servants on hand than would be needed, and could not be induced to make the necessary provision when servants were to be hired. They thought, too, hands could be had whenever they were wanted. In this, time showed that they were mistaken. We found that when farmers and others had once made their arrangements for a certain amount of force, it was difficult for them to change their plans till the season was passed. I have intimated that we had but a small amount of funds. This will be seen by all when I remark, that when we commenced making preparations to begin school we had less than two hundred dollars belonging to the trustees.

NOTE—This is a part of the paper prepared by Prof. J. B. Brewer, of Murfreesboro, and read before the North Carolina Baptist Historical Society at Greensboro in December, 1895. Nearly all that appears here is the language of Dr. Wait himself.

Another circumstance that occasioned no little perplexity was the difficulty of furnishing the requisite amount of beds. Some few brought their beds with them, but by far the larger portion were supplied by the Institute. When feathers could not longer be obtained, we resorted to the expedient of making mattresses of shucks. And after the Institute went into operation, so rapid and unexpected was the increase of the number of students, that myself and family have often been employed until midnight in making these articles, now indispensable to the very existence of the school. The former owner of the premises we now occupied had encountered much expense to provide for the comfort of his servants. I found seven good, substantial log cabins, made mostly of white-oak, with hewn logs, good doors, floors, roofs, and, with the exception of one, windows. These were washed out cleanly and whitewashed. Good, new furniture was provided for each house; and although it was known that these cabins were built originally for servants, and occupied at first by them, I never heard of the least objection to them from any student.

The farm and Institute went into operation at the same time. At the close of the first session we could have only a few days recess, as we had a crop on hand. But another circumstance created a very considerable difficulty, and that was an apartment sufficiently large for a dining room. Our number now was nearly seventy. It was seventy-two before the close of the second session.

The largest room in the house was about eighteen feet square. It was not possible for more than one-third of the students to be seated at the table at the same time. Having no other alternative, I divided the students into three divisions, in alphabetical order. The several companies took their meals in rotation. The first division ate first in the morning, and the last at noon, and so on in regular rotation. Nine times in a day, therefore, our table was obliged to be set, and such care taken in dividing the meals as would be most likely to

give satisfaction. At length, this plan being so laborious, we constructed a cloth tent nearly seventy feet long, and here, for the first time, we took our meals together. It must not be forgotten that our only fixtures for cooking during the first year of the Institute were those constructed for the accommodation of a private family—a kitchen of common size, and the poorest sort of an apology for a brick oven a short distance from the kitchen. At this period I often thought if we only had a place sufficiently large for a dining room, and suitable accommodations for lodging, I should hardly know how to give vent to my joy.

But it is time to take some notice of other matters. The only place in which I could convene the students for morning and evening prayers or lectures was the building erected by Dr. Jones for a carriage house, sixteen feet by twenty-four. A supply of benches and desks was furnished, but the large doors were suffered to remain without any alteration. The weather, at the commencement of the Institute, was remarkably fine. It is seldom that the month of May is any more delightful. I had no assistant. There was a large number of students from different parts of the State, seeking the benefits of the new institution. They had, of course, made different degrees of improvement. They had, too, different objects in view. Some wished to be fitted for college with all possible dispatch, and others could only, with considerable difficulty, read in a common spelling book. The classification was, at first, from mere necessity, exceedingly imperfect. We now greatly needed several more servants. We did, in those days, not simply what would be most compatible with our notions of dignity and ease, but what we must, or see the Institute terminate ingloriously a very brief existence. Often, therefore, after having been closely employed in teaching till about twelve o'clock at noon, I have found it necessary to go and assist in setting the table, or do anything needful to hasten on the dinner. I had now a pretty large amount of raw material on which to work. In

every instance in which I thought there might be the most distant prospect of ultimate success, I impressed the importance of trying to acquire collegiate education; and I have the happiness of knowing that even these early efforts were not altogether in vain. It was not possible then to do much towards the formation of classes, but even that matter was not wholly lost sight of.

It was during the session of 1833 and 1834 that we obtained from the Legislature of our State a charter for our school. The majority in the Commons, on the final passage of the bill, was quite respectable; but in the Senate there was a tie, and Mr. W. D. Moseley, to his lasting honor be it said, gave the casting vote in our favor. This charter created a board of trustees, composed of such individuals as were desired, with certain provisions for perpetuating themselves, allowed the Institute to acquire funds to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, continuing the obligation to pay taxes the same as on private property, and to be in force or to continue twenty years, and no longer. Was ever a charter given more meagre or lean than this? We have leave to be, if we can, but no disposition to encourage us, even to the value of a dime. We were not exempted from paying taxes. Such was the state of things then. Two years afterwards, the Legislature, at the request of the trustees, gave us a college charter; so that, from being known as the Wake Forest Manual Labor Institute, our institute is known as Wake Forest College, with full power to confer all the degrees and enjoy all the prerogatives of other colleges and universities. Our college property is freed from taxation, we can hold property to the amount of \$250,000, and fifty years are added to the original term of our charter.

About two weeks after operations in the school and upon the farm were commenced, an attempt was made to have a meeting of the Board of Trustees, to consider whether the charter just obtained should be accepted or not, and for other purposes. I think at this time a quorum was not present.

Several members, however, came, who seemed pleased with the prospect before us, and were inclined, as individuals, to accept the charter. Two of the brethren present, being practical farmers, and knowing all the expenses that must inevitably be created in procuring horses, stock and farming utensils, etc., had brought each one hundred dollars to loan to the Institute, with the understanding that this money should be refunded at the convenience of the Institute. To this amount I added another hundred on the same conditions. This money was received in good time. My hundred was given to the Institute a few years afterwards, and I think the other two hundred were eventually presented likewise as a gift. In May of this year (1834) a meeting of the Board of Trustees was held and a quorum obtained. At this meeting all the friends seemed well pleased and much encouraged. Our late lamented brethren T. Meredith and J. Armstrong were elected professors—the former of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, and the latter of Ancient Languages. It was not arranged for these brethren to commence their labors at once in the institution; but the plan was, for the former to hold himself in readiness to commence his labors within two years, and the latter to enter forthwith upon an agency for raising funds during the balance of that year, and commence the duties of his professorship at the commencement of the following February. Subscriptions were opened on the spot for a large college building, and it was on this occasion that brethren C. W. Skinner and D. S. Williams subscribed five hundred dollars each. Several subscribed at the same time two hundred and fifty dollars. All these subscriptions were to be paid in five annual installments. Subscriptions had been commenced, in August, 1832, at Rives' Chapel, to raise funds to pay for our plantation, but this was the first step that was taken to secure funds for our main college building. The brethren were now in fine spirits. The next number of *The Interpreter*, a monthly, edited and published by our Bro. Meredith, con-

tained a glowing account of this meeting and of the prospects ahead. Our Bro. Armstrong was very successful in his agency. To the best of my recollection, he obtained, in subscriptions to be paid, as before remarked, in five annual installments, about seventeen thousand dollars.

It will be remembered that ours was a manual labor school. At that time such institutions were generally in high repute. The main object was to promote the health of the students and contribute somewhat towards the establishment of habits of industry. Our labor was performed quite late in the evening. By this arrangement we escaped the heat of the day. This exercise produced a good effect. I speak from my own experience, having invariably taken part in this service with the students. There was no time in the whole day when I felt more like giving myself entirely to my studies than I did at night after the performance of our usual task. This feature of the institution was continued five years. To show in what light this matter was viewed by the students, I will mention one circumstance: About three or four years after the institution went into operation, a meeting of the Board of Trustees was held at the institution. It was reported among the students that the trustees were deliberating upon the expediency of discontinuing the manual labor of the institution. A consultation was at once held by them, the result of which was that a committee was forthwith appointed to draw up a memorial to present to the trustees, assuring them, in the most respectful manner, that they had no wish for a change, but that they desired the present state of things to continue. So much was done by the students before I had the least intimation of what they were doing. One of the oldest and most influential young gentlemen then called upon me to ask if I thought there would be any impropriety in the step they were taking. Before I replied, he added that they had not shown the memorial to the younger portion of the students, but that all the older ones had signed it but one, and that individual

had not been asked to give the measure his sanction, knowing that, from his peculiar temperament, he would feel it a great privilege to set himself in opposition. They would not therefore put it in his power to insult them. As was to be expected, there was some opposition to the manual labor department. The case just mentioned is a pretty strong one in its favor, at a time when the number of students was large; and it was perfectly voluntary, and showed the feelings of the students at that time. The worst opposition we had to encounter was not from the students, but from those of whom we had a right to have expected better things. Some of the guardians of the institution were known, on some occasions, to have allowed themselves the use of such language as would gratify such students as wanted an excuse for reluctance to labor; but, worst of all, some communications appeared in the papers, from one of the teachers, calculated to injure the manual-labor department. One of the students replied in the same paper. The articles—two or three upon each side—were written with courtesy and dignity; and, in the judgment of the lamented Meredith, then editor of the paper, the student gained a complete triumph. Still, suggestions that had been made to the disadvantage of that feature of the institution requiring labor were often repeated, just as though they had never been answered. On this account the public discussion was much to be regretted. When, in the autumn of 1838, this department was suspended—for it was not at once abolished—many were displeased, and some refused to pay their subscriptions; others approved. There were conflicting opinions. Probably more approved of the action of the board in suspending the labor than disapproved. After all, let the fate of manual labor in our seminaries of learning be what it may, no man can have ground to expect to enjoy good health, if he be a hard student, in the absence of regular and systematic labor. It is a mistake to suppose that the exercise needful for health will retard the student in his course. The plain truth is, the effect will be directly opposite.

But one circumstance more remains to be mentioned. I allude to the revivals of religion with which we have been favored. The first commenced on the 28th of August, 1834. The commencement reminds us of a rushing, mighty wind. We had reason to hope that fourteen or fifteen obtained a hope on the first night of the meeting. So powerful was the work that for two or three weeks the regular business of the institution was suspended. Between thirty and forty were hopefully brought to the knowledge of the truth. Four years in succession we were thus blessed with most powerful and quite extensive revivals. Passing over one year, in which we enjoyed a pleasant state of things, we were again favored with another shower. Not less than eight or nine of these seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord have been enjoyed in this institution since it was commenced, besides some most precious seasons when a smaller number have obtained hope. Among the fruits of these revivals are many very useful ministers of the gospel."

The success of Rev. John Armstrong's agency caused the trustees to plan for a building, to contain a chapel, two lecture rooms, two society halls and forty-eight dormitories. Here the real troubles of the friends of the institution began; \$17,000 in pledges and \$17,000 in cash are two very different things. The trustees contracted for the erection of this building at a cost of \$15,000. Before it was completed, financial distress overspread our State, and the wealthiest men were greatly perplexed to meet their private obligations, and a very large number of these subscriptions were never paid. As early as November 24, 1836, we find the trustees in debt to their treasurer, William Crenshaw, \$2,010.55. December 18, 1838, Rev. J. B. White was appointed President *pro tem.*, while President Wait was to take the field as agent.

It became necessary in June, 1839, to instruct the Executive Committee "to obtain funds to meet the present obligations of the Board" and evidently before this a few brethren

had become personally liable to the Bank for some amount, for we find that they "move that the Board approves the proceedings of the brethren with the Bank and sustain them in assuming the Bank debt."

On Oct. 3, 1840, the Trustees "Resolved that we petition the Legislature for a loan of from \$5,000 to \$10,000 from the literary fund." They secure a loan of \$10,000 from the State and on Jan. 2, 1841, "Resolved, that all the Trustees be requested to sign the bond to be made for the loan from the State."

At the same meeting they direct that this money be applied to the payment of the debt to the Bank, the amount due Bro. Dennis, the balance due to Dunn, Brownley & Co., and the balance be paid to Capt. Berry, the contractor. Whether the money was distributed as directed, the record does not state.

We find at the meeting of the Baptist State Convention in Oct. 1842, that Capt. Berry held the note of the Trustees for \$9,000: This, with the amount due the State, made a debt of \$19,000. To raise this amount a subscription was started at this meeting. The condition of the subscription was that every subscriber, provided \$9,000 were raised within two years from the 15th of Oct., 1842, should be held responsible for the amount of his subscription. About \$2,000 were subscribed on the spot. I know not the result of this effort, for I find that Nov. 16, 1844, Dr. Wait, writing to his wife, says, "In regard to the State loan, I think the brethren ought to appoint a committee to apply for more time, and I hope they will ask for it without interest. We have paid up interest so far, and although we have paid no part of the principal, the State has not been injured, nor has it any cause of alarm. I hope the brethren will take as prompt measures as possible to pay Capt. Berry. Bro. R. T. Saunders wishes to know what his part of the note would be; said he would pay it without cost. They can adopt any plan they think best. My choice is that each one come forward *at once* and take hold.

Let each one settle with Capt. Berry, or let some one or two do so for all the rest." His letters indicate that he was responsible for \$2,000 of this debt to Capt. Berry—whether on the original note or on the subscription of Oct. '42, I cannot tell.

The pressure of this debt upon him, and other matters, caused Dr. Wait to offer his resignation of the presidency of the College Nov. 26, 1844. It was accepted to take effect in June, 1845. In June, 1845, he was elected president of the Board of Trustees, and continued to hold the position until May, 1866.

After his resignation of the presidency of the College, he seemed unwilling to undertake any other work until he could raise the \$2,000 mentioned above.

In 1846, we find him pastor of a church in Yanceyville and find letters calling him to pastorates in Caswell, Person, Granville and Franklin counties. In after years, he spoke of this period of his life while serving churches as the happiest part of his life. In 1851, he became president of the Oxford Female College, which position he held until the summer of 1857. He then returned to Wake Forest to spend the remainder of his life with his only child, Mrs. J. M. Brewer, and to assist in the education of her children. He continued as pastor of churches for a number of years, and only gave up preaching when his health was too feeble to allow him to fill his appointments.

His work as Secretary of the Convention, in building up the *Biblical Recorder*, and for Wake Forest College, has doubtless contributed as much to make the Baptists of North Carolina the power they are as any one agency. He loved to work and sacrifice for the cause of the Master. Wake Forest was dear to his heart. When too feeble to work, during the last years of his life, he would be found walking around the old building, interested in everything that pertained to the College, rejoicing in its prosperity, and going over again in his

thoughts, his struggles and labors for its success. Truly may it be said of him, that he, more than any other man, may be regarded as the founder of the College.

He died July 28, 1867, at Wake Forest College.

Prof. White, who was for years most intimately associated with him, said after his death: "I think I have never known a man that loved to pray as he did. I have often thought that if I accomplished anything for Wake Forest, it was all in answer to his prayers, and not as following from anything I did. It was always easier for me to trace results to one than the other."

"Servant of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

SONNET.

R. A. LEIGH, '96.

Far off against the dull, cloud-laden sky
The curling incense rising from the place
Where God and man, His slave, stand face to face,
Ascends toward heaven and there is lost on high;
There wasting into nothing as a sigh,—
Tho near the earth each column stands out clear,
As if the fires were burning fierce and near,
But slowly, sadly waver as they die.

And so these trembling prayers of mine ascend;
So strong begun, but weakling to the end,—
As ghosts and shadows rise from out the past
And gain no further than my heaving side,
Too real to leave, too real to be denied;
Oh, God! give faith that's strong unto the last!

THE RELINQUISHED SOMBRERO.

W. HICKMAN CARTER.

Indian summer was drawing to a close. The hazy atmosphere and the rich brown foliage bore striking contrast to the fresh and verdant spring. The golden rod, bending lazily in the breeze, had taken the place of the nodding violet. Chrysanthemums were to be seen in the windows in abundance. Nor did Nature alone attest the coming of winter. Ladies wore ermines and sealskins, in perfect harmony with the bracing atmosphere. It was on a chill November afternoon that Miss Nellie Blair had gone shopping. The streets were crowded with busy people—it was Saturday. She went to the post-office and took from the box a single letter. She saw at once from the post-mark that it was a drop letter and, breaking the seal, she began to read it. Mr. Jarvis would be glad to call that evening and bring with him a friend—Mr. Ralph Wood, if entirely in accordance with her pleasure.

She walked leisurely homeward. Her father's residence was palatial—a large white house with full front verandas, the upper one being supported by massive columns. She walked into the hall and, removing her gloves as she walked, went into her father's office. The latter possibly needs some explanation. His attention was not so constantly required at the bank as it had been for some years past, so, desiring to be more at ease, he had moved his private office to his residence. Upon her approach, without looking up from his work, he said: "Was there any mail for me, Nellie?"

"None at all, Papa," she said. One of the bank officials had taken the bank mail and seeing the letter addressed to Miss Nellie Blair, had left it in the box.

In the evening Mr. Jarvis called, and with him Mr. Wood. The latter proved to be quite an interesting conversationalist, and she learned from him that he had just graduated and had come to the city to take a position in her father's bank.

When he left that evening, Miss Nellie had become quite favorably impressed with him. The position which he was to take would pay only a nominal sum, but the advantage of it was the chance for promotion. For some time he served in his position with perfect satisfaction to his employer, and he endeavored each day to discharge his duty faithfully and to learn something that might be of use to him in future. The paying teller was called away, on account of sickness in his family, soon afterward and Ralph was the only man fitted for the place. Jarvis would leave only upon being assured that he could recover his position upon his return. The new teller, ever attentive and polite, soon added hosts to his fast increasing circle of friends. If anything, Ralph was more popular than his predecessor had been. Nothing was heard from Mr. Jarvis, although he stated when he left that he would return within a month. Since he did not return the bank officials decided it would be to their interest to keep Ralph in that position.

He often visited Miss Nellie and they had become fast friends. They went to the opera together, and as he had all of the evenings to devote to amusement, they would read together. A year had passed and not a single error had been detected in his accounts. This was almost phenomenal, but it showed that he studied that which should be more largely cultivated—accuracy. We must note just here, that the bookkeeper was a staunch friend of the former cashier. One morning a check, amounting to one hundred and twenty-one and seventeen one hundredths dollars was presented to Ralph for payment. This he paid and placed the check on the file. During his absence—at three o'clock, his usual time for luncheon—the bookkeeper went to the teller's desk, removed the check from the file and with great care erased, by means of a chemical the "twenty-one and seventeen one hundredths. The chemical acted in such a way as to leave no abrasion of the paper whatever. He then took the precaution to fill in

the space with two parallel, wavy lines in ink of the same color as was originally used. Upon carefully replacing the check to its former position, the bookkeeper resumed work at his own desk. As the check referred to above was paid soon after the opening of the bank on that day, quite a number of others had accumulated and had been placed over it. When balancing his accounts late that evening, Ralph found a shortage of twenty-one dollars and seventeen cents.

It might to an outsider seem reasonable to think that Ralph would have remembered paying a check bearing on its face a similar amount, but this could hardly be expected of him, since he handled hundreds of them each day. Once, twice—half a dozen times, did Ralph run over his account, hoping each time to find the error; but each time he grew more despondent, as he could not make out a variation of a cent. The bookkeeper, at first, seemed to take no notice of Ralph's trouble. Finally, he offered to assist him, if possible. Ralph told him of the shortage, and both of them went carefully over the long columns of figures repeatedly. Ralph would have made up the deficit from his own pocket, but this would have been, in the eyes of the bookkeeper at least, an admission of guilt. He worked until late that night but was still unable to trace the error. The bookkeeper, upon finishing his work, went to supper and, lighting a cigar, took a car for Lexington Avenue upon which the banker resided. The car stopped in front of the banker's residence, and walking briskly to the front door he pressed the button. In a moment a servant appeared and conducted him to the office of Mr. Blair. In consequence of a note sent to him during the afternoon, Mr. Blair was awaiting him.

"How are you this evening," said the old gentleman slowly rising from his seat; "glad to see you."

Quite a while was taken up in talking over the business of the day. At last the bookkeeper told him of Mr. Wood's shortage. From the old gentleman's expression and words

one could easily see that he was only too glad for an opportunity to discharge Ralph.

“I was afraid so,” said the old gentleman; “he is too fond of society.”

With these few words the conversation ended. Mr. Blair telegraphed his son, in Louisville, to come home at once.

The next evening he sent for Ralph. With an unusually cool air, he invited him in, and after a few slight remarks said to him: “Mr. Wood, a shortage occurred in your accounts yesterday, which you are unable to explain. I account for it in this way: you are too fond of society, and, besides, seventeen dollars will pay one or two livery bills.”

At these words the young man reddened. His first inclination was to crush the very life from the aged frame, but his higher nature withheld his arm.

“But, Mr. Blair, it is so peculiar,” he said; “I cannot account—”

“Nor do I wish you to” interrupted the old gentleman. “Figures do not lie—men do. Another man, more faithful, I trust, takes your place to-morrow. Good evening, Mr. Wood.”

As he walked along the street, almost heart-broken, he wondered what to do. Nellie would find it out. Had he better explain it? No, he would write to her, and explain all when he settled—he knew not where.

* * * * *

A ranch is to the Colorado plains what an oasis is to the desert. Not far from the Colorado River, upon a beautiful ranch, six cow-boys were employed, whose duties were, expressed in their own language to “round up” and “punch” cows. The last one of the six was, when first employed, a “tender-foot,” but in the lapse of time had become thoroughly hardened to life in the West. For amusement the six herders would assemble at their rendezvous to spend the time

in drinking, gambling, and in attending to any business that chanced to come before the body. They never failed to attend a meeting. In short, they were outlaws. If there should be any cause for a called meeting, there was tacked, upon some convenient mile post, a red paper bearing this inscription: "Anaconda, 03:01 X." The meaning of the figures is plain, as it is 10:30 reversed, the significance of "X" being "very important."

The Anaconda was a large cave, located in Cheyenne Canon, and reached by a winding trail. The interior was rudely furnished. In the center of the room there was a rough table, around which were placed four stools, a dingy lantern, two or three beer kegs, scattered cards and fragments of paper, which gave the place a gloomy appearance. A member of the gang had just returned from Pueblo and each member began to grow impatient to see him, since he had been sent on business. His business was to find out, definitely, at what time the returns would be shipped to mining corporations in Denver. He had dropped into the express office several times during the day and was about to give up in despair, when a gentleman came in with a sack, and handing it to the express agent said: "Let this go to-night, Jack, if you please."

The cow-boy walked down to the Antler's Bar, before which his broncho was tied, and after "touching up," jumped upon his horse and rode off. When he arrived at the mile-post he tacked up the signal without dismounting. About ten o'clock, when the cows were either lying around contentedly or still grazing quietly, each cow-boy left his respective post and started to the Anaconda. Dick Reymond was the first to arrive, and taking the bridle from the horse in order to allow him to graze, he went into the cave and lighted the dingy lantern. He had to wait only a few minutes before the others came. When all had come, four of them, seated around the table, engaged in "Lone Jack" for "ten cents a corner," while Dick sat next to the barricaded entrance. At twelve

o'clock the game, which had been pursued with intermittent oaths, was broken up by the arrival of Jim Libby—the Pueblo "business man."

"Boys," he said, his eyes sparkling with animation, "its coming on the Chicago Limited to-night, and we are going to have it. Nine thousand, besides the passengers' car-fare will make a cool pile.

Low chuckles from the others, and an occasional "right you air" reassured him.

"She's due at one fifty-seven and we'd better fix all our plans. Jim, you and Dick take charge of the engine; Blackie and me'll take care of the passengers, and you two, pointing to the others, can handle the express. So let's be off."

A slow, drizzling rain was falling, but they cared nothing for that, as each night they were exposed to storm and rain with no protection. They reached the selected spot some minutes before the train was due. This spot was upon an open plain, miles from any station. While they were masking and looking to their "guns"—a brace of which is indispensable to any cow-boy—they heard a low rumbling sound. Jim and Dick walked down the track and placed upon it some distance apart two torpedoes. In a moment two sharp reports came in quick succession. They boarded the train and in a moment she was brought to a standstill. In the passenger car Blackie raised two massive "shootin' irons," while the "business man," walking down the aisle, took up the collection. In less than two minutes the engineer was ordered to "pull out."

Back, galloping over the plains to the Anaconda, they went with their precious booty. Again within its walls, they began to divide the treasure. Watches and minor articles were placed in equal piles and one of the party, blindfolded, decided to whom each pile belonged. After they had finished this, three of them engaged in counting the "tin," while the others opened the purses and examined their contents. Ex-

pressions of disgust alternated with those of delight as the contents of each purse varied. Suddenly the "tenderfoot's" hand trembled as he looked upon a small silver maltese cross bearing on one side the letters "I. H. N."—on the reverse side "N. B. '86." So absorbed in their work were they that no one saw him place the little badge in his pocket. When each had taken as much as he could use with safety, and had hidden the remainder, they separated.

The clouds had broken away. The "tenderfoot" rode slowly back to his herd and, freeing his horse, threw himself down upon the lonely prairie to sleep. As he gazed fixedly into the heavens, nothing save the grazing of a restless cow broke the stillness.

He began to think of the forgotten entreaties to be true to himself and to her. She was on the train and had been robbed by him. How could he make reparation?

He never returned to the ranch. The maltese cross was returned some time later to its rightful owner. She had taught him his first letters, and he returned to the East and completed the alphabet under the selfsame instructor.

HINTS ON SPIDERS.

SPENCER CHAPLIN, JR.

Spiders are often called insects, but erroneously so, for there is no more similarity between a spider and an insect than there is between a horse and a fish. The horse and the fish are vertebrated; and the spider and the insect are segmented, but there the similarity ends. Insects have only six legs, while the spider has eight; and the eyes of insects are compound, while the spider's are simple, eight in number, variously arranged upon the prominence of the head. The scientist's name for the group of spiders is *Arachnida*, derived from the

Greek, probably from the incident of the turning of *Arachne* into a spider by the Goddess Pallas, of which the Greek poet Sulmo has written, and which Ovid has transcribed in his *Metamorphoses*.

Wherever man lives, there the spider makes his abode to drape his mansion in gay festoons of delicate silk ; and to teach him many lessons, as in the case of Robert Bruce, in the Scottish hovel. It is said, too, that a spider spun a web across the mouth of the cave, in which the prophet Mahomet had taken refuge from his pursuers, and saved his life.

The numerous variety of spiders, are classed in two groups : *sedentary*, or web weavers ; and *wanderers*, or those which make no web, but shelter themselves under stones and pieces of wood for temporary quarters, and lead an erratic life in quest of prey. Each of these groups is sub-divided into many minor divisions, each determined by color and markings. Those of the former group may be almost invariably recognized by their gaudy colors, and the varieties of markings on their bodies, which are laid off in complicated patterns. They may be recognized also by their inactivity, when taken from their web, just moving enough to hide under a leaf, and by their almost entire lack of ferocity, submitting to any indignity without the least resentment.

Of this group there are several sub-groups, which we may determine by their choice of place to build their web, as well as from the differently shaped web that each makes. One kind invariably chooses some dark corner in our homes, where it spins its web and waits for the coming of an unsuspecting fly ; while another kind prefers the solitude of the woods, where the stillness of the air is broken only by the song of the birds, and where his invisible web, hung from the lower branches of a tree, awaits the coming of some droning beetle, or annoys the autumnal hunter, as he strides on after the chattering squirrel.

The characteristics of the wanderers, on the other hand, are

quite opposite. Their colors are dull, and the markings few and simple in design. They are very active and ever on the alert to make an attack, and to escape unharmed. Whoever catches one is sure to get a severe grip from its strong mandibles, reinforced with poison from the poison bag, located at the upper and larger end of the mandible, and the feats of agility which they perform in escaping their pursuers, and in pouncing upon their victims are quite surprising. They live almost entirely upon the ground. Weaving a strong and curiously folded web in some low bush, near the ground in wet marshy places, the favorite haunts of the beetle, fly and other small insects, the spider stations himself at the root of the bush and awaits the passing of some wanderer; or, failing to secure a meal in this way, he leaves his web and makes an excursion in search of some belated traveller of the cricket family; or goes in quest of an enemy, another male spider, who wears perchance a gaudier coat; and if he meets his arch-enemy, a deadly combat ensues, in which both are usually annihilated.

Female spiders are larger than the males, and have stronger mandibles and longer posterior legs, with a considerable increase in ferocity over the males, which fits them for the rearing of the young. The eggs are enveloped in a white bag, which, in some cases, the female carries attached to the posterior end of the abdomen. If the bag be detached, the mother seizes it in her mandibles and retreats to a place of safety and attaches it again to her abdomen, by the silken threads from the spinnerets. When the female once has the bag in her mandibles, she holds it with a death-like grip, suffering her legs to be pulled out or herself to be mashed into pieces before she will release it—an example of parental attachment equalled by no other animal, and not even surpassed in the human mother.

When the young spiders are hatched, they take up their abode on the back of the mother, and in this way are carried

from one place to another, until they are old enough to care for themselves. The writer once removed the young spiders from their mother's back by the aid of a stick. The little fellows exhibited great excitement at the loss of their mother; but when the mother spider was left to herself, she retraced her former path, and the young spiders crawled again upon her back.

THE PRISONERS.

[CONCLUDED.]

From the French of Guy de Manpassant.

The Prussian officer cried out, as he had done before,
"Open!"

Berthine arose, drew near and asked,

"What do you want?"

"Open!"

"Suppose I won't?"

The man was getting angry.

"Open, or I break the door!"

She began laughing and said, "Break away, my good fellow, break as much as you choose." He began to beat, with the butt of his gun, upon the oaken trap-door, closed over his head. But it would have resisted the blows of a war-engine. The young woman heard him descending. Then his fellows came, one by one, to try their strength, and to examine the fastening. But thinking, doubtless, that their attempts were useless, they went down again into the cellar and began talking anew to one another.

The young woman listened a short while, then went to the outside door, opened it, and thrust her head into the darkness. A distant barking came to her ears. She began to whistle like a hunter, and, almost immediately, two huge dogs sprang up in the darkness and leaped to her side playfully. She seized them by the necks and held them to prevent their running off. Then she cried out loudly,

"Halloo, father!" A voice answered, though as yet at a great distance, "Halloo, Berthine!" She waited some moments and then said again, "Halloo, father!" The voice, now near her, replied, "Berthine!" "Don't pass before the air-hole of the cellar," the young woman exclaimed. "There are some Prussians down there." And suddenly the great shadow of the man outlined itself upon her left. He halted between two trees and asked in a doubtful tone:

"Prussians in the cellar! How came them there?"

The young woman laughed and said, "They were here yesterday. They were lost in the forest and I put them in the cellar to rest." And she related her adventure, telling how she had frightened them with pistol-shots and shut them up in the cellar.

The old man, always serious, asked:

"What do you wish me to do?" She replied, "Go and get M. Lavigne and his band. He'll be greatly pleased." Father Pichon smiled,

"It's true, he will indeed."

"Have some soup, then, eat quickly, and make off," the girl said. The old guard drew his chair up to the table and began to eat his soup, having first prepared two plentiful plates for his dogs. The Prussians, hearing the conversation, were silent. Stilt-bird left a quarter of an hour later, and Berthine, with her head in her hands, waited.

The prisoners began to move about again. They cried out, entreated, and beat furiously and incessantly with the stocks of their guns upon the impregnable door of the cellar. Then they fired shot after shot through the air-hole, hoping, doubtless, to be heard by some German detachment which might happen to be passing.

Berthine did not stir, but all this noise excited and provoked her. A wicked passion sprang up in her heart; she would have killed them almost, the knaves, to keep them quiet. Her impatience increased; she began to look at the clock and

to count the minutes. Her father had been gone an hour and a half. He had reached the village by this time. She saw him, in her imagination. He was telling the story to M. Lavigne, who was pale with feeling and rang for his servant-girl to fetch his uniform and weapons. Berthine could hear, she fancied, the drummer running down the streets. Frightened faces appeared at the windows. The citizen-soldiers rushed from their homes, half-clothed and out of breath, buckling on their belts, and made their way with military step to the commandant's.

The band with Stilt-bird at its head put itself on the march in the night and snow, towards the forest. She looked at the clock, "They will be here in an hour." She could not get rid of her nervous impatience. The minutes seemed endless. Finally the clock-hand marked the time she had fixed for their arrival. And she opened the door again to listen for their steps. She saw a dark object proceeding cautiously. She was afraid and uttered a cry, but it was her father. He said:

"They sent me ahead to see if there has been any change."

"None."

He sent forth a long, shrill whistle. Soon a dark object was seen advancing slowly under the trees—the advance-guard of ten men. Stilt-bird kept saying, "Don't pass before the air-hole." And the first arrivals warned the new comers against the dreaded opening. Finally the main body came, in all two hundred men, each man carrying two hundred cartridges.

M. Lavigne, who was very much agitated, tremblingly arranged his men in a circle around the house, leaving a large open space before the little dark hole, through which air was admitted into the cellar. Then he went into the house to learn the strength and position of the enemy, who had become so still that one would have believed them gone, vanished, flown away through the air-hole. M. Lavigne stamped upon the trap-door and called out:

"Monsieur, the Prussian officer!"

The German made no reply. Again the commandant said:

"Monsieur, the Prussian officer!"

It was in vain. For a period of twenty minutes he kept ordering the silent officer to surrender with arms and baggage, promising to him and his men safety and military terms; but he received no sign of agreement or of opposition. The situation was growing difficult.

The citizen-soldiers were knocking their feet together in the snow, and slapping their shoulders violently, as coachmen do to keep warm, and all the while kept glancing at the air-hole with a growing, though foolish, desire to pass before it. Several at last determined to risk it, among them one named Potdevin, who was very active. He took a spring and went shooting by like a deer. The attempt succeeded, but the prisoners didn't stir. They must be dead. A voice cried out:

"Somebody else!"

And another soldier crossed the opening before the dangerous hole. Then it became sport for them. Every minute a man sprang up and passed from one side to the other, like children playing base, throwing behind them lumps of snow, so rapidly they moved their feet. Some of the men had kindled huge fires of dead wood to warm themselves, and the running section of the National Guard was in this way beautifully illuminated as it made its rapid trip from side to side. Somebody cried out:

"Your turn, Maloison!"

Maloison was a large baker, the size of whose stomach was the cause of much merriment to his fellows. He hesitated. Somebody gayed him. Moving from his position, he started, all out of breath, with short and regular military steps, which made his great paunch shake. The soldiers laughed until they cried. One of them said, by way of encouragement:

"Bravo, Maloison!"

He had gone about two-thirds of his way, when suddenly

a long red flame leaped from the air-hole. A shot rang out, and the huge baker fell on his face with a frightful cry. Nobody stirred to help him. Then he dragged himself off on all-fours, groaning piteously, and when he was beyond the danger-line he fainted away. He had a ball in the calf of his leg—a mere flesh-wound.

After the first surprise and fright, the soldiers burst into a fresh fit of laughter. But Commandant Lavigne appeared on the threshold of the forest house. He had just determined upon his plan of attack. He commanded, in a ringing voice:

“The plumber, Planchut, and his assistants!”

Three men approached.

“Rip the gutters from the house.”

And in a quarter of an hour twenty yards of zinc pipe had been brought to the commandant. Then he had made, with a thousand precautions, a small round hole near one edge of the trap-door, and, connecting the pump with this opening by means of the zinc pipe, he exclaimed, with an enchanted look on his face:

“We will offer a drink to our friends, the Germans.”

A storm of applause burst forth, followed by shouts of joy and laughter. The commandant divided his men into divisions, which relieved each other every five minutes.

“Pump!” he commanded.

The handle of the pump was put in motion; a little stream of water flowed along the pipes and soon fell in the cellar steadily, making a noise like that of a fountain.

They waited. One hour passed—two, three. The commandant feverishly walked up and down the kitchen, pinning his ear to the floor every now and then to see if he couldn’t find out what the enemy were doing, and asking himself if they wouldn’t soon come to terms.

They were stirring at last, the enemy. You could hear them moving casks about, talking to each other, chopping with their swords. About eight o’clock in the morning a voice came through the air-hole:

"I desire to speak with monsieur, the French officer."

Lavigne replied from the window, taking care not to put his head too far out:

"Do you surrender?"

"Yes," the reply came.

"Then, pass out your weapons."

A musket fell from the hole into the snow—then another, and another, until they were all out. The same voice cried:

"There are no more. Hurry! We are almost drowned."

"Stop the pump!" the commandant ordered.

The handle of the pump fell motionless. The kitchen was filled with the soldiers, who had been waiting, their arms at their feet. The commandant slowly raised the oaken trap-door. Six heads appeared, dripping wet—six fair heads, with long, pale hair; and, one after the other, the six German soldiers came up, shivering with cold, with their garments running water, and quite frightened out of their wits. They were seized and bound. Then the victors—for they feared a surprise—set off at once, in two parties, the one having the prisoners in charge, and the other carrying Maloison on a mattress stretched over some poles.

The return to Rethel was triumphant. M. Lavigne was decorated as having captured an advance-guard of the Prussians, and the great baker was awarded a medal for a wound received before the guns of the enemy.

DISOBEDIENCE FORGIVEN.

W. H. HECK.

Mary Manteth was the pride of the simple but congenial inhabitants of a little village in Western Virginia. She was the only child of Squire Manteth, and the bright star in the old man's life. His wife had died ten years before, leaving as his sole consolation their little daughter, then five years old.

Mary had in many respects the characteristics of her mother, but she had inherited from her father a will, which opposition only served to strengthen. She was loved by her neighbors, not so much because her father was the most influential man in the place, as for the reason that her sweet disposition and eager participation in the joys and sorrows of those around her won their affection. Her relations with the simple families of the neighboring farmers were those of equality, as though there was no social difference between them ; and her tastes, also, were naturally adopted to the rural village in which she lived.

The Squire had no idea of allowing his daughter to marry any of the farmers' sons, though he permitted her to receive attention, as she certainly did, from the young beaux of the community. He had never made Mary feel that any social difference separated her from her acquaintances.

When Mary had reached her sixteenth year, the Squire thought it time to acquaint his daughter with the social position to which she was entitled. Especially was he reminded of this by the growing intimacy between Mary and Joe Elkin, though he regarded it as a childish fancy. Joe was a promising young man of eighteen, and by his jovial manner and upright life, had gained the love and esteem of the village. His parents owned a farm of many acres, and each year managed to add something to their savings. They were plain Christian people, however, and made no pretensions to more than a good school education. Such an education had Joe himself. Though he never showed an eager desire for learning, he was devoted to farming, and in this occupation determined to spend his life.

Squire Manteth, wishing Mary to be well educated, sent her to a school in the North. A few days before she was to leave, he summoned her to his room.

"Mary," he said, "I have not thought it wise to speak to you before of the position, which I trust, you will fill in after

life. Though from childhood you have associated with the farmers' sons and daughters, I now think it my duty to tell you that it would be contrary to my every wish, if you should settle for life in this primitive place."

Mary was greatly surprised at her father's words, but showed too much respect to interrupt him.

After a moments pause, the Squire continued, "Your dear mother and myself both belonged to prominent families; this old homestead has been owned by my ancestors ever since the Revolution, but after my death it will pass into other hands. I do not want you, my dear child, to be buried all your life in this place, with these simple people. It is the desire of your father that you shall find as a husband one who can, along with you, occupy a high social position in the world."

Here Mary, who was at first in ignorance as to the purpose of this talk, suspected its meaning.

"I have," the Squire went on, "of late noticed a growing intimacy between you and Joe Elkin, which has been a constant source of annoyance to me; but I have hoped that it was only a girlish fancy on your part, and as you reached womanhood, would have no hold upon you. You are now going away to spend many months, and this is the best time to sever your attachment. I trust you will do the will of your father; but if not, I shall be forced to take more decided steps in the matter."

Mary, trembling, looked up into her father's face and replied, "Father, you have spoken too late. The intimacy between Joe and myself has ripened into love, and though a kind father will be disobeyed, these ties shall not be broken. Joe has asked me to correspond with him while I am at school, and I had thought of asking your permission; but now it seems impossible to receive it."

"It certainly is," answered her father, "and moreover, I shall see that you have no opportunity to do so. I am determined you shall obey me in this matter." With this the Squire considered the matter settled.

Mary left for school the next week, after affectionate partings from her friends. She saw Joe and acquainted him with what her father had said; but she promised to write to him in a few days. Soon after her departure Joe Elkin received the following brief letter:

DEAR JOE: If you wish to write to me, address to Jessie Little.

Lovingly,

MARY.

Through this means they wrote to each other during the whole session. Mary's father attended the closing exercises of the year, and then with his daughter, spent the vacation at a large summer resort. He never alluded to their talk before her departure from home, hoping that she had forgotten it. Mary, having a sufficient allowance to permit her to dress handsomely, received much attention; and among her many admirers was Mr. Laird, a handsome young man, reported quite wealthy. The Squire thought that his daughter might be induced to accept an offer of marriage from him; and not only in every conceivable way did he praise the young man to her, but even went so far as to make inquiries about his true social and financial condition, both of which proved satisfactory.

Mary enjoyed the attention she received, but treated it only as a passing amusement. She refused Mr. Laird, much to the disappointment and vexation of the Squire; for her heart was in her little native village in Western Virginia. She returned to school without going home, and her correspondence with Joe was then renewed.

At the end of the session she came home to stay. She had looked forward with the greatest pleasure to the time when she could again be in the dear old place with her former companions, and, above all, when she should see Joe, though in regard to the latter, she feared that her father would cause trouble. On her return she was warmly welcomed by all the commu-

nity, and was fully occupied for the next week in receiving visits from the neighbors. One day Squire Manteth, in ignorance of her clandestine correspondence, told Mary that he supposed her regard for Joe Elkin was a thing of the past.

"No," she replied, "you may prevent our meeting, but you cannot restrain or decrease my love for him. From you I have inherited a stubborn nature, and against you and your wishes will that nature be exerted. I suppose it would be best for me to tell you now that I wrote to Joe regularly all the time I was at school, through secret means."

This infuriated the Squire and caused his treatment of her to be more severe, for a disobedient child was unbearable to him. He saw Joe on the street the next day, and roughly ordered him never to speak to Mary or come near his home again.

Many weeks passed; and the Squire noticed, with grief and even regret for his firmness, that his daughter was growing listless and despondent. She treated him with the greatest respect and performed his every wish, yet there appeared to her father little of that love, which she had borne for him in her younger days. She was reserved, and attended to the household duties with little interest. A change had come over parent and child and this was a source of constant trouble to the father. He had expected to find in her a consolation, but now she seemed to care nothing about his affairs. She listened to him with respect but with no show of enthusiasm. The Squire's heart was softened, and he regretted the step he had taken in thwarting her wishes; yet pride would not permit him to relent.

Mary heard from a neighbor that Joe Elkin was critically ill with pneumonia. Her father had also heard the news, and, though neither he nor his daughter made any comment about it, he could see she had been weeping. Mary determined to see Joe, come what would, and in the afternoon, under pretence of visiting a girl friend, she started to his home. At

his request she was admitted into Joe's room and there left with him. When she entered, the feeble man raised himself in the bed and, with a look of joy on his face, said: "Mary, I knew you would come." Then he fell back exhausted. For an hour Mary sat by the ill man, telling him of her life for some time past and how much she was suffering for his sake. Seeing that he was growing weaker with the excitement, she silently left the room, after having promised a visit on the following day.

The Squire suspected that she had been to see Joe, and resolved to find out if she went there again, though he really hoped she would, for her estrangement from him was getting to be more than he could bear. On the next evening Mary started again; the Squire waited a few minutes after she was gone, and then went out himself. He saw his daughter some distance ahead of him, and followed her. Yes! She stopped at the Elkin house and was admitted. This was somewhat vexing to the old man, to be thus secretly disobeyed by his child; yet at heart he was glad of it.

Then the thought occurred to him to go in and inquire about Joe, for it would be noticed by his neighbors if he did not evince some interest in the sickness. Joe's illness appealed to the Squire, and he wanted to apologize for the rudeness which he had manifested toward him sometime before. On inquiring whether he could see Joe, he was shown to the sick man's room and told that Mary was with him. Left to himself, the Squire opened the door and looked in. Mary was sitting by the bedside of her lover, who every now and then coughed with that harsh and painful sound which is caused by the inflammation of the throat and lungs. Then he would sink back, and his face would contract with pain. The father, unnoticed, remained at the door, intently watching them; and his heart was touched by witnessing the love between these two. How unfeeling in him to have brought about a separation between them!

Joe was suddenly seized with a violent attack of coughing, and Mary in great fright rushed to the door to call assistance. She looked up and saw standing before her—the Squire. She was somewhat startled by seeing him there, but with defiance in her voice she cried: “Father, I know you would have forbidden this meeting, but I feel it my duty to be with Joe in his affliction to help and comfort him. If your nature is too cruel to allow me to see the one I have for years held dearer than any one else on earth, I must disobey you. You have now come, I suppose, as a spy; but you will only see that the love in me cannot be broken. I will bear the consequence of my disobedience.”

The faint sufferer was too weak and ill to talk much, and so he simply said, “Yes! it is as you say, Mary, our love cannot and shall not be broken.”

The old Squire was for a moment too overcome to speak. He looked at his daughter, more beautiful in her defiance, then at her wan and suffering lover; and his conscience smote him for having cruelly and stubbornly wounded these two. He went toward his daughter, gently put his arm around her, and in a trembling voice replied, “My child, my daughter, I have grievously wronged you and your lover, I have caused suffering unduly, and now I have come, not as a spy, but to beg forgiveness of you both, and grant that which I should have done long ago.”

“Father,” said Mary with tears in her eyes, “I knew you would not be unkind long. I need to ask your forgiveness for my disobedience, but you have already granted it. Come and speak to Joe.”

The Squire walked to the bedside, took Joe’s hand, and spoke to him. “My friend, my future son-in-law—for God knows I need such a son as you—I have misjudged and wronged you, and I now want to make amends.”

The pale face brightened, but he only replied, “Thank God, at last, at last,” and closed his eyes in weariness.

Mary took her father's hand, and quietly the reconciled parent and child left the room.

With careful nursing the young man recovered. Soon after, at the home of Squire Manteth, the whole village was assembled to a great wedding-feast. Mary's disobedience had been forgiven, her wish had been granted, and the Squire had received a noble son in Joe Elkin.

THE HERMIT.

G. E. L.

It was in the fall of '86, while visiting a friend in one of the central counties, that I first heard of "Jake, the Hermit." My friend and I were returning late in the evening from hunting, and just as the sun feebly sent forth its last rays upon the tree-tops, passing a turn in the road, we came out in front of the hermit's home.

It stood in the midst of a grove of elms, about a stone's throw from the road. On the right I saw what seemed to be the last decaying trees of an old apple orchard, while on the left were a few sprouts, marking the place where once grew peach and pear trees. My friend asked if I would like to see Jake, and, receiving my answer in the affirmative, we went to the house.

There were no palings to mark the limit of his yard, and no watch-dog to guard his door. I saw no sign of life except a few pigeons about the roof, and the evening stillness was broken by no noise save their gentle cooings; an occasional caw from passing crows on their way to a thicket of pines some distance south, and the roar of the splashing waters of the Eldeen river, which flows near by. On the west, within gun-shot of the house, stood an old barn. The roof had fallen in on one side, while one corner had about rotted down. The old well-house was quite moss-covered, and to an old

windlass was attached a rusty chain and bucket. The house was a large two-story building, with a double piazza in front. The upper floor of the piazza had decayed and nearly all had fallen down, while only a few plank remained in the first floor. The shutters to the windows had all fallen except two, and one of these hung by only one fastening. The front door, an old-time double door, with lights at top and sides, had no knob to the fastening. The chimneys were almost hidden by a thick growth of vines.

In response to our knock, the door was opened by a man apparently forty years of age. His black hair and whiskers were long and unkempt. His clothing seemed to have been of good quality, but was worn, and in place of buttons thorns served his need. He seemed confused at our appearance, but kindly asked us in, and led us into what seemed to have been once a very inviting parlor, but showed signs of age. The plastering overhead had fallen in several places, and the walls were badly cracked. In one corner stood a piano covered with dust; a guitar lay on it, while a number of books were piled up in another corner, some of which showed signs of much use. A Bible lay upon a chair. This attracted my attention, and I opened it, to find that it was a present from his mother, and contained on the fly-leaf an inscription from her pen. The chairs were of a fine quality, but of antique style. Just over the mantle hung a picture which was quite a curiosity. The frame was made of wild cherry, and apparently made with a pocket-knife. It was beautifully carved, and contained the picture of a girl of some seventeen summers.

Jake seemed little disposed to talk, and as it was late we soon took leave of the hermit, whose melancholy look impressed me very much.

On our way my companion gave me a brief history of Jake Norton—for that was the hermit's name. He belonged to one of the best families in the county. Before the war his

father was a wealthy Southern planter, owning a large plantation and several slaves. During the fifties Dr. Forsyth came South for his health, and purchased a neighboring farm. He had only one child, a beautiful girl—Nora. A picture of auburn hair, blue eyes and rosy cheeks filled the imaginations of several young men, but only Jake Norton received Nora's approving smiles. Many an evening, when his day's work was finished, would he take his guitar, and he and Nora would stroll down by the old spring, where a rustic seat stood beneath an old birch tree. Seated there, he would play Nora's favorite pieces and talk of the happy future. But soon the war came on, and Jake enlisted in defence of his country, while Dr. Forsyth was a strong Union man. Jake followed Jackson in his rapid marches up and down the Shenandoah Valley, and at last stood by, at Appomattox, and, with moistened eyes, listened to Lee's farewell.

With his blanket thrown about his shoulders, and musket in hand, he again turned towards home, with a heart saddened by the recent scenes and the great losses of his country. But as he trudged along, and his thoughts ran back to his old home and loved ones, he grew more cheerful, expecting in a few days to see all again as of old. He could once more take his evening strolls, guitar in hand; and again, seated beneath the old birch tree by the spring, he would play Nora's favorite pieces, and tell of his life around the camp-fire. But these hopes were only partially to be realized.

He found all at the old home well, but his countenance changed visibly when he heard that Dr. Forsyth had gone back North to live, and no one knew where. He stole away again at twilight to visit the old scenes, but found no pleasure in them; all seemed now a vain mockery. The death of his father, a few months later, added new grief, and the once jovial spirit seemed burdened. Many a long winter night he sat for hours watching the glowing coals, without seeming to realize the presence of his mother. Her death, in the spring

of '70, seemed to have severed every tie between him and the world, and often he might be seen in the twilight, absorbed in his thoughts, wandering about the places once so pleasant, and occasionally murmuring the name, "Nora," and muttering, "Untrue, untrue!"

It seemed strange to think that a spirit, once so joyous at every festive occasion, and so happy, should live so secluded and seem so sad.

About a year afterward I received a note from my friend, requesting my presence the next week to witness the marriage of Jake Norton. I was much surprised, and quite anxious for the time when I should again see my hermit and learn whom he was to marry.

On my arrival, I learned that it was the long lost friend, Nora Forsyth. On leaving that community Dr. Forsyth moved to Illinois, but his prejudice being aroused he had forbidden his daughter to write to any rebel, as he styled Jake. Unwilling to disobey her father, Nora had never written until his death, when she came down on a visit to her old home and friends. When Jake was first told of her presence in the community he only shook his head and muttered almost inaudibly, "Untrue."

Friends insisted that he should see her but to no purpose. The time was drawing near when she was to return to her northern home. At last she sent him a note asking permission to see him. He seemed somewhat agitated, went to an old trunk in the corner of the room and from a number of letters picked up one to compare the writing. He seemed puzzled, but at length put both away sending no reply. However, he seemed more cheerful and was seen walking about the yard that evening and muttering to himself. The next day Nora, accompanied by friends, went to see him to ask forgiveness for failing to write to him, as she desired to make friends again before her leave.

He came and opened the door as usual, but seeing Nora he

stood almost motionless for a minute, gazing as if hardly able to recognize her or believe his eyes. She was several years older than when he saw her last and the many sorrowful days she had spent had caused changes. At length Jake led the way into the house and heard a full explanation and brief account of the years that had passed since they separated, and instead of returning to her home in Illinois the next week, she was married to her long lost friend and faithful lover.

THE INVISIBLE WORLD.

BRUCE BENTON.

One of the greatest pleasures of life is the sensation produced by sight. To a person who observes the beauties of nature there is a sense of satisfaction not felt by every one. There is a peculiar sense of joy to the man who wanders among the forests and walks amidst the fields of flowers, and there observes their wonderful structures and their beautiful colors. This field of pleasure is open to almost all people, and is more or less enjoyed by all close observers. But there is another source of delight, unknown and unenjoyed by the great mass of people. I speak of the *Invisible World*, or the world as revealed by the microscope. Little do people think, as they view the beautiful shrubbery and flowers and all manner of plants that grow by the stagnant pools, that there are in those stagnant waters more beautiful organisms than have ever before been seen by the unaided eye. In one drop of water there is a world of living organisms, and these little plants move and "have their being" on the stage of life, and then quietly pass away. Generation after generation comes and goes, and man knows nothing of it.

Doubtless there are carried on in this invisible world conflicts about which man has never dreamed. Who knows but that these little organisms have their social reforms and politi-

cal upheavals and religious reformatations? Frequently in the *visible* world we see signs of mastery of one tribe over another. The hawk puts to flight a brood of chickens in the barn-yard, and feeds upon the unsuspecting quail in the field; little minnows flee before the approach of larger fishes, lest they be swallowed up; and before man all created beings cower, for they recognize him master over all. If one carefully observes the daily occurrences in the *invisible* world, he will see transpiring scenes which compare favorably with the transactions in the *visible* world. Here is a large organism—the very giant among microscopic animals—and all the smaller animals seem to fear his approach. Here is a large microscopic plant, which seems to be the giant oak amidst the surrounding forest. To these masters all the smaller animals and plants seem to owe allegiance. By these plants and animals there may be petty wars waged. Who knows? And the issues of these wars may determine the fate of many nations of animalcules. The organisms frequently have implements of warfare, and it is natural to suppose that they use them at times. There is a certain little animal, the *Didinium*, which carries on his body little arrows, which he throws at his victim, thus wounding him. Then he goes to his wounded victim and examines his flesh to see if it will do to eat.

It is a startling thought that there exists a world of animated beings densely peopling the elements around us, of which we know nothing. For thousands of years, generation after generation of *Rotifera*, of *Infusoria*, and *Protozoa* have been living and dying under the very eyes and in the very hands of man, and until the last century or two he has not dreamed of their existence. But the study of these little organisms has become a source of great pleasure and profit to many thinking men of recent years. Only those who have observed the development of these little plants and animals from their first stage—from the time they make their first appearance on the stage of action until they disappear—only

those who have observed these things, know how much pleasure there is in their study. To see microscopic plants, males and females, meet and, as it were, court and marry, and finally settle down in their little part of the world and live happily together; to see two little animals likewise come in contact with each other and marry, is truly interesting and marvelous. To one who has never observed these things, the idea of there being males and females among these microscopic plants and animals seems to be altogether foolish; yet such is the case, as has been demonstrated by scientific experiments and observations.

Among the various microscopic plants of great interest might be singled out the *Diatom* as one of peculiar importance, and in the study of which many botanists have spent their lives. The *Diatom* is shaped very much like a flat pill-box, which is much wider than deep. This, however, is only one species of *Diatoms* out of many. The top and bottom of the box are formed by flat, circular, glassy plates, called valves, and the sides by a ring or hoop of similar material. Sometimes the outline of the valve is oval, or oblong, or square, or triangular, instead of circular, and their surface is sometimes convex in various degrees. The *Diatom*, then, is a box formed of pure transparent flint-glass, very thin and delicate and very brittle. The valves are marked with minute dots, which appear to be either knobs or pits, or with lines, either depressed or raised. Each valve is marked with a number of most delicate lines, which radiate from a central circle of dots to the circumference. The radii are connected by a multitude of cross lines, bearing a very striking resemblance to the webs of our common spider. During life there is in every individual a small central round body, called the *nucleus*.

The manner in which these minute atoms increase is highly interesting. The pill-box-like frustule separates, and each half of the box again sends off from the interior surface another valve. It is like taking a box from without a box.

The *Diatom* is a very beautiful organism, as seen through the microscope. It has a yellowish-brown color, and also has a means of locomotion which has never been clearly understood. The plant is a unicellular organism, and is very widely scattered over the soil. It is both marine and freshwater. The cell-wall is composed of a flinty substance called *silica*.

Diatoms are interesting to naturalists for several reasons: (1) Their inconceivable multitude and their almost universal distribution. (2) The vast part assigned them in the economy of creation, since, after their death, they enter into the composition of the solid crust of the earth. Much of the soil about Richmond, Virginia, is said to be composed of the shells of *Diatoms*. Their shells are almost indestructible, fire being unable to destroy them. (3) The very great variety of forms assumed by the different kinds. (4) Their marvelous elegance and beauty in material, shapes and sculpturing. (5) Their spontaneous movements, and the mystery of their locomotion. (6) The power which their structure possesses of taking up silicious matter and forming of it solid flint. (7) The uncertainty which attends our conclusions as to their true character. Are they animals or plants? Nearly all investigators have about agreed that they are plants. There are some, however, who say that they are animals. (8) Their minute dimensions also make them very interesting.

Akin to the *Diatom*, in structure and appearance, is the *Desmid*. This is a beautiful green unicellular plant, cylindrical and slightly crescent-shaped. At each end of the organism there is a clear globule, enclosing a number of "dancing granules." Perhaps the most peculiar thing about the *Desmid* is, that between the cell-wall and the colored interior there are minute granules, which move in both directions, meeting and passing apparently without touching each other. There are many varieties of *Desmids*, and they form a very interesting group of studies.

The scene in a drop of stagnant water under a good micro-

scope is truly marvelous. You may observe elegant forms, resembling fishes, which are called *Euglena*. These are plants which are able to expand and contract their bodies. They are of a beautiful green color, except at each end, where they are colorless.

Puccinia is the scientific name for the rust which is seen on wheat and leaves of trees. Ordinarily it would be considered uninteresting, but when brought under the microscope it becomes an exceedingly interesting study, for then the color, the cellular structure, and the arrangement of all the parts can be seen.

In this article I have endeavored to mention only a few of the very interesting plants from the multitudes of little plants and animals found in stagnant waters. There seems to be no limit to their numbers, and the beauty of their structure and their variegated colors make them of great interest to botanists and naturalists. Size seems to have nothing to do with the complexity of structure. As in the natural world the *humming-bird* is constructed on the same plan with the *condor*, the largest of birds, so some of these microscopic organisms are as complex in structure as a large animal or bird. The little harvest-mouse is said to possess a much more elaborate organization than the vast shark or the colossal snake. Some writer has said: "Complexity of structure, the multiplicity and variety of organs, do not depend upon the dimensions but rather upon the position in the great plan of organic existence which the creature in question occupies."

One often asks if the *invisible* world is not more wonderful and more beautiful than the *visible*. This much is true: there is room for study in the microscopic world, and to him who makes a study of microscopic organisms there will be opened up a new field of thought. His conception of creation will be widened; his ideas of the Creator of the universe will grow larger (for he sees God in all these things in the *invisible world*); his love for the minute will be intensified, and he will become a broader and perhaps a better man.

THE LONE GRAVE.

M. B. DRY.

It was a warm summer's evening. The country was slightly mountainous and apparently thinly settled. We had been riding all day, my friend and I, and had stopped for lodging at a country farm-house. Our host was a delightful old gentleman who treated us with the utmost kindness. He exhibited great pleasure in showing us his fat horses, fine cattle, and squealing pigs, and we soon found that he was abundantly provided with all the comforts and blessings of an ideal country home. Himself, his wife, his daughter and little son, composed the family group. The man dearly loved his family, and we soon observed that he was especially fond of his daughter, who was slightly tall, with a pretty face, and a matchless figure.

The old gentleman, however, was superstitious, and very soon after the shades of night had gathered around his mountain home, my companion became involved in a lively discussion with him about ghosts. The controversy waxed so warm in several instances that I become fearful of the continuance of the good feeling that had been exhibited up to this time by the old gentleman. In answer to the argument of my friend that it was possible to be deceived in such matters as ghosts and hob-goblins, and other strange apparitions, the old man said in a tone of earnestness. "No, sir! I tell you I have seen these things with my own eyes and I know I could not have been deceived. Sir, there is a graveyard not more than half a mile from where we sit at this moment that I wouldn't visit to-night alone for much money. There is a strange being that frequents that place nearly every night. It has the shape of a human being and is sometimes seen with no head. It bears in its right hand a long glittering sword, and I have heard trustworthy persons declare they had seen it vanish before their eyes. Others say they have watched it rise and

fly through the air and disappear in the neighboring woods. Stranger, I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes."

All that my friend could say in reply to such obstinate and seemingly convincing argument was that it would afford him much satisfaction to get a glimpse of the strange apparition, and that he would not hesitate in the least to approach the spot and see for himself. The young lady evidenced considerable interest in the discussion, for she openly declared she had little faith in such things. She readily consented to accompany us to the haunted graveyard, the scene of such terrors to the whole neighborhood.

We had reached the summit of a high hill from the west, and looking eastward about two hundred yards down a long slant below us, we saw the old graveyard plainly visible in the moonlight. The moon stood about midway between the eastern horizon and the zenith and gave the old graveyard and surrounding objects a most ghostly aspect. At the base of the hill below us ran a small stream beyond which was a large extent of woods. The appearance of this lonely spot as the moonbeams slept upon the tombstones and marble slabs, all intensified by the frightful tales of the old gentleman, can be more easily imagined than described. Surrounding this "city of the dead" was a wall built of gray flint stones. In each of the four sides was a gateway, two of which were closed. Here and there within and around the enclosure stood a few lone cedars and solitary pines. The silence that reigned everywhere was broken only by the rippling song of the brooklet at the base of the hill and the occasional scream of a night-hawk in the neighboring woods. But no sign of the "strange being" could be seen. We went within the enclosure and found an old "rustic" where we sat in full glare of the moon. The charming conversation of the young lady and the angelic smiles that lit up her countenance, as the moonbeams fell upon her face, almost made my friend and myself forget our sur-

roundings, when suddenly the young lady ceased talking and said after a moment's pause, "What's that?" We looked around upon the graves and tombstones, but could not see anything unusual. She pointed toward the woods on the south side of the graveyard.

We looked and saw a strange figure emerging from the woods about two hundred yards distant and slowly advancing toward us. As for myself, I could scarcely avoid shaking the dust from off my sandals and seeking parts more congenial, but the young lady and my friend seemed at first to experience no extreme apprehensions, and so I determined to exhibit a bold front whatever might be our fate. Nearer and nearer the object approached. I began to contemplate the matter in all seriousness. I looked into the young lady's face and I thought she was growing uneasy. My friend, who had argued so obstinately with the old gentleman, stood as dumb as a statue, gazing at the object as if his very eyeballs would leap from their sockets.

The object had now approached to within one hundred yards of where we stood. By this time we could make out in the moonlight the outline of a human figure. Sure enough, there was the long sword, and I thought I saw wings. Was my friend's disbelief in ghosts to be uprooted, and the fallacy of his argument to be exposed? The young lady suggested that we pass out through the gate and stand by the graveyard wall in the shadow of a tall cedar which stood just within the enclosure. Just as we were starting out, unfortunately, the foot of my friend became entangled, and he fell sprawling at the feet of the young lady, but it was no time for smiles. We passed out unnoticed and assumed a position where we could not easily be seen.

The unwelcome vision kept slowly advancing toward us. My friend looked up into the broad face of the moon as if begging its help, but, instead of pitying, the great luminary of night seemed to be amused. The little jewels of the firma-

ment appeared to be winking at our calamity. The murmuring brooklet at the base of the hill murmured on and seemed altogether unconcerned. The lonesome hoot of an owl in the woods beyond the stream only added gloom to the situation.

The object of our dread was now entering the further gate of the enclosure, and the next moment it would be face to face with us; but it halted just within the gateway. We could now distinguish clearly the features of an aged man. He held in his hand a cane on which he leaned for support. He paused only for a moment and then slowly made his way among the graves to an old and weather-beaten tombstone. He placed his hand upon the headstone, and after pausing a moment, he bent down over the grave in an attitude of prayer. We could hear low groans and sobs of grief. Our fears now vanished for we thought the aged man was mourning the loss of some dear friend or relative. All thought of ghosts left our minds immediately, and we determined to know the cause of the old man's grief. We knew this was the "strange being" that had become such an object of terror to the people; we saw in the old man's cane an explanation of the "long glittering sword"; and the matter of "wings" and other peculiarities we attributed to overdrawn statements in moments of excitement.

When the old man arose, my friend addressed him and asked him if he had a dear one buried there. He seemed startled for a moment and then, turning his feeble steps toward us, he replied in broken tones, "That is the dearest spot to me in all this world."

When he came nearer and saw the face of the young lady, his countenance brightened and he said with a smile, "O yes! I guess you're talking love here in the moonshine. Happy period of life! I reckon you thought me a ghost, but—" and we saw his countenance change and I thought I beheld tears in his eyes, "I come here nearly every night, and I just can't stay away; I can't stay away! I have been visiting this place

nigh on to sixty years, and I never come here without weeping over that grave. Already I have seen nearly eighty summers roll over my head, and the older I grow the more I love this spot. I love it because of yonder lone grave. I never see these other graves; to me that one stands by itself, solitary and alone."

One could see age and grief indelibly written upon the man's face. His form was bent and tottering, his steps were slow and feeble, his eyes were sunken and hollow, and here and there a few gray locks stole out from beneath his hat contrasting finely with the dark complexion of his wrinkled and care-worn face. The sad and pathetic tone of his voice moved our sympathies, and my friend addressed him thus: "Aged stranger, do you care to relate to us the cause of your grief and of your devotion to this graveyard and yon aged mound with the weather-beaten tombstone?"

The old man came nearer and, leaning against the graveyard wall, told the following touching story:

"Long, long years ago, when I was a small boy, my father moved from the far north and settled near the bank of the stream which flows along by the foot of the hill nearly two miles below this point. I was the only child, and my mother often said she believed I would some day be a great and good man. Our nearest neighbor was a gold miner, who had recently come from England with his family and opened up a rich mine about half a mile beyond the stream near which we lived. His wife, his two grown daughters, himself and one little girl made up the family group. They were the only people who lived near enough to visit often, and so the little girl became my companion and play-mate. She was kind and good-natured, and her face was fair and beautiful. Many and many a day we played together by the little stream that ran near our house. There we chased the butterfly and gathered wild flowers from the neighboring woods. Do you hear the hooting of an owl across yon high hill? Well, over

in that direction, just where you see a dim cluster of oaks that rise above the surrounding woods, stood the old log school-house. There we went to school together, and played with the other boys and girls that came to school. Our teacher was a kind old man, and we all learned to love him. Year after year passed, and the old man still taught in the old log school-house. My little companion grew taller and more beautiful, and I found our childish fondness for each other growing into a real passion. One morning we all met at the school-house, as usual, and waited for our dear teacher, but he never came. We all went home, and next day news came that the old man had passed away. I never went to school there any more. The old log school-house has long since crumbled, and there is no sign of our play-ground; but I love the spot, and I often go there and listen to the birds and see the squirrels play in the trees.

“One day my companion told me, with tears in her eyes, that her father intended to move his family to the North and leave the mine he had been operating, for it was no longer profitable. That was a dark day for me. All that night I lay awake and could not sleep. The thought of parting with my dear companion and play-mate was more than I could bear, for I thought I should never see her again. Several weeks passed by, and just before she left I had a long talk with her about our separation, and she promised to let me know where her father might see fit to open another mine.

“In a few days the family started on their long journey to the North. I felt alone in the world, for no news came from the departed family. The next year my father died, and I was left alone with my mother. Another miner, with his family, moved into the neighborhood and worked the mine, but there was no attraction for me there. Life, to me, was growing miserable, and I thought if I only knew where to find my loved one I would take my mother and make the search for her home. But I knew not where to find her, and

I almost feared that some direful calamity had befallen the family.

"Years passed by, and I was a grown young man, when one evening, just about sunset—I shall never forget the day—some travelers halted at our gate and asked to be allowed to encamp during the night near our dwelling. They explained that a young lady who accompanied them on their journey had fallen sick, and wished to stop with us a few days till her health was restored. The young lady, pale and weak from disease, was taken from one of the wagons and placed upon a comfortable bed in our dwelling. As she looked into my face I thought I recognized the features of my long-absent companion, but, fearing a mistake, I remained silent. I was soon left alone by her bedside, and then she looked kindly into my eyes and said:

"'Have you forgotten your little play-mate that once lived across the hill?'

"I recognized the voice and features in an instant. I knew it was my loved one, and I put my arms around her neck and wept like a child. But how pale she looked! and how weak her voice! I asked her about her father and mother, and she said they were both dead, and her sisters had returned to England. I saw she was weak and fatigued, and I didn't question her any more, but let her rest. Next day she seemed some better, when she told me the story of her absence.

"Her father had taken his family to Pennsylvania, where he again went into the mining business. For a time matters went well, and then reverses came. The mother died after a stay of three years, and the next year the father was killed in a terrible mine explosion. The young lady longed to return to the scenes of her childhood. She had not forgotten her promise, and she determined to go in search of the companion of her youth. Her father's interest in the mine was sold, and the two older sisters returned to London. One day she met some travelers on their way South, and, learning that they

would pass near her old home, she begged them to allow her to accompany them. They hesitated at first, but, seeing that she was bent on going, they consented. Long and tedious was the journey, and finally she contracted a fever, which was much aggravated by the fatigue of the trip.

"She had lost none of her loveliness, but we became uneasy about her health, for she grew paler and weaker every day. Everything possible was done to baffle the disease, but in vain. Finally we saw that the end was drawing near, and she said she had but little time to stay. One night we thought she was better, but soon she grew worse, and called me close to her bedside. Taking me by the hand and looking up into my face, she asked to be remembered, and told me to meet her in heaven, for her time had come to go. Then, with a smile upon her face, that I can never forget, her soul took its flight.

"That was the darkest hour of my life. It seemed that my last sun had set. There was no rest for me that night. The next day we buried her here in this grave-yard, and that is her grave. My mother died long years ago, and lies buried beside my father in an old church-yard many ³/₄ miles away; and, strangers, it's not going to be long till I'll see my father and mother and be with my loved one, for my days are numbered and the end is almost in sight."

The aged man retraced his steps and disappeared in the neighboring woods. He had told the story of his life. Some months after, I heard that he had passed away, and that in his very last moment he raised his eyes toward heaven, and said, with a smile, "I see my loved one! I see my loved one! She is coming to meet me!"

IN THE GUEST CHAMBER.

J. D. HUFHAM, JR.

It was the eve before Michaelmas. I was standing a short distance below the junction of the main road and one that wound off to the right into the forest. The scene was decidedly picturesque. The proximity of two hills of long, though gentle incline formed the valley over which I looked. Beneath a devious band of shrubbery on the hillside directly in front of me a brook came tumbling diagonally down the slope, and disgorged in the larger placid stream which divided the valley. To the left, the ground, after a brief level, arose almost abruptly in semi-circular shape, to meet the general declivity around. This amphitheatre, as it were, was fenced and utilized as a pasture. A flock of sheep cropped the short grass. Still further on lay a broad, rolling field of bare soil, streaked with shades varying from light gray to dark brown, and crowning the summit of the hill stood the castle, with its walls, turrets and towers of dull gray masonry.

I was absorbed in contemplating the picture, and did not hear the approach of hoofs. Suddenly some one exclaimed, at my side:

"Timothy Norwold, thou hast such a pious caste of countenance that, did I not know the devil stole the building stones, I should believe thou wast constructed for a priest."

Turning, I saw Mistress Lilyan, the only child of the Baron, sitting upon a horse but a pace or two from me. There was so much mischievous jest in her pretty face and laughing blue eyes, that as I looked at her my heart gave a great bound within me. I was about to reply that my parents intended I should have been one, but that, upon trial, I proved to be better suited for the handling of weapons than leading the life of a monk, when she interpolated:

"Is it not a beauteous sight?" pointing with her riding whip at the view before us.

"A beauteous sight, of a truth," I replied, bowing low, with my hand on my heart, but looking all the time at her.

"Oh, tut!" she said, frowning impatiently. "Come, now, is it not a beauteous sight?"

"A beauteous sight," I reiterated, bowing and looking at her as before. This time I could not resist the temptation to step forward, that I might kiss one of her hands; but she, apprehending my movement, gave her horse a cut with the whip, which caused him to plunge forward and leave me standing by the road. She looked back and laughed a triumphant laugh at me through the dust, and then clattered off down the hill. I watched her until the castle gates shut her in, when I began slowly to follow.

The sun was almost down when I reached the castle. I found everything here in a state of great perturbation. Messengers were running hither and thither, scarcely aware of what they were about; hostlers were swearing at stable-boys for leading horses to the wrong stalls; the steward cursing the cooks, and, altogether, they made quite a turmoil.

"What have we up?" I asked of the gate warden, an ugly gawk, in coarse, high-heeled shoes and fustian smock.

He said nothing, but, with a sort of smack and malicious grin, which sat well on his hideous, wrinkled face, he pointed a handless arm at the open window of a turret room.

"Well, what of it?" I asked.

"What of it? Can ye not hear? The master is in a rage."

"Is that all?" I asked, rather contemptuously.

"That is all," he said, smacking and grinning. "But, young master, when ye have known him as long as we who serve him, ye will understand our consternation. Hear a word of advice: Have a care that ye are not a victim of his rage, for he spares none when the devil is in him."

"Thank me, mongrel cur, that I do not smite thee for thy insolence to the Baron in his absence," I said, striding across the court and into the castle, my sword clanking as I walked.

In the hall I met the chamberlain, even more frightened than the others.

"Get thee to thy master, and say I would speak with him," I ordered.

"Whist ye!" he replied, pointing a trembling finger upward where the Baron was. "Do ye not hear? My head would be snicked off quicker than kraut-weed by a sheep's jaws, were I to disturb him. O, master, I dare not! I dare not!" he whined.

"Go, cowardly bustard, or thou wilt know the reason why. I tell thee, thou shalt not be harmed." I thundred this in a voice so commanding and with a manner so fine that I thought they might have pleased the king's wits had he been present.

The chamberlain went off, mumbling to himself, his legs shaking under him. He crept up the steps, and presently returned to say the Baron would see me.

My heart began to beat faster as I ascended the stairs, and I began to feel that, perchance, the interview might have been advantageously put off, or not even held at all. But when I thought why I was going and what I might obtain by it, all fear left me.

We covered a flight of stairs, whence we turned to the right, down a corridor, and along this we proceeded until we reached the north wing of the keep, where we faced about into another. At its extremity, two steps led up to a doorway. On each side were guards, in full armor.

"What is the Baron angered over?" I asked, as we walked.

"The plan of the castle has been stolen from him, together with most of his treasure."

Nothing more was said, and we gained the door. The chamberlain preceded me after which he made his obeisance and went out, closing the door behind him.

The room in which I found myself was semi-circular in shape, and fairly large. Two windows on either hand lighted it, while directly in front yawned the fireplace, with its high

oaken mantle. Tapestry was hung about the walls. In one end was a canopied bed and several chairs, and in the other was a large deal-table. The Baron was seated beside this, with his sword and cloak thrown across. There were also a tray of drinking flagons and an open strong-box upon it.

When I looked at the Baron's great stature, at his big hands gripping the chair arms, at his bristling black hair and beard—but, most of all, when I gazed into his grey eyes that glittered in their caverns of pale, flabby flesh, like pike-points, my courage left me, and I could only stare, speechless, at him. He perceived my fright, and, I think, must have been amused, for his face relaxed some of its hardness.

"What wouldst thou, Timothy?" he asked, seeing I made no progress, either towards speaking or moving.

At this I went forward, dropped on one knee, and, in a bungling fashion, told him my mission.

"And so, Timothy," he made answer, after I was finished, "my daughter says she is marrying, not because she loves Sir Clevis, but because I will it so; that she does not love any man (it is well for thee that she loves not thee), but that she would choose rather to wed thee than Sir Clevis, and that if I will have the marriage postponed until thou art knighted, she *will* wed thee. Zounds!" he cried, reaching for his sword. "Have I ever known such insolence!"

Seeing the movement, I sprang up, and was on my guard in an instant.

The Baron only laughed harshly, and exclaimed:

"Put up, bumpkin! Dost thou think I would nasty my hands with such as thou art?" and at the same time he rapped loudly upon the table with his sword-hilt.

Before I could collect my senses, I was pinioned on each side by two soldiers.

"Take him," said the Baron, "and let him test the softness of a couch in 'the guest chamber'; and remember, young harlequin, that a baron's daughter may not always be had for an asking."

The Baron arose and began pacing up and down the floor, swearing vociferously all the time, while I was attended out of the room by the two soldiers and down stairs past the chamberlain, much to my chagrin. We went directly to the gate warden's lodge, where one of the soldiers knocked on the door several times and called.

"Hi! What's wanted?" cried a cracked voice and almost instantly the door was opened enough for the devilish, grinning countenance of the warden to be thrust out. Catching sight of me he burst into a mirthless, cackling laugh.

"Ho! Ho! It is the young master, is it? Well! well! my Lord, wilt thou not bring in thy train and tarry awhile?"

"Get the keys to the 'guest chamber,' Jotham, and come with us," interrupted one of the soldiers.

"The 'guest chamber' is it? Sure, sure. Celie, my good dame, fetch a light and the keys to the 'guest chamber' that I may make it ready for my young lord to occupy to-night." He swung the door wide open, thereupon disclosing a large, square room with massive, smoke-blackened oaken beams running crosswise overhead. From these were hung festoons of pepper pods and onions. A fire was burning lustily on the wide hearth, and suspended over it was a steaming pot. A beldame with a kerchief about her head and jaws was crouching close to the blaze, and mumbling to herself.

At the warden's words, she raised herself, apparently with much difficulty, and lighting a rush at the blaze, took down a bunch of keys from its peg, and hobbled across the floor to his side. He put the keys on his arm and stood, shading the light with his handless stump and grimacing in his fiendish way. As he stood thus, his great shadow falling out behind him, and his figure looking huge and grotesque in the dusky, uncertain light, I could almost believe him to be some hideous ogre.

"Celie, my dear, this light will scarce last. Fetch a torch and a rope; we will need a rope." She obeyed, and he joined us, having closed the door behind him.

We made straight across the court toward the east wing of the castle, which we presently reached, and turning abruptly to the right there loomed an arched door-way before us. This led into a sort of hall. Several bats flitted by us as we entered and I soon found that the place must long since have been consigned to their habitation. Moss carpeted the flags, and a dank weedy smell prevailed.

We proceeded along the hall until the warden halted before a heavy, oaken door, studded with iron spikes. He selected a key, unlocked and swung it open. A breath of more dank, earthy air whiffed out as he did so. Then, lighting the torch, which revealed a flight of stone steps, closely walled overhead and on both sides, we began to descend. Our foot falls sounded strangely flat and the clank of the gyves and chains on my wrists made no metallic ring. The sound was much the same that one hears upon walking into a vault and listening to the dull sliding of an iron bolt.

At the foot of the steps was a small landing and another door of iron grating, secured by a lock. Through the interstices floated the odors I had smelled when the warden opened the door above, albeit they were tenfold worse now.

The rope being much knotted and tangled, the warden found that his lack of a hand seriously affected his power to disentangle it. He finally discovered it to be absolutely necessary to call the soldiers to accomplish it while he volunteered to stand guard over me.

Now the door to the dungeon, for this was what it was, the Warden had opened before relinquishing his task, and as I saw the two soldiers tugging away at the rope a plan to effect my escape came into my mind. My sword had been taken from me before I left the castle. To snatch one from the nearest soldier, and at the same time shove them both headlong into the dungeon, would require but a moment. This would leave me free to clinch with Jotham. True, I would be at a disadvantage in having my hands bound, but I thought

I might manage him. I knew that if the first part of the affair was accomplished, that I need have no fears that they would return to Jotham's aid, for even if the fall did not kill them, the presence of the rope argued that there were no steps by which they might again attain the landing.

I think Jotham must have read my intent from a corner of his evil eye, for he suddenly sprang at me and administered such a cuff on my ear with his handless arm as sent me staggering against the wall.

"There, young jack-a-nape, none of thy tricks! Better save thy schemes till thou art in the 'guest chamber,' for thou wilt surely need them to get thee out."

"See if thou art not paid for thy insolence, mongrel cur, if I am ever free again!" I cried, my blood boiling in me with rage.

He only laughed.

"Put this under thy arms and we will lower thee," said one of the soldiers, handing me the rope with a running noose made in it.

"What!" ejaculated Jotham, "are ye not going down and chain him?"

"No. It is bad enough for him at best. I shall not make his burden greater by chaining him. Besides, he is safe."

"Ye would best chain him," cried Jotham.

They gave no notice to his speech, and I, having placed the rope about me, began my descent into the dungeon.

My hands and body rubbed the oozy slime from the wall as I slipped over it. The stench and darkness increased as I went down. I do not suppose the distance exceeded fifteen or eighteen feet, but it seemed to me, while descending, that I would never reach the ground; and when I finally did, and looked up at the face of one of the soldiers peering down into the darkness, in my heated imagination, I judged him to be fully fifty feet above me. I untied the rope and heard it scrape out my proscription against the rocks as it was drawn

up. I heard them lock the door, ascend the stairs, open, close and lock the upper door, and then—darkness and silence!

I could not at first realize my situation; but it gradually dawned on me. Here in this underground cell, through absolute darkness, I must crawl out my life like some reptile, without knowledge of anything but my own miserable existence. There would be no daylight for me, only one long, unbroken night. I would lose all idea of the passage of time. I did not doubt but that I would soon be neglected, then forgotten and finally left to die. Overcome by the horror of these speculations, I crouched down where I was and delivered my mind up to the most gloomy and apprehensive thoughts during a long space of time.

I was startled out of these grisly reveries by the sudden noise of water dashing over the stone floor of the cell. I was so much astonished by this strange incident that some moments elapsed before I could collect my thoughts. After a little reflection, however, I determined it to be what the ignorant sometimes regard, with no small degree of superstition, a spring that is active for a certain period and then suddenly ceases to flow during another stated period, after which it begins again; in other words an intermittent spring.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

STAFF OF EDITORS.

PROF. R. W. HAYWOOD-----ALUMNI EDITOR.

EU. SOCIETY.

PHI. SOCIETY.

THOMAS H. BRIGGS-----EDITOR.

J. H. GORE, Jr-----EDITOR.

M. B. DRY-----ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

W. P. EXUM, Jr-----ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

GRAY R. KING-----BUSINESS MANAGER.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

M. B. DRY, Editor.

In this issue we are glad to present to the readers of THE STUDENT brief sketches of the lives of a few notable Wake Forest men, living and dead, who have reflected high honor upon their *Alma Mater*. Among them is an interesting sketch of the life of the lamented Dr. Durham by Dr. C. E. Taylor, and one by Dr. T. H. Pritchard on the life of Benjamin J. Lea, who was Chief Justice of the State of Tennessee at the time of his death. The list might be indefinitely extended, but space will not allow.

COLUMBUS DURHAM.

C. E. T.

Twenty-five years ago last October I first met him. He was in the Senior Class, while I was a young professor. In his handsome face and striking expression I remember to have fancied a resemblance to a portrait of Mirabeau which I had recently seen in Paris. He was in none of the classes taught by me and I was not brought into any close relation with him. But I well remember a sermon preached by him in the College Chapel (now the Gymnasium) one Sunday night. From that hour I knew that he was a man of no ordinary ability. During his earlier pastorates I saw almost nothing

of him. In 1876 he began his twelve years of pastoral labor in Durham. From this time until his death I met him often. Occasionally we may have differed as to the wisdom of plans or methods. But in proportion as more intimate acquaintance afforded opportunity for forming a better estimate of the man, I came to respect, esteem, love him.

To write of Durham the man, as I knew him and measured him, is a labor of love. His full-length portrait I am not artist enough to draw aright, even if the breadth of canvass allowed me were wide enough. I shall attempt only the outlines of a silhouette.

Many have been the gifted, scholarly, and successful men who have gone forth from Wake Forest; but it may be doubted whether any one of these has possessed more varied and generous endowments of mind and heart than Columbus Durham. The wide influence that he exerted and the strong affection that many felt for him were no mere accidents. They were the outcome of what he was; for, blended in his almost unique personality, were manly vigor of the highest type and a tenderness almost womanly.

There was nothing sluggish in his mental constitution. From sheer necessity, being what it was, his mind was perpetually on the alert. Whatever might be the work in which he was engaged, he kept every detail before him. While he was a pastor, he carried in his memory a full roll of the members, not merely of the church, but of his whole congregation. All those who at any time were brought into close relation with him will recall the fertility of his mind in suggestiveness. Whatever subject was brought up, it soon became evident that he had thought over the whole ground, at least on the practical side. As one result of this fertility and knowledge of details he was ready to take the initiative, to open discussion, to offer resolutions, to project new subjects into the arena of debate. When, in later years, the scope of his work and responsibility widened, he secured and carried in his mind

the innumerable details necessary for intelligent judgment and wise action. In all possible cases he sought information at fountain heads and he tried in every way to verify his knowledge. His memory was prodigious. Except in financial matters, he relied little on written memoranda. He seemed to be able to carry in his mind, ready for immediate use, the address of almost every prominent Baptist in the State. He could furnish, off-hand, more or less information, but always reliable so far as it went, about every Baptist church in the Convention. I can hardly recall a case where his tenacious and well assorted memory failed to respond to appeals for information or when the information proved inaccurate.

He was well endowed with practical imagination, but never developed poetic fancy in any high degree. It might possibly have been otherwise had the exigencies of so active and busy a life allowed. I do not think that he ever cared much for belles-lettres, or that he read extensively of poetry or fiction. But he was a wide and constant reader in other directions. Few men have been more familiar with the Scriptures and with the views of commentators upon them. Often, in conversation, he would bring up for discussion some question of interpretation. He was well read in Theology. But I imagine that Ecclesiastical History was one of his favorite studies.

But Dr. Durham was not a man of the cloister: he was a man of affairs. He knew men even better than he knew books. I do not think that he was unerring in his judgments of them, but I believe that in most cases his estimates were correct. As an organizer he was peculiarly gifted. This was in part because he knew what each man could best do. With red-tape and circumlocutions he had no patience. For him the nearest way was always the straight line. This impatience with policy and with all manner of indirectness was a necessary outcome of the inmost nature of the man. It

was the outward expression of deep convictions, love of truth, and high moral courage.

I do not think that I ever knew a man who was more eager to get at the truth, or who held to what he believed to be true with more tenacious grasp. He would have gone to the stake for a principle; or, what is perhaps almost as hard, he would have stemmed the tide of public opinion. More than most men he was indifferent to popularity. Some thought that he was too indifferent to conventionality. Be that as it may, he feared not the faces nor the opinions of men. For what he believed to be right, he sometimes struck hard; but he always struck openly and squarely out from the shoulder. He detested everything that savored of shyness or trickery. The heroic spirit that made Elijah and John Knox stand undaunted in the presence of kings stirred in Durham also.

And yet, withal, he was one of the gentlest and most tender-hearted of men. Such men the brave are apt to be. The massive trip-hammer can yield itself to such delicate adjustments as to hold a watch crystal without crushing it. In the social circle Durham won hearts by his unassuming cordiality. Children seemed naturally to be drawn to him. One reason why he was so great a preacher was because he had a great heart. His style was terse, simple, direct. There was seldom a sentence among his utterances which the most ignorant could not understand. Sentences fell from his lips as bullets, rather than as lightly feathered missiles. And there was no lack of logical cohesiveness. But it was with heart power that he moved men. One sermon preached by him in Wau-
tauga county in the autumn of 1891, will never be forgotten by those who heard it and who witnessed the scene during its delivery. His theme was "Christ the Revealer of God." It was in the open air. On the sides of two hills, as upon the seats of an amphitheatre, were gathered a great multitude of people. His voice, powerful, sonorous, and musical, reached the most distant of the audience. But before the sermon was

ended the sturdy descendants of the Watauga men who, with his own ancestors, had won the battle of Kings Mountain, with upturned faces and brimming eyes were crowding into every vacant space in front of the rustic pulpit and along the leaf-strewn aisles.

Those who were brought into close relations with Dr. Durham can hardly think of him without recalling the genial and delicate play of humor that often characterized his familiar conversation. He delighted in a kind of playful, half teasing badinage, especially with his ministerial brethren. Sometimes, though not frequently, he would relieve the tension of serious public discussion by smile-provoking plays of fancy.

In this connection I wish to bear testimony and give emphasis to three points. First: In constant and easy intercourse with him, covering twenty years, I never heard him relate an anecdote or make an allusion which would have brought a blush to the cheek of the most modest woman. Again: I do not recall that I ever heard him make a remark of a personal nature in regard to any man, in his absence, which I do not think he would have made in his presence. And, lastly: As much disposed as he was to joke with his friends, I never heard him say aught which would leave a sting behind. And this is the more remarkable from the fact that, in quickness of repartee, he had no equal among his brethren.

The unselfishness of the man manifested itself in many ways. When, as was often the case, he was a guest in the homes of his friends, he seemed anxious that no one should be put to extra work or trouble on his account. His style of living and of dress was simple and unostentatious. He seemed to care little for making or saving money. He did for years the work of two men, gave away with open-handed liberality, and died poor.

Few men in our generation in North Carolina have had such power to sway great audiences and to mould the opinions and formulate the plans of large numbers of people. Had he

in early life resisted his conviction of duty, turned aside from the preaching of the gospel, and entered the political arena, he would doubtless, ere his death—which, in our ignorance, we call premature—have occupied prominent positions in State and National councils, as several of his near kinsmen had already done. But surely, when we consider the real significance of a human life in its wide and more momentous relations, we shall find no room for regret that the energies of his life were expended in helping to erect the only fabric which is to abide forever.

HON. BENJAMIN JAMES LEA, CHIEF JUSTICE OF TENNESSEE.

T. H. P.

When I entered the Freshman Class at Wake Forest College, in September, 1849, I found "Old Ben Lea," as the students usually called him, a member of the Sophomore class. He was a son of Alvis Lea, of Caswell county, N. C., I suppose some eighteen years of age, and a stoutly built youth, of ruddy and handsome countenance, genial in his disposition, full of fun and frolic, though not inclined to dissipation. He was then more remarkable for his devotion to the ladies and his success in winning their favor than for devotion to his text books. He possessed good natural abilities, however, and must have studied, for he maintained a pretty fair standing in a class of extraordinary ability. This was the notable class which graduated in 1852, and was led by Dr. John Mitchell and Prof. William Gaston Simmons, LL. D., the ripest scholar, in my judgment, who has ever taken a degree at Wake Forest.

I do not know with whom he read law, or how long after his graduation it was before he removed to Brownsville, Tenn. He was, perhaps, led to settle in that particular town because it was the home of one of the loveliest men I have ever known, the Hon. Henry B. Folk. Judge Folk was a class-mate with Dr. Wingate, and in late years has been ordained to the Gospel ministry.

Judge Lea married a Miss Curry before he left North Carolina, and I am of the impression that he married a second time. I think he told me that he left the Baptist, the church of his fathers, to please his wife and her friends and became a Methodist. He went into politics in Tennessee, and after a time, became Attorney General of the State and was rapidly promoted from one position of honor to another, until when he died he was Chief Justice of the State. When the Southern Baptist Convention met in Nashville, a few years ago, he was presiding over the Senate of the State during the impeachment trial of one of their judges. I called at the capitol and on sending in my card, he called a Senator to the chair and came out and greeted me most cordially, and taking me into a private room, spent an hour with me in talking over old times. He was then a large, venerable looking man, and gave evidence of being in poor health. Indeed, he informed me that his constitution was much shattered, and I inferred from what he said that he did not expect to live long. He died some time within the past year or two—I do not remember the precise date. *

By the way, I thought it reflected great credit on Wake Forest College, that the Chief Justice of Tennessee, the chief clerk of its legislature, Roe Folk, the editor of the Baptist organ, Dr. Edgar E. Folk, and one of the most honored of the ex-judges of the State, Hon. Henry B. Folk, should all have been graduates of that institution.

THOMAS J. BOYKIN.

R. W. H.

Among the leading business men in the city of Baltimore is Mr. T. J. Boykin, senior member of the firm of Boykin, Carmer & Co., wholesale druggists.

His career is of special interest, as being that of a thoroughly industrious and energetic man. He has amassed, I think, no very great wealth, because the profits in the wholesale drug

business are not large; but, on the principle that "keeping everlastingly at it brings success," he has built up, by patient and persistent attention to business, a large and growing trade, and his firm is well and favorably known throughout the South.

The subject of this sketch was born in Sampson county in 1828. He came to Wake Forest College in 1847, remaining only one year, which was long enough, however, to cause him to love the institution and to carry away with him pleasant memories of his associations here. When he returned to his home in Sampson county he read medicine, going soon after to the University of Pennsylvania, where he graduated in medicine in 1852. He practiced medicine for two years in Kinston, when he went to Clinton to take charge of the practice left by his cousin, Dr. Bias Boykin, who died in 1854. Owing to bad health, he removed, after about two years, to Nebraska, then a territory. While in Nebraska he was elected to the upper branch of the Legislature.

Dr. Boykin's war record is rich in incident and close acquaintance with some of the leading spirits in the great struggle. Immediately after the fall of Sumter he returned to North Carolina, offered his services to his native State, and was appointed surgeon to the Twenty-sixth North Carolina Regiment, of which Z. B. Vance was elected colonel. Though at that time the two men were strangers to each other, a warm friendship soon sprang up between them, which grew and lasted until Governor Vance's death. After serving for some time in the capacity previously mentioned, he was made brigade surgeon, under Gen. Robert Ransom. Not long after, he went to Wilmington as medical purveyor, receiving and distributing medical supplies to the army. In about a year Governor Vance sent him to the island of Bermuda, as commissioner, to handle the State's goods stored at that important station. He was employed there until the surrender.

His business career began, practically, in 1867, when he

began his present business in Baltimore, choosing this place on account of its superior advantages as a distributing point. His first partners were John and R. W. Carr, of that city. The firm of Carr, Boykin & Co., however, met with poor encouragement, and at the expiration of three years, the stipulated time of copartnership, Dr. Boykin withdrew and formed a business connection with Dr. Wade, of Virginia, and Joseph W. Carmer, of Newbern, N. C. The new firm of Wade, Boykin & Co. began its career in January, 1870, and did a paying business from the start. Dr. Wade severed his connection with the firm three years later, when J. G. Stanley, of Maryland, and H. R. Micks, of New York, Dr. Boykin's present partners, were taken in, and the firm name changed to Boykin, Carmer & Co., which it has retained ever since, though Mr. Carmer died some months ago.

The present home of Boykin, Carmer & Co. is Nos. 11 and 13 North Liberty street. They sell all goods kept by physicians and druggists, making a specialty of grocers' drugs for country merchants. They deal also in agricultural chemicals for fertilizing, and are really the pioneers in this branch of business.

Dr. Boykin is now, as he says, "not a young man," though he does the same work he did twenty-five years ago. His thrift, his tireless industry, his steady devotion to business, have made him what he is—a highly respected and successful man.

CHARLES LEE SMITH.

J. H. S.

Prof. Charles Lee Smith, Ph. D., was born at Wilton, N. C., August 28, 1865. He received his baccalaureate degree at Wake Forest College in June, 1884, and during the following scholastic year was an instructor in the *Raleigh Male Academy*. In 1884-'86 he was employed as associate editor of the *Raleigh Recorder*.

He entered the Johns Hopkins University in 1886, and dur-

ing the session of '86-'87, was a University scholar in that institution. During the session of 1887-'8 he was a fellow in History and Politics. He spent the summer semester of 1888 at the *University of Halle*, in Germany, but, returning to America, he re-entered the Johns Hopkins University, and graduated from that institution in '89, with the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. From '88 to January, '91, Doctor Smith was an instructor in the Johns Hopkins University, in the department of History. December 27, 1890, he was elected Professor of History and Political Science in William Jewell College, and coming at once to Liberty he entered upon the duties of his department in January, '91.

Dr. Smith is the author of a monograph on the History of Education in North Carolina, published by the United States Bureau of Education, and has contributed articles to *Science*, *The Dial*, *Annals of the American Academy of Political Science* and other periodicals.

During his connection with the Johns Hopkins University he was Secretary of the Charity Organization Society of Baltimore, and Assistant Secretary of the American Conference of Charities and Corrections.

He is a close student and an enthusiastic teacher, and possesses to an unusual degree the happy faculty of imparting his enthusiasm to the students under his charge. He is an original investigator, and his methods of instruction are in strict accord with the best modern pedagogical theories.—*Clark's History of William Jewell College*, p. 242.

For several years Professor Smith has been especially interested in university extension work. He has organized classes in St. Joseph, Liberty and Lexington, and has delivered lectures to large and appreciative audiences. He will begin shortly his third series at St. Joseph.

—'87. W. F. Watson has gone to Edenton, to fill the pastorate left vacant by Rev. John E. White.

—J. A. Burden ('87-'88) is an enterprising merchant at Aulander, in Bertie county.

—'89. C. T. Bailey, Jr., the well known "Bailey of N. C.," has attained a marked degree of political fame, and has a lucrative position with the University Publishing Co.

—'90. Carl L. Felt is winning his way to popular favor as a physician in the city of Philadelphia, Pa.

—B. F. Williamson ('90-'92) is employed in the service of the Standard Oil Company in Houston, Texas.

—'90. E. F. Early is pursuing a course of study in dentistry at the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.

—C. W. Blanchard ('88-'91) deserves much credit for his efforts (as the agent of the college) toward the endowment of the Royall Chair of English. He is an attractive speaker, and never fails to make friends and enlist supporters of Wake Forest College.

—'91. E. W. Sikes, who expects to take the degree of Ph. D. at Johns Hopkins University next year, is preparing a life of Nathaniel Macon.

—'47. Dr. T. E. Skinner is preparing a new illustrated edition of his book of "Sermons and Reminiscences." Dr. Skinner is one of the oldest alumni and one of the staunchest friends of the college, and one of the biggest Baptists in the whole country.

—'51. Rev. John C. Averitt, another one of the early alumni of the College, has passed away. For the last thirty years he has been engaged in teaching and preaching in Texas. He is said to have been a good scholar and a sound and logical thinker.

—J. A. Kelley ('71-'73) is a large tobacco dealer and building contractor at Henderson. He has just completed a contract for the erection of a large cotton factory at that place.

—G. W. Livermon ('75-'77) is engaged in an extensive lumber business in Bertie county.

—J. W. Norwood ('81-'84) is President of the Atlantic National Bank of Wilmington, N. C.

—A. C. Livermon ('82-'86) is a popular and successful dentist at Scotland Neck.

—'86. John W. Taylor is practicing medicine at Union, in Hertford county.

—'92. O. J. Peterson has taken charge of Ronda High School, left without a teacher by the death of Rev. J. E. Greene.

—'92. Among the young alumni of the College there is no one who has so rapidly forged his way to the front, and shown so much promise of a successful career as the young editor of the *Biblical Recorder*, J. W. Bailey. Having occupied the important positions of First Vice-President of the Southern Baptist Young People's Union, Treasurer of the Southern Baptist Press Association, and delegate to the National Editorial Association from the State Press Association of North Carolina, something, at least, may be inferred as to his standing in his chosen profession. We predict for him, what he has already begun, a successful career in journalism.

—'92. R. N. Cook is teaching at Bardstown, Ky.

—John G. Allen ('91-'92) has an excellent position in the private office of a large firm in Richmond, Va.

—'94. Rev. C. M. Billings has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Greenville, and, on January 15, was married to Miss Addie Moore, one of the fair daughters of Rockingham county. THE STUDENT extends congratulations.

—'94. R. H. Carter, who has been teaching at Fair Bluff, N. C., has been forced to give up the school on account of a throat trouble, and has gone to New Mexico to seek a more congenial climate.

—'95. F. E. Parham expects to take the degree of Master of Arts in the University of Chicago next summer.

—We note with sorrow the untimely death of Mr. John M. Heck ('93-'95), which occurred in Tennessee, January 30. At morning prayers on the 31st Dr. Taylor paid a beautiful tribute to the memory of the young man, who seemed so near to the students and Faculty, and who was taken away by the fell-destroyer in the very prime and hopefulness of young manhood.

—W. C. Barrett ('91-'95), who was a member of the Senior class and one of the editors of THE STUDENT during the fall term, is now teaching in Salem High School.

A WORD TO THE ALUMNI.

This issue of THE STUDENT addresses itself chiefly to the alumni of the College and the friends of the institution generally. It is the aim of the editors, so far as possible, to show up the magazine in its true character, to enlist friends and supporters in its behalf, and to urge the sons of the College to rally round the banner of their *Alma Mater*. This issue comes before its readers in the midst of the greatest event of the college year—the celebration of the Sixty-first Anniversary of the founding of the Literary Societies. Many hundreds of the sons of Wake Forest will turn their thoughts back in contemplation of the days of their association with Mother Euzelia and Philomathesia. How refreshing and gratifying it must be for one who has done faithful and honest work in his class-rooms and in his literary society, to return once a year to the scenes of his trials and successes to do reverence to the founders of the societies and to those staunch supporters of the College in its early days!

Wake Forest expects much from its alumni. Since the success and reputation of the institution depends upon their co-operation and support, it becomes the duty of every true alumnus to be faithful and loyal to his *Alma Mater*. Wake

Forest is justly proud of the records of her sons. The long list of eminent alumni who have figured prominently in the affairs of this and other States attests the real worth and dignity of the institution. The present high-water mark reached in the enrollment of students is due largely to the co-operation of the alumni with the Faculty; and yet, if every alumnus of the College could be induced to put forth a little genuine effort towards increasing the efficiency and usefulness of the institution, Wake Forest would soon rise above the common level and take her stand at the head of Southern institutions. One of the most fruitful sources in bringing to a happy issue this ideal state of affairs is the organization of local alumni associations and, through them, stimulating interest and sympathy in behalf of the College.

It is simply a rehearsal of the old, old story to herald the intelligence that the College magazine should be more largely supported by the alumni than it is at present. THE STUDENT is, to a certain extent, an index to the progress and efficiency of the College work, and there is no better way to maintain the standing of the College among sister institutions than by sending out a first-class magazine, edited and controlled by the students themselves. THE STUDENT might easily be made the foremost college journal in the country, if only the alumni could be prevailed upon to give it their hearty support and encouragement.

M. B. D.

BOOK NOTES.

JOHN HOMER GORE, Editor.

Indirect Discourse in Anglo-Saxon. Dissertation presented to the Board of University Studies of the Johns Hopkins University for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. By Joseph Hendren Gorrell.

This is the most scholarly and complete work of its kind extant. Nader in his work has given us a very satisfactory account of Indirect Discourse as found in *Beowulf*, but Dr. Gorrell has here given us a treatise of the whole field of Anglo-Saxon study. It is hardly adapted to beginners in

Anglo-Saxon use, being more nearly fitted for a reference book for the scholar than anything else. The amount of work done and the pains taken in this work are worthy of emulation.

Messire and Other Stories. Compton. E. P. Dutton & Co., 75 cts.

We wonder why the author did not sell these productions, (and we call them productions for the lack of a better name), to some Tract Society or Sunday School Weekly. No, no, can't do that, they must be bound in half-vellum and thrust on the public at seventy-five cents a copy!

The first story in some way interested us enough to carry us through without any strenuous effort on our part, because we have a soul full of love for the faithful servant, but the milk was kicked over and spilled out when it ended in a scene worthy of a "Hard-Shell" revival. The second story is very poor, hardly worthy of a half-advanced freshman's pen. Some of the descriptions are very well done, but others almost make the skin crawl.

The Principles of Argumentation. Baker. Ginn & Company.

There are many who think Argumentation of little or no importance. And this idea does not seem to be wide-spread only among certain classes of men, but among all classes. Men naturally dread a subject that promises to be dry and seemingly useless. Professor Baker's is not dry,—it is full of life. He accomplishes in an admirable way the aim of his book and the aim of the book is "to point out clearly that there is argumentation—the most important of all, since it is fundamental to all others—which exists independent of the rules which have been formulated to govern the handling of evidence in courts, independent of legal procedure, and which can be understood without any study of books of Formal Logic. It is the argumentation of every-day life, the principles of which every intelligent man should understand." To the college debater the book is invaluable, and no less so to the writer. Professor Baker makes clear the principles which lead to convincingness. To the young lawyer the book is a gem,—he can't well do without it.

Chronicles of Count Antonia. Anthony Hope. Appleton, \$1.50.

The plot of the book is something like this: Count Antonio is in love with his beautiful cousin, Lady Lucia, and asks her guardian, Duke Valentine, for her hand in marriage. The Duke, knowing Antonio's popularity among the common people, fears this marriage will increase it, so he refuses, and promises her to a favorite of his own, Robert de Beauregard. Antonio tries to abduct Lady Lucia, but is overtaken by a body of soldiers under the leadership of de Beauregard and Lady Lucia is carried back, not, however, before de Beauregard has been slain by Antonio. For this act, he is outlawed, and remains for five years the leader of a band of brigands who live in mountain fastnesses. Finally the Duke's death releases him.

Like all of Mr. Hawkin's stories this is full of adventure and, readers liking this type of literature, will not find a dry page in the book. We do

not know whether this criticism has been made of Mr. Hawkins, but the opinion we formed of him, after reading two or three of his shorter stories is, that he can tell only one sort of story.

Vailima Letters, by Robert Louis Stevenson, edited by Sidney Colvin, 2 vols.; Stone & Kimball, Chicago, \$2.25.

These letters describe Stevenson's life in Samoa from 1889 until his death. They were written to the editor, and seem to have been given to the world just as they were written,—with their slang, bad grammar, and "cuss words" not a few; for Stevenson, it seems, could swear at times with true Scotch vigor.

The letters contain much relating to the troubled political affairs of Samoa; and this detracts much from the charm of the volumes as a whole. But we can put up with even politics now and then, when in the same letter we are told, perhaps, of the ocean glinting through the open window; or again of the writer's trials and tribulations as house-builder and farmer and author—all in one. As we read, we positively grow sick of our tame uneventful life.

These letters have deepened our love and admiration for the man who could toil away so bravely and cheerfully, with death seated ever beside him. He fought a good fight, and died as he always wished—in harness.

The Days of Auld Lang Syne, by Ian Maclaren. Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.25.

These sketches are equally as delightful as those of the author's former volume. True, some of the old familiar faces are wanting, and Jamie loses a little in having his cynicism pushed too far. Yet we have, on the other hand, such new characters as Postie and Lilly Grant, and Jamie atones for all short-comings by that heroic trip to London,—even if the author does tell the latter story after having, several pages back, put an end to Jamie. Drumsheugh is the central figure of many of the stories, and his own pathetic love story is the best thing in the book. We hope, by the way, that Mr. Maclaren will now pause awhile, and not overdo the matter.

The Stark-Munro Letters, by A. Conan Doyle. Appleton, \$1.50.

We can hardly forgive the author for having disappointed us. We had expected the usual story of exciting adventures, and here we have an ordinary, prosaic account of a young doctor's struggles in attempting to build up a practice. It is well known that the author was at one time a practising physician; and the work may be autobiographical. But be this as it may, and even despite a certain charm in the narrative, we feel that we have been imposed upon.

Brown Heath and Blue Bells, by William Winter. Macmillan & Co., 75.

Mr. Winter has here given us another volume of his delightful travel-pictures. The larger part of the volume is devoted to Scotland and her western Islands. It is a great pleasure to have described for us, in Mr. Winter's mellow, rythmical periods, scenes that Scott long ago taught us to love. The volume contains two short poems of genuine worth.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

TH. H. BRIGGS, Editor.

WILL anything from the present school of fiction last in the world of literature? This is the question upon which critics of all English-speaking lands are at the present wasting paper and time. Those who claim that any of the *fin de siècle* fiction will survive are ridiculed as incapable judges, while those of the opposite school are called iconoclasts. As a matter of fact, the literature and the literary tastes of the present are so far above what they were in Shakespeare's day that it is next to an impossibility for any one writer to overtop his contemporaries so far as to be decidedly noticeable. Time alone can be the judge. Much of the stuffy nonsense and dry morality of the old school are lost, and rightly so; and in their places one finds nature as it is, and humanity as it is written on the heart. The most liberal critics, however, can only claim a place for few of our story-tellers. Mrs. Ward will live, MacLaren will live, Kipling will live—they *must* live. But who can say that another shall be with them?

THE Century War Papers have started a perfect craze over military heroes, and magazine readers are wondering if it will never end. One has heard more of Napoleon during the past year or two than even when the Corsican won his greatest victory or returned from the "lone island" to his Waterloo. All of the magazines dipped into the Napoleonic whirlpool with equal avidity, but now the craze is being diversified. Lincoln and Washington are dividing honors, and it is an open question which will secure the greater amount of space in our periodicals. It occurs to me that the "father of his country" has grown fearfully into ill repute these late days. Young

America hears the story of the cherry tree, and laughs it down as a myth more gigantic than that of the Golden Fleece. Let us hope that this *furore* may accomplish some material good, especially upon the younger minds, or die away entirely.

It is intended in the proposed Constitution of South Carolina to disfranchise every illiterate voter, and thereby eliminate the negro ballot of the State. Much harsh criticism has been published by the Northern press, and not a few of the Southern people have expressed themselves with disgust at such a tyrannical idea. There is a serious problem before the South Carolinians, however, and one should not form an opinion rashly. Tillman's motto seems to be Joubert's "*La force en attendant le droit.*" And who knows but that it is best? There are three negroes to every two whites in the State, and where the former pay \$80,000 for public schools, the whites pay \$420,000. Should one be put on an equal footing with the other?

South Carolina must either transport the negro to Africa, an impossibility; disfranchise the negro, as it is proposed; defraud the negro ballot, as heretofore; or give over the State to ignorant negro rule. If this is true, it would seem that Mr. Tillman and his followers are not far wrong.

THE appointment of Mr. Alfred Austin to the poet-laureateship of England was a severe shock, though not altogether a surprise, to all lovers of poetry and passion in the English-speaking world. That Mr. Austin is a good Tory no one doubts, but that he is a poet—that is entirely another thing. It was the hope of many, and the implied wish of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, that the office should be abolished, but Her Majesty seems to have other notions. Perhaps, in view of so many wars, it was thought best to retain at least one official versifier of Britain's glories.

In a recent paper addressed to the literati of America, their brothers in England beg that they will exert their influence to avert a war with the mother country. Mr. Bardlet Austin refused to sign this paper. Can it be that he is in need of some inspiration so soon? I notice in his first verses published after his appointment the line:

"We were wrong, but we aren't half sorry."

Well, we are, that such a poetaster should hold the office over William Watson.

Mr. Watson is undoubtedly the better poet, but his political views prevented any consideration of his name in connection with the laureateship. His scathing lines on the Armenian question voiced the sentiment of true Englishmen, but they were not designed to tickle the government. And so we must suffer Mr. Austin.

ESPECIAL attention is called to the article in this number of THE STUDENT on Dr. Wait, by his grandson, President John B. Brewer, of Murfreesboro. This is a part of the paper read before the North Carolina Baptist Historical Society at Greensboro last fall, and which elicited so much favorable comment. Though the whole paper is full of interest and contains much rare history, it is thought best to publish here only that part of his life relating directly to the College. The cut is from an oil painting in the residence of Prof. Charles E. Brewer.

WAKE FOREST is justly proud on this sixty-first anniversary of her literary societies. The good that has been accomplished by them during all these years is immeasurable. Many men say that they received more good from the societies than from the curriculum, and I do not doubt it. One thing is certain, however: little good will result to one who does not work for it. No college can boast of more or of better work than that which is now being done in both halls.

It has been found necessary by each society to hold two meetings weekly for debate, and one for declamation and business, and that with an active membership of little over two hundred.

Many alumni seem to think that "things are not as they were in the old days," and truly they are not. There is a constant improvement in the societies and, incidently, to the College. What good there may be to Wake Forest must come through the societies.

It is with pleasure that the first place in the editorial department for this month is surrendered to Mr. Dry's alumni notes. This issue contains some very valuable papers on various alumni of the College, besides the usual notes, and Mr. Dry is to be congratulated on his success.

EXCHANGES.

JOHN HOMER GORE, Editor.

The Christmas number of *The University of Virginia Magazine* is very attractive. There are some pretty engravings of Rotunda Building, but this is not the most attractive part. The matter is of the very highest order; this issue contains some very fine verse.

There will be an inter-collegiate debate between the *University of Georgia* and *Emory College* on May 15th. The bill for the appropriation of \$25,000 to the *University of Georgia* failed to be passed by the Legislature of that State.

The *University of Chicago* will have an income of over \$600,000 for the year 1896. Miss Helen Culver, of Chicago, has given \$1,000,000 to the University as a Christmas gift. The *University of Chicago* and the *University of Michigan* are to have a debate on the question, "Is the principle of a graduated property tax one which the State should adopt?"

The *University of Michigan* is to have a new woman's gymnasium, which will cost \$50,000.

The *Vassar Miscellany* always has plenty of good reading matter, but we think it has too much essay work. The article on Edward Fitzgerald's Correspondence is very good. We are all interested in Fitzgerald and the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. The verse is very good.

Fifty-four thousand dollars was spent at *Yale* last year on athletics. Of this amount, \$10,000 was subscribed by the under-graduates, and the remainder was raised chiefly by the proceeds of baseball and football games.

Howard M. Booger has been elected captain of *Vanderbilt's* football team of '96. Connell was first elected, but resigned.

An educational campaign is going on in Georgia to raise \$100,000 additional endowment for *Mercer University*. On this account the Board of Trustees has suspended for this winter the Preachers' School, which was run in connection with the University last year.

Carson and Newman College has just erected a magnificent building on its new site, at a cost of \$40,000 or \$50,000. The college is trying to start a good library, and is making fair progress, though a good library is not established in a day.

The Trinity Archive continues to improve, but is still dry in its literary department. Almost no stories appear in this journal. The essays are good, but they need something to balance them off; they, by themselves, make the journal too heavy. The other departments are well gotten up.

An effort is being made by the management of the *Southern Baptist Theological Seminary* to raise \$60,000 as the Broadus memorial endowment; \$30,000 of this amount is in sight already.

The library of *Princeton College* has received a collection of books in classical and mediaeval Latin, printed in the fifteenth century.

The Virginia General Assembly has authorized the *State University* to issue \$200,000 of non-taxable bonds to replace the building destroyed by fire. The annual appropriation of \$5,000 was increased to \$15,000.

The Mnemosynean is steadily improving, and is quite a credit to the *Agnes Scott Institute*; but, then, there could be quite an improvement in the local department. Jokes rather detract, as far as the literary standard of the magazine is concerned. The local department, in its way, is very well gotten up. The editorial work and the essay work are good.

Cochran, '98, has been elected captain of the *Princeton* football team for next year. Wrightington, '97, will be *Harvard's* captain.

Amherst College is preparing to send out its first eclipse expedition. It will be under the direction of Prof. David P. Todd, and will fix a station on the island of Gezo, Japan, to observe the eclipses of 1896.

The Amherst Literary Monthly has some good reading matter, and it must be a pleasure to the editors to work with a definite plan, as they do. We notice that no editor has a contribution in this issue, but has his depart-

ment well supplied with good, wholesome reading matter. The tales are all well told, and some of them display a good deal of talent.

Our Western universities seem to have had a great revival. The *University of Wisconsin*, judging from the numbers given below, is making great strides, and in no great time will be one of our best institutions: In 1888, 654 students enrolled; 1889, 725; 1890, 800; 1891, 846; 1892, 1,021; 1893, 1,028; 1894, 1,196; 1895, 1,294.

England has ninety-four universities, and America three hundred, yet there are 2,728 more professors in the former than in the latter.

It is estimated that upwards of \$230,000 is expended annually by the members of fraternities for badges and jewels.

About sixty-eight per cent. of the college men of this country belong to the Greek letter fraternities, it is reported, though twenty-eight per cent. is probably nearer the correct figure. One-sixth of the college students in the country are studying for the ministry.

Over 40,000 women are attending American colleges, yet it is only twenty-five years since the first college in the land was opened to women.

Chicago University has just held its winter convocation. The institution has no vacation and no closing exercises, but four convocations a year. Ex-Governor Russell delivered an address, and President Harper reviewed the three months preceding. President Harper was granted a vacation.

Coach Watson, of *Harvard*, has been at *Cornell* several times within the past few weeks, and it is well known that some proposition for a race between the crews of the five colleges is being considered, but they refuse to express any opinion as to the merits of the proposition. It is probable that *Harvard* will not object to *Yale* as one of the contestants, if such a race is arranged. If this race takes place, *Harvard* will have fulfilled her engagement with *Cornell*. If the proposition falls through, *Harvard* and *Cornell* will have their race according to the contract.

Greece, after exhuming marvels of art from her soil, is now preparing for a grand revival of the celebrated Olympian games. Through the munificence of a rich citizen of Greece, M. A. Averoff, the restoration of the *Olympian Stadium* at Athens is now being carried on. It is 656 feet long and 100 feet wide. The entrance is at the northern end. The southern end ends in a hemicycle. Twenty-five ranges of seats rise on three sides of the arena. The seats, steps, parapet, etc., are built of stone from the Piræus and of Pentelic marble. The steps are ten feet wide. Under the hill at the east has been dug a vaulted passage, which gives the athletes direct access to the arena. The ruins of the ancient Stadium have been diligently studied, in order that it may be reproduced as nearly as possible. When finished, fifty thousand spectators can find a place around the arena.

The All-American team has been chosen by Mr. Casper W. Whitney, the athletic editor of *Harper's Weekly*, and is as follows: Brooke, Pennsylvania,

full-back; Thorne, Yale, half-back; Brewer, Harvard, half-back; Wyckoff, Cornell, quarter-back; Bull, Pennsylvania, centre; Wharton, Pennsylvania, guard; Riggs, Princeton, guard; Lea, Princeton, tackle; Murphy, Yale, tackle; Gethbert, Pennsylvania, end; Cabot, Harvard, end. He ranks the nine leading teams as follows: Yale, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Harvard, West Point, Brown, Cornell, LaFayette, Dartmouth.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

W. P. EXUM, JR., Editor.

THE INTERMEDIATE examinations are over and the regular work for the spring term has begun. This year the examinations continued only eight days instead of fourteen, as formerly. The Faculty seemed very well satisfied with the change.

ON SUNDAY EVENING, January 14, Dr. J. B. Powers delivered an interesting lecture to the Bible Bands on "The Art of Healing in the Time of Christ." After a few introductory remarks the Doctor gave a sketch of medical history and showed how the scientific ideas of disease, which originated among the Greeks, were excluded from the minds of the Jews through their dislike for foreign nations. So the idea prevalent in Palestine was, that disease was sent as a punishment for the committal of sin, and consequently "The Art of Healing" conformed to this idea, consisting, for the most part, of methods for the expulsion of the evil spirits to whose presence the disease was attributed. He gave illustrations of the various prescriptions, which appeared very ludicrous. The lecture was concluded by the statement that modern medicine, with all its discoveries and inventions, still acknowledges Christ as the greatest of all healers.

IT IS WITH pleasure that we announce the slow but continual improvement of Miss Annie Dickson, who has been very ill for several weeks with pneumonia.

MESSRS. SETZER AND OWEN, two of the ministerial students, who have had severe attacks of pneumonia, are also convalescing.

THURSDAY EVENING, January 18, the Rev. Dr. C. C. Bitting, Bible Secretary of the American Publication Society, gave an address concerning the history and work of the Society. During the first period, Friday morning, he gave an instructive address on Solomon's Temple. During his address he referred to the popular idea that Masonry possesses some secrets about the Temple, but he said that the idea was legendary and not historical. He spoke also of the time and thought he had devoted to the subject, and then explained his idea of the building. The walls were not vertical but sloping from the top, thus making the interior wider above than below. The "Holy of Holies" was a cubical box placed in the rear of the building.

ON THE EVENING of January 26, Professor Gulley gave an address on "The Doctors of the Law." He began by contrasting the Jewish civil government with ours, and by explaining the duties of the lawyers before, during and after the Babylonian captivity. To preserve the purity of their laws and to prevent their contamination by their captors, the lawyers were required to read and explain them to the people. So much stress was laid on the original forms that, after a time, they forgot the true spirit of the law. Thus the Jews, above all others, became worshippers of forms, adhering strictly to "the letter of the law." The lecture was closed with a fitting tribute to Nicodemus and with a eulogy to Paul for his instrumentality in advancing the doctrines of the Christian religion.

BASEBALL IS THE important topic now among the boys. The grounds have been greatly improved and the prospects generally are very bright. We have no "star" players, but we have some splendid material and enough enthusiasm. Un-

der the management of Mr. Carter, the manager, and Mr. Powell, the captain, we cannot but succeed. Several dates have been agreed upon already, and there are many more still to be closed. Every student who has any college pride should lend his hearty support. If you can't play ball, encourage those whom you expect to sustain the athletic reputation of the college.

THE REGULAR MEETING of "The Historical and Economic Society" was held on the evening of January 30. Mr. J. H. Gore, Jr., read a paper on "Magna Charta," giving a comprehensive account of its origin, its originators, its effect on England at that time and its later effect on English liberties and progress. He gave evidence of great historical research and especial care in preparation. Mr. R. H. McNeill read an article on "Money." The paper was well prepared. The main feature was the explanations of the various theories advanced by the leading financiers of the country. Mr. Pritchard presented a paper on "Silver," advocating free and unlimited coinage, irrespective of an international agreement. He also read an extract from a letter written by Judge Walter Clark while in Mexico, which attributed the great prosperity of Mexico to its use of silver as primary money. The "Historical and Economic Society" promises to be one of the most interesting and at the same time instructive features of the college.

PROFESSOR CARLYLE has been invited to deliver the literary address at the Atlantic Collegiate Institute. Last spring the Professor made several literary addresses and everywhere won the hearts of his audience.

DR. H. A. ROYSTER, of Raleigh, will lecture here during the latter part of February. He stood at the head of his class at the University of Pennsylvania, and we feel safe in predicting that his lecture will be well worth listening to.

REV. E. G. MULLINS will lecture here during the spring on "Missions."

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, January 31, Dr. Edwin Hall, of New York city, lectured on "The Mistakes of Ingersoll." He brought out very forcibly many inconsistencies of atheists, and showed by many striking illustrations that all atheistic doctrines are without the least conceivable foundations. There was a very small attendance.

THE ENROLLMENT of students has now reached two hundred and fifty-seven. This is a larger number than Wake Forest has ever had. As to the work that is being done we feel quite sure that the Faculty will bear us out in saying that the students generally are working harder than ever before.

THE WAKE FOREST LITERARY CIRCLE.

Mrs. WILLIAM ROYALL POWELL,
(born Miss Susie Cameron Lanneau)

In the fall of 1892 an idea, which had long been in the minds of some of our literature-loving people, assumed shape and permanence by the organization of the ladies and gentlemen of Wake Forest into a Literary Circle. One of the leading spirits among the organizers was Dr. Wm. Royall, of blessed memory.

The initial members who met at the residence of Professor Poteat the evening of September 30, 1892 were, Dr. Wm. Royall, Professors Poteat, Sledd, Maske, Sikes, Mrs. Poteat, Misses Evabelle Simmons and Hannah Lanneau, Misses Sophie and Susie Lanneau. During the three years of its work to date the membership has steadily increased and now numbers about thirty-five.

The aim of the Circle is to incite its members to such study of the poets as will help them not only to a keener appreciation of poetry, but to a better understanding of the personality and character of the poets themselves.

A desire to engage in the study of poetical works and willingness to do whatever work may be assigned, are the only conditions of membership in the Circle.

The Circle meets semi-monthly at the residences of the various members, the host of the evening usually presiding over the meeting. Three gentlemen of the Circle constitute the Committee on Program and are the only appointed officers.

A brief outline of the work done during the past three years, and of the enjoyment and profit derived therefrom, may stimulate others to engage in this work.

Our work in '92 began with the study of some of the shorter classical poems of Lord Alfred Tennyson. As this led us into Grecian Mythology several of Euripides' plays were read. One delightful evening was given to the study of Edgar Allan Poe. A number of his short poems and some prose selections were read, and papers giving the estimates of various critics of Poe were presented by different members.

The general discussions in the meetings are interesting. Questions freely asked and answered give animation and life. The absence of formality adds much to the enjoyment of the poems and papers read.

The spring of 1893 was devoted to the study of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." This proved to be a most delightful study. The history of King Arthur's Round Table given at these meetings by Professor Sledd, added much interest to the poems. One evening was devoted to each poem with sometimes the addition of a paper or talk on Tennyson's life and character.

The first year's meetings numbered thirteen, the last one being in June '93. As so many members are absent during vacation no meetings are held in the summer months.

At the first meeting of the next session, held in September, it was decided to continue the study of Tennyson.

One evening was given to Locksley Hall; another to selections from the ballads. Two meetings were devoted to "In

Memoriam." At one of these, three most enjoyable papers were read, viz.: "Growth of 'In Memoriam' in Tennyson's mind," by Professor Sledd; "Tennyson as an Optimist," by Professor Royall; and "Tennyson as an Evolutionist," by Professor Poteat. The study of Tennyson occupied all the meetings during the fall of 1893. (If a private opinion is here permissible, they were the most thoroughly enjoyed of all the meetings.)

In January '94 the study of Shakespeare was begun and during the spring the following plays were read: *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *King Richard III.*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Twelfth Night*, *King Henry IV.*, *As You Like It*, and *The Winter's Tale*. One evening was spent in reading Shakespeare's Sonnets.

In July '94 the Circle enjoyed a musical evening with Longfellow. The meetings of this year numbered sixteen.

The first three meetings of the next year were spent in the study of Mrs. Browning's poems. Professor Sledd gave an interesting sketch of her life. Her "Sonnets from the Portuguese" were much enjoyed. The following three meetings were devoted to Robert Browning. Many of his short poems were read, and his drama, "Pippa Passes" was interesting to all.

Some of Keats' poems were read in the next few meetings, his Odes giving the most general pleasure.

The study of Shelley's poems was begun in the last two meetings of the year; his well-known poem "To a Skylark" being one of the first read.

On renewing our meetings in the fall of '95 the Circle continued the study of Shelley with much interest, two meetings being devoted to his "Prometheus Unbound."

With the beginning of this year 1896, we take up Wordsworth and hope to spend many enjoyable evenings in the study of his poems.

THOMAS H. BRIGGS & SONS,
RALEIGH, N. C.

HARDWARE,

STOVES, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,
LIME, CEMENT, PLASTER, GUNS AND GUN GOODS.

—BICYCLES.—

Best Goods. Lowest Prices. Square Dealing.

W. H. & R. S. Tucker
& Co.,

RALEIGH, N. C.

*Dress Shirts, Negligee Shirts, Drawers,
Underwear, Collars, Cuffs, Scarfs,
Handkerchiefs, Hats, Shoes, Etc.*

WE SOLICIT THE PATRONAGE OF STUDENTS.

IN ADDITION TO OUR LARGE AND
GENERAL STOCK OF

DRY GOODS,
CARPETS, Etc., . . .

We have the largest and
most thorough equipment
in the State of



Gentlemen's
Furnishings.

BOYS!

WE SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE.

WAKE FOREST, N. C.

Druggists, Booksellers
and Stationers,

T. E. HOLDING & CO.

DRESS SUITS Made to Order

A SPECIALTY.

▽ WE have a large line of samples of
the best cloths for DRESS SUITS,
▽ and will guarantee a Perfect Fit and
Low Prices.

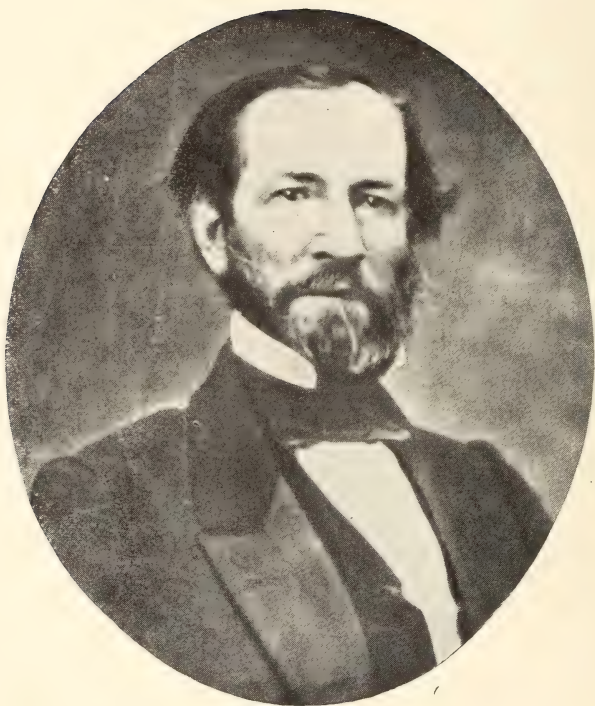
WE ALSO HAVE
A FULL LINE OF

CLOTHING,

Underwear, Hats, Shoes, &c.

Lowest Prices Guaranteed.

Whiting Bros
LOWEST PRICES GUARANTEED
CLOTHIERS & HATTERS
Raleigh, N.C.



Yours truly,
David Outlaw

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

VOL. XV. WAKE FOREST, N. C., MARCH, 1896.

No. 6.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY FROM UNFAMILIAR SOURCES.

COLONEL DAVID OUTLAW.

BY PULASKI COWPER.

Colonel David Outlaw was born in Bertie county, North Carolina, on the 14th day of September, 1806. He was the son of Rolph Outlaw and Elizabeth Cherry, who was the daughter of Solomon Cherry, a captain in the Revolutionary Army. He went to school in the neighborhood of his father's home, and was prepared for college, and entered the University of North Carolina in 1820, at the age of fourteen, and graduated in the class of 1824, at the age of eighteen. He was a member of the Philanthropic Society. Among his classmates were Benj. B. Blume, John Bragg, Jas. W. Bryan, Armand J. DeRosset, Wm. A. Graham, M. E. Manly, James H. and Jno. W. Norwood. He read law under Judge William Gaston, at Newbern, N. C., and was admitted to the bar in June, 1827, and located in the town of Windsor, Bertie county, North Carolina.

Some time after this he moved to Raleigh, N. C., and at the time of his father's death, which occurred in 1836, was editor of *The Raleigh Star*, which paper was at that time the organ of the Whig party in North Carolina. Immediately after the death of his father, he left Raleigh and returned to Bertie

county, in order to take charge of his father's affairs, he being the eldest son.

He was married in Windsor, on June 7, 1837, to the widow of the late Joseph J. Ryan, of Bertie county. Mrs. Ryan was Miss Emily Turner, of Tennessee. To his two step-daughters, Harriet Ryan, the wife of (the late Col. David M. Carter) and Emily Ryan, (Mrs. Gilliam, now of Baltimore, Md.) he supplied the place of the lost father, and ever bestowed upon them the most tender affection and regard. The same consideration and love was imparted, alike to them as to his own children, and no visitor to his house would observe otherwise than the same relationship to them as to his own children. This was but a type of that true manhood, and the impulse of a great and generous nature that characterized his course through life, for the mighty Maker of the Universe never implanted in the human frame nobler instincts or more elevated and refined purposes than were instilled in the heart and soul of David Outlaw.

He had four children, Elizabeth, Annie Peyton, David and George. Only two of these survive, Elizabeth, and Annie, the wife of Dr. William T. Sutton, a native of Bertie county, but now residing in Norfolk, Va.

He was a member of the General Assembly, House of Commons, from Bertie county, in 1832, 1833, 1834, 1854, 1856 and 1858, and a member of the Senate in 1860 and 1866. He was also a member of the Convention of 1835.

He was made Solicitor of the First Judicial District in 1837, and held this office several years. The State never had a more diligent or faithful prosecuting officer. He dispensed favors to none, but discharged his duty in strict conformity to conscience and the law. His best friend, or his avowed enemy, received alike his persistent endeavor to convict, if in law he conceived him guilty, and no inducement could cause him to seek conviction if he thought the party not guilty. He was bold, determined and unflinching in the dis-

charge of his official duties, and his love for his native State was as true as that of any of her sons. He once had to prosecute a warm personal and political friend, a man of much influence and wealth, who had, in defiance of law, destroyed the fishing nets of the little shoemaker, Augustus Arps, placed in the Perquimans river, claiming that no one other than himself should locate nets in that particular part of the river. Col. Outlaw prosecuted him with vigor and vehemence. He entitled him, "*The Great Lord High Admiral of Perquimans River,*" and so ridiculed his lordly pretence of power and assumed authority that he was easily convicted by a jury of his countrymen. It so embittered his former friend and supporter that he became his open enemy, and in his subsequent political contests strove to defeat and crush him, but such justification did Col. Outlaw attach to his own course of action, that he exerted himself not at all to restore the former existing fellowship.

In 1845, he was a candidate for Congress in the Edenton District, but was defeated by the late Judge Asa Biggs, of Williamston, Martin county, by one hundred and forty-five majority. In 1847, he was again a candidate for Congress, defeating his former opponent, Judge Biggs, after a strong and heated contest, by seven hundred and twenty-four majority.

In 1849, he was opposed by General Thomas J. Person, of Northampton county, whom he defeated by five hundred and eleven votes. Few men came to the front with more sudden political prestige and popularity than General Person. Reared from boyhood to work, with scarcely any educational advantages, yet he was full of energy and push. On the rebuilding of the railroad he took large contracts, and in a few years had made quite a nice little competency. He immediately applied himself to hard study, and entered college at Chapel Hill, and graduated in 1848, at about the age of thirty. Just before his graduation, he was nominated for the Legislature,

and immediately after commencement came home, and after a few interviews with that astute and finely posted politician, the late John J. Lockhart, Esq., who imparted to him true Democratic doctrine, he entered with warmth and spirit, and conducted one of the most memorable legislative campaigns known to Northampton county, defeating, I think, the late Judge David A. Barnes, at that time one of the strongest men in the county. Soon after this he was elected Brigadier General of the County Militia, and a little later on was a candidate for Brigadier General of the State Militia, but was defeated by the late General George Edmund Badger Singeltary, of Pitt county.

In 1849, he was nominated for Congress against Colonel Outlaw. As a boy, quite "in my teens," I now recall their sojourn through my native town to one of the speaking places—the General in his fine open carriage, with span of stylish blacks, and driver, and the Colonel modestly following, but a little distance behind, in his high stick sulky, and little short-tail bay; "*but he got there all the same.*" The General was a worker and had great personal magnetism, but the old war-horse of Eastern Whigism was too much for him. Distant from his *prochien amy*, Lockhart, and confronted by his competitor's political experience, wisdom and sagacity, the Colonel was an irritating thorn in his side throughout the canvass. He would frequently, while the General was speaking, correct him here and there, thus breaking the effect of his argument, and in his reply, as the saying goes, would make the "fur fly." In fact it was a misfortune that General Person, who was a man of decided parts, limited as his political experience and information at that time was, should have engaged in a contest with a man gifted and informed as Colonel Outlaw was conceded to be. This contest seemed, in a measure, to abate the General's ardor and ambition, for though he made a good and active canvass, he aspired after this to no higher place than a seat in the General Assembly,

but confined himself afterwards, almost exclusively, to his vast agricultural pursuits, in which, up to the beginning of the war, he was quite successful.

In 1851, Colonel Outlaw defeated the late Colonel William F. Martin, of Elizabeth City, who was voted for generally throughout the district, though he was not a regularly nominated candidate.

In 1853, he was defeated for Congress by the late Dr. Henry M. Shaw, of Currituck county, by a majority of eighty-seven votes. Dr. Shaw was a fine and attractive speaker, and was a member of the Legislature of 1852, in which he took a high stand, and made quite a reputation in defending his right to his contested seat. The late Mr. John Gray Bynum, (father of Ex-Judge Jno. Gray Bynum), a man of broad intellect, had made a powerful and telling speech against him. Dr. Shaw, in his maiden speech in reply, and the only one he made during his membership, was specially effective and convincing, and secured for him at once a reputation as an orator and debater. The Senate voted that he should retain his seat.

In 1855, Dr. Shaw was defeated by Colonel Robert Treat Paine, a Colonel in the Mexican war, of Edenton, N. C., by three hundred and forty-six votes. Colonel Paine was the exponent and standard-bearer of the Know Nothing party, and he was very severe on the Irish, and the Catholic Church and creed. He spoke in the old court house at Jackson to a crowded house. Immediately on concluding his speech (Dr. Shaw not being present), loud calls were made for Edward Conigland, then a young member of the Halifax bar, who promptly responded. It was the first political speech he had ever made, and was replete with eloquence, diction and finish. He took everybody by surprise, and decidedly outwitted and overmatched his adversary, Colonel Paine. He commenced his speech, saying: "Fellow-citizens, I am an Irishman and a Catholic. The love for my native land, and the adherence to my creed, was instilled in me at my dear mother's knee,

and I have grown to manhood in its firm faith and devotion." In reference to the restriction of, and prejudice sought to be made by the Know Nothing party against the Irish race, he said: "Many years ago there emigrated to South Carolina a good Irish man and a good Irish woman, husband and wife; the son of these two good people, born on Carolina soil, was John Caldwell Calhoun, whose name is a household word, and whose memory is revered throughout our entire land."

In the midst of his speech, he said: "The Catholic doctrines have been my study from my boyhood until now, and I should know something about them, and upon this subject of Catholocism I am ready to meet any man in its defence." At this juncture, the late Mr. Henry K. Burgwyn, a High Episcopalian, and a man of thought and letters, arose and said: "I will meet the gentleman at any time and place he may name." Mr. Conigland expressed surprise that "he should be interrupted and thrown off his guard by this so-much-needed adjunct of Colonel Paine," as he styled him, and while Colonel Paine was there in person to reply, and throwing some hot side-shot into Mr. Burgwyn, was much cheered by his Democratic friends. Of the few now living, who heard this memorable discussion, I recall Ex-Attorney General Batchelor, now a prominent member of the Raleigh bar, and Mr. William W. Peebles, likewise a prominent member of the Northampton bar.

In 1857 Dr. Shaw defeated the late Chief Justice Smith, by a majority of thirty-eight votes. In 1859 Judge Smith defeated Dr. Shaw, by a majority of five hundred and fourteen votes. Dr. Shaw was Colonel of the 8th Regiment of N. C. State Troops, and was killed at Batchelor's Creek, near Newbern, N. C.

In height Colonel Outlaw was six feet two and a half inches, but was very slender, hazel eyes, red hair, with fair skin, generally accompanying hair of that color. He was extremely near sighted, and always wore spectacles, was always dyspeptic, and in his latter years was a great sufferer from rheu-

matic gout. He was quite neat in his appearance, and dress. He generally wore a blue broadcloth dress coat, with brass buttons—walked quite erect, and with dignified mien, and was likely to attract attention, as he passed along to the courtroom with his green baize bag containing his books and papers. He practised law, principally, in the courts of Bertie, Hertford, Gates, Chowan, and Washington counties. Among his associates at the bar, were Judges Augustus Moore, Robert R. Heath and Chief Justice Smith, Governor Bragg, Patrick H. Winston, (father of Doctor Winston, of the University of North Carolina, ex-Judge Winston, and F. D. Winston, Esq., of Windsor)—a very sound lawyer, Judge H. A. Gilliam, Joseph S. Cannon, Thos. M. Garrett, Frank Byrd, and Judge David A. Barnes.

Judge Thos. C. Fuller, said to me recently that he had a vivid recollection of Colonel Outlaw and of his power before a legislative body. At a session of the legislature, many years back, when Colonel Outlaw was a member, he (Judge Fuller) with several others from Fayetteville, were urging the passage of a bill authorizing Cumberland county to levy a special tax for some specific purpose. Much feeling and interest were engendered by the supporters of the bill, and such was the evident result of the work done, that it was conceived the bill would pass with but slight opposition. Just before the vote was called, a tall, slender, red-haired man, with gold spectacles, arose and addressed the assembly: "Mr. Speaker" he said, "there is no music in a tax bill for the people. I have never known any bill that provided for increased taxation that afforded any music for the people." He made an extended, powerful argument against the bill, and when the vote was taken, it was "killed as dead as Hector," and, added Judge Fuller, "when he finished, he had entirely convinced me that he was right." He further added: "I consider that Colonel David Outlaw was one among the ablest men of his day and generation."

Colonel Outlaw was a well equipped lawyer, a good speaker,

not particularly fluent, but powerful in argument. His language was simple but very forcible, and no lawyer who practised in his courts felt easy or safe when he had the last speech in a case. It was a common saying among the lawyers: "Outlaw has the last speech, don't make him mad."

He presented his cases to the jury with force and power, and when thoroughly aroused and warmed for the fray, was the full match for any fellow member at the bar. I have heard him, at times, when I conceived that no man could be more powerful or effective in argument, or present his case with more impassioned strength and earnestness. But his chiefest attractions were his noble nature—his honesty, his integrity, his purity of thought and action, and his complete antagonism to double-dealing or guile: for in no one were blended more those qualities that dignify and adorn a gentleman's walk and thought and conversation.

The young members of the bar held him in peculiar regard. When a young lawyer appeared at the bar, his courtesy and kindness were extended—he sought his acquaintance, and gave him encouragement and advice, and these young members grew up with him in stronger attachment, day by day.

When much excited in debate, he would become very impulsive and, at times, was unmindful of his heated and spirited utterance. On one occasion, at Hertford Court, while prosecuting one Thomas Johnson, for stealing a keg of lard, or as in that day was called, "keg of fat," the main evidence against the accused was the empty keg found in his garden. The lawyers on the other side were making strenuous efforts to acquit their client and were pushing the Colonel hard on this point, and he, being much wrought up and excited, closed his speech by saying: "May it please your Honor and gentlemen of the jury, if Thomas Johnson didn't steal that keg of lard, *how in the h-l and damnation came the fat keg in his garden?*" and took his seat. The people laughed, and the judge, seeing no contempt of Court was intended, joined in the momentary mirth and said not a word.

The Colonel was not overburdened with nature's pulcritude, though he had a face that would "pass muster" anywhere. On another occasion, at Hertford court, he was examining a witness, one Henry Jones, who wouldn't tell it as the Colonel wanted it told, so he sought to weaken the force of his testimony to the jury, and looking him straight in the face, said: "Now Mr. Jones, don't you think you are a beautiful man—a very pretty man, to come into this Court, and tell to this jury such a tale as you have told?" Jones replied, "Colonel Outlaw, you have asked me a question, and I'm going to answer it. My old father is dead and gone, and these people in the court house here, knowed he was a truthful man, and wouldn't tell a lie. One day I was playing out in the yard, and father said to me: Henry, d—n me, if you and old Davy Outlaw ain't the two ugliest folks that the Lord ever made. From that day to this, Colonel, I've never thought I was a pretty man." The Court and the bar enjoyed this witty reply, and the Colonel, only said, "you can stand aside."

Colonel Outlaw was not a member of any church, but was partial to and attended the Episcopal Church, as his wife and children were members of that denomination. He was fond of his home and its surroundings, and his happiest moments were those enjoyed around the circle of the family fireside. The death of his wife, which occurred in October 1859, was an affliction from the shock of which he never recovered. He died in Windsor, N. C., on the 22d day of October, 1868, and was buried in the Episcopal churchyard of that town.

Within the silent tomb repose all that remains of one who was true to his fellow man and was faithful to every trust or obligation, imposed or accepted: who loved his neighbor, and ministered unto the poor; who feared to do evil, and strove to do well, and who so lived that his life was rendered an example worthy to be followed. He reached fame's pinnacle and fulfilled man's highest destiny on earth, in leaving a name untarnished, and a reputation without a stain or a blemish.

THE SPECTRE MAID.

Upon the shore at gloaming-tide,
I heard in plaintive tune,
The mingling of the wind and surge,
Crooning their old, mysterious rune.

And from the mists arose a shape—
Ah, grim and ghostly phantasy!—
It seemed a maiden wondrous fair
Calling and beckoning me.

Pale was she like a wave-washed crag
Or the gray of a petrel's wing;
And these the words her accents framed,
The rune I heard her sing.

“O, loved one, come! And we will haste
To a far off, fairy land,
Where a golden sea forever breaks
On a boundless golden strand.

“Where lovers dwell in bowers sweet
Beside a silver stream;
To a land where love is always new
And life an endless dream.

“Then hither quick! my loved one fair,
Come, haste thee to my side!
My kelpies champ impatiently
To speed us o'er the tide.”

So wildly sweet the tones, to me
Such rapture did impart,
That up I leapt, my soul aflame
To clasp her to my heart.

Then straightway rolled, like tongues of flame,
The seething waves on high.
“Back! Back!” in fury did they hiss
“Back! Back!” they seemed to cry.

But on I sped, across the brine,
To my fair one’s side I flew.
When lo! what loathsome, ghastly sight
Fell on my shrinking view.

No lovely face did I behold:
A grinning skull was there;
And, as I gazed, a fiendish laugh
Clove, mockingly, the air.

“No more shall joy thy portion be,”
The spectre harshly cried,
“But aye a deep, consuming love
That ne’er is satisfied.

“For me alone the fire shall burn,
For me thy heart be lorn,
For me thy soul shall sadly sigh
Like moaning winds at morn.

“And when thou woulds’t, with warm embrace,
My form to thee enfold,
Lo! then the mask shall drop, and thou
A phantom shalt behold.”

THE LUMBER ROOM.

[From the German of Volkmann.]

W. R. HOBGOOD, '97.

It was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when Dr. Albert Holzheimer stepped into his room, threw down on the table a large package of papers, and fell exhausted into an arm-chair which stood before him. On the previous evening, after a long, fatiguing journey, he had reached his native town and his father's deserted house in north Germany. Early at eight he had again gone out. But now the affairs, on whose account he had returned, were settled. He had severed every tie which bound him to his old home, and had sold to the present manager the important commercial business, which, since the time of his great-grandfather, had been carried on upon the ground floor. What in the world should he do? He had no inclination whatever for a business life, and did not know himself where he would settle permanently later on. Certainly not here.

He looked around the old-fashioned room, where he had hoarded as a boy. The old furniture still remained, and stood in the same places as formerly. Even the curtains were the same old ones. The dark, richly-carved table at which he sat had once been his father's; afterward it was given to him, and on it he had written his lessons. Memories of his childhood absorbed him wholly. It had been very happy. It is true, he had hardly known his parents,—he had only avague recollection of his father; but after their death an older sister had taken up her abode in the house and superintended the education of the boy. He had loved her dearly, and had clung to her as to a mother. Then she, too, after a long illness died, when he had reached his fifteenth year, so that he was now all alone. The family's most intimate friend had very willingly offered to adopt him, but his guardian appeared

and, in spite of all the protests of his friend, carried him to the southern part of Germany.

Since that day Albert Holzheimer had been in his native town only twice. To-day was the third and, he thought, the last time.

He took a sheet of writing-paper which lay before him on the table, and began with a pencil to draw all kinds of flourishes and arabesques. But he erased every figure before he had completed it.

"I will not go there!" he suddenly said to himself in an undertone. "I will write to Mrs. Senator on the way and excuse myself. She will learn that I have been here only one day. Why should I go there?"

He again became lost in thought, and filled a second sheet with his drawings. The rapidity and nervousness with which he moved the pencil revealed his internal agitation.

In the next parallel street was the residence of the widowed Mrs. Senator Amthor. From the second story could be seen the high gable, which, with its crane and loft window closed in by shutters, overtopped all the other roofs. Despite the determination which he had expressed not to go there—there, in the Amthor dwelling, were his thoughts. There he had daily gone in and out, until he was fifteen years of age; he had passed almost all his leisure hours there. Ursula, Mrs. Senator's only daughter, had been his daily companion. She was four years younger than he, and they had come to love each other devotedly as brother and sister. Her picture, as she then looked, stood vividly before his eyes. Then he had been suddenly taken away. Oh! how he had wept, and how miserable he had been, when he was forced to part with his serious, intelligent little friend, and go away with the stranger.

About four years later he had taken his degree at college. Just a few weeks before, he received a cordial invitation from Mrs. Senator to spend with her the interval of rest between his collegiate and university courses. As soon as he had his

diploma in his pocket, he set out. It was his first extensive trip alone. He found everything as of old in his friend's house. Ursula was as wise and intelligent as ever, but had grown very little and was still a perfect child.

Then, again after a number of years, he had returned a newly-made doctor, this time uninvited and unexpected. He had become of age in the meantime, and it was his own house into which he stepped as master. Unannounced he walked into the sitting-room of Mrs. Senator, who, by chance, was busy in the kitchen. A tall, slender girl stood at the window, and was visibly startled when she recognized him. He walked hurriedly up to her; but she bowed and gave him her hand hesitatingly, of course addressing him by his name, but in a most formal manner. He was urged to remain to the meal, and sat beside her; but they were no longer the little playmates of former days. Ursula gave her second neighbor her entire attention. He was a distant cousin, who labored as clerk in the great commercial establishment of the town, and his loquacity offended Albert. Mrs. Senator tried in vain to introduce some conversation of a general character. The thread again broke as soon as she had tied it.

On the following day Albert again left after a short, somewhat awkward farewell visit, during which he had not seen Ursula. He had intended to remain longer, perhaps the whole winter, and to fit up lodgings in his own house. Now it was gossipped in the place that he had asked for Ursula's hand and been refused.

Thus matters stood.

The young man arose, unlocked the middle apartment of the table, and drew out a drawer. It was full from bottom to top. He smiled and removed the contents: copy-books of the third and fourth grade, arranged in order; small wooden and paper boxes containing trifles of every description, worthless stones and shells which he had gathered on the neighboring beach.

He took everything out, in order to put the roll of papers which he had brought with him, into the drawer; then some objects which seemed to awaken his fullest interest fell into his hand: a large, rusty key, from which hung a flat piece of wood with an illegible inscription, and two drops of cut glass, which, apparently, belonged to an old-fashioned chandelier. He took the key in one hand, the glass in the other, and sat down in the arm-chair with a sigh.

He closed his eyes and dreamed. Again the youthful play-mate occupied his thoughts; not the tall, silent young lady, but little Ursula, who looked at him with her great blue eyes. "Good-day, little Ursula," he said to her, "I am through with my lessons; come, we shall play in the lumber-room; I have brought the new book with me!" He took her by the hand, and they sprang together up the garret-staircase. Over Mrs. Senator's sitting-room was a great garret-room; here was the children's play-house. Rarely did a day pass, except during the cold winter, when they were not in it. For in the course of time an incredible amount of trash had accumulated here: chests and boxes full of household effects; old furniture and crockery; and from a slanting beam hung down from the ceiling by a cord a broken chandelier, consisting of numberless crystals arranged on wires. Against the wall, in their large, dark frames leaned a number of old family portraits, most of which were full of holes. One especially pleased them—a stately dame attired in blue, with thin, inflexible waist, and numerous strings of pearls around her bare neck: the blue madam, as the children called her.

They entered. In the middle of the room stood a wooden box, over which they had thrown an old carpet; this they used as a sofa. "We are not going to play to-day. I will show you the new book now and read to you!"

And he threw around her neck the arm which held the book, and read.

Just then the clock struck twelve. Dr. Holzheimer stood

up again, stepped before the glass, and arranged his hair. "No," he said aloud, "it would show ingratitude and cowardice, if I did not go there! A short call! To-morrow I leave!"

Meanwhile, Miss Ursula Amthor stood at home in a corner of the sitting-room, and watered her flowers. She seemed to take a long time for this, since she had already been thus occupied a half hour. Some one in the town knew that Dr. Holzheimer intended to come to-day, and that he had come. She, too, knew it. She had not thought of the possibility of his passing by her home. Mrs. Senator sat on the sofa and knitted, not without occasionally casting a searching, anxious look at her daughter, whose back was turned to her.

"Mother," Ursula suddenly said, "have you not heard a noise over us? It must be someone in the garret!"

"I hear nothing, child!"

Ursula was silent; after a moment she again asked excitedly: "Hear you not, mother?"

"Yes, I myself hear it distinctly, now. But why are you anxious on account of it, Ursula? Of course it will prove to have been one of the servants in the garret."

"No, mother! It is not one of the servants! These were the heavy, bold steps of a man; and over us lies only the old lumber-room, which, as you know, has been always locked for long years. None of the maids know where to find the key. I shall go up and see what it means!"

"Wait, my child! It is all the same, whoever is up there. Besides, I hear it no more; it must have been only a delusion!"

But Ursula went.

With beating heart she ascended the staircase—sure enough, the door of the lumber-room stood wide open; the sun shone through the opening into the sombre garret-way, and the fine dust danced in its bright, streaky beams.

She listened a moment, then arose on tiptoe and bent her head over the door-post.

There sat Albert in the lumber-room, his eyes fixed steadfastly on the open door, so that she knew he must have seen her. She stepped into the middle of the doorway, as pale as death. "Albert," she said aloud, "are you here?" He sprang up and stretched out both arms to her. "Ursula," he cried, in a voice which cut her to the quick, "Ursula!" Then she likewise held out both her arms, rushed up to him, and threw herself weeping upon his breast. He pressed her to him long and lovingly; then he kissed her very hesitatingly on the forehead, and said: "Ursula, dear Ursula, are you indeed the same as of old?" "Yes," she replied very earnestly and solemnly, and allowed her head, which she had just raised up in order to look into his eyes, to fall back on his breast, as if she would hide herself there.

He took her by the hand—she had become glowing red and trembled—and they both seated themselves on the old sofa, where they had so often sat as children, and around them lay and stood all the lumber and treasure with which they had amused themselves in childhood. Over against the wall still leaned the blue madam, and gazed benignly at them with her large blue eyes—I think it was Ursula's great grandmother—and before them hung down the glass chandelier, and the sun played on its sparkling crystals, and threw rainbows on the floor.

They remained silent a long time. Finally Ursula said, blushing: "I cannot understand, dear Albert, why I did not see you come. I stood in a corner, whence one can look out through the whole street, and watered my flowers a long time before I heard the first noise over us, and came up to see who was here!"

"I entered the back door, Ursula!"

"The back door? Then you must needs have come through the baker's shop, just across the street from us, and through the long, narrow court-yard of our neighbor!"

"Yes," he replied, with a smile, "I did it wholly absorbed

in thought. The way is so much shorter, and I used always to come by it. Suddenly I stood in the baker's shop, and the people, who recognized me, gazed at me in amazement. Nothing remained for me to do but to ask whether a person might still pass through."

"But did you likewise go up the back steps in our house?"

"Of course! Therefore, I came straight to the garret instead of to you. I was so wrapt in thought that I went up one flight of stairs too many, and found myself suddenly at the door of the old lumber-room—and—then I felt in my pocket. I must, of course, have deposited the key there previously, I have no distinct recollection of it. But I had the key and as soon as I placed it in the lock and the door creaked and came open, and I saw all, I perceived where I was."

"Yes," he said, meditatively, "I had it here in my pocket!" and as if he were going to show how he had gotten it, he felt in his pocket and brought out two pieces of glass exactly like those of which the chandelier was composed. They lay in his hand and glittered as if they had been diamonds, which he had brought her as a present.

"I must have put these, too, in my pocket when I came here!" he suggested. "How it happened, I do not know; and how it happened that I now have you again, I likewise do not know. But—that I again have you, and that I shall now never again let you go, I do know!"

She pressed his hand a while in silence; then she said: "I don't understand yet about the key! How did you happen to get possession of it at all? You know it has hung in the key-case for years! Who gave it to you?"

"Little Ursula," he said, "do you still remember how I was forced to leave ten years ago, and how I wept and begged you to keep a good lookout for all our dear treasure up here? Then you answered: 'Albert, I shall not go up there at all again—not a single time until you return.' And when you

had said that, I slipped up into the garret, took the key and locked it up in the old desk. This morning, when I wished to store away some documents, I found it. But how it got into my pocket—that I do not know!”

“Yes, yes!” she replied, in confirmation of his statement, “after you left the key was sought everywhere. Mother at last sent for the locksmith, and had him make a new one. But, Albert,” she continued, and tears came into her eyes, “I know you must have loved me always during the long years of your absence, when you allowed nothing to be heard of you, otherwise you would not have gone through the baker’s shop, and placed the key and the crystals in your pocket!”

“Yes!” he assured her in a voice which expressed the deepest conviction, “but I did not know myself how passionately I loved you. But now confess to me, Ursula, why you seemed so cold toward me when I was here the last time? Why did you address me so formally that I was forced to conclude that you cared for me no more, and went away again in the utmost haste.”

“Albert,” she said softly, “when you came, then—I had grown up in the meantime; and when you stepped up to me so suddenly I perceived that I loved you and felt anxious, lest you might kiss me; and then I gave a start.”

* “But you were so ceremonious in your manner of addressing me!”

“For the same reason, Albert, for the same reason! But I think I have been up here in the garret half an hour. Mother has already missed me a long time!”

“Come, we will go to mother together.”

She looked at him happily and nodded an approval. But, she suddenly started and said: “Then you must have gone through the kitchen, since the front garret-door is always locked. You know I, too, have gone up the little back staircase as you did. What will the servants say?”

* Aber du hast mich “Sie” genannt!

"Leave the servants alone, I pray, little Ursula!"

He gave her his arm and they went down the steps, past the astonished cook, to her mother. Speechless, she saw the couple enter.

He made a profound bow and kissed the hand of the old lady, who was full of emotion.

"Mother," he said, "we were in the old lumber-room. The old, dear things are there yet. And then we have looked into our hearts and found that they likewise are two lumber-rooms, which are packed full of dear memories of times long ago. When I was here last, clouds, perhaps, lowered in the sky; but to-day the sun shines right in, and flashes and glitters with unimaginable brightness."

Then Mrs. Senator drew the young man to her heart, took his head between her hands, looked long and trustingly into the old, well-known eyes, kissed him, and said:

"I do not know much about it, yet; but I understand the main points. God bless you, children! God bless you! Amen!"

THE MYSTERY OF "THE DEVIL'S WOOD YARD."

C. L. G.

One morning, several years ago, I was idly making my way down a little river in my row-boat, with my gun at my feet, and my dog curled up in the stern. I was pleased by the loneliness of the wild scenery around me. The stream, broad, currentless and scarcely marked by a ripple, reflected from its dark bosom the great cypress and juniper trees, that with great festoons of grey moss, stood like bearded giants, guarding the shore. Wherever the water was shallow, countless water lilies were scattered like stars, while far out in the stream only the blue heavens were reflected.

To my left, on the Pasquotank side of this beautiful stream,

was a great swamp, known as the "Devil's Wood Yard." Its great trees with their dense foliage, its wilderness of whispering reeds, its dark, impenetrable depths, always filled me with a kind of awe when near it. This morning, as I was in a meditative mood, I pulled my boat to the shore, found a suitable place to land, and after a few moments was seated on a fallen log, drinking in the wild beauty of the scene. My mind reverted to the old stories that I had heard about the spot. According to tradition—which tradition, by the way, is true of almost every great swamp in Eastern Carolina—it was in this very swamp that Edward Teach, or Black Beard, as he was called, used to hide his ill-gotten treasures. I was startled to think of the riches that might even then lie beneath my feet.

How long I remained in this state of mind I cannot tell. But suddenly I was aroused by a low, frightened snarl, and my dog, generally afraid of nothing that prowled the forests, crept close to my feet, trembling and terrified. I quickly looked up, and to my amazement beheld, not ten feet from me, the strangest figure I had ever seen. It was a man, about six feet high, and tanned almost black by exposure. The lower part of his face was covered by a great, black beard, which was divided and trimmed to two points. This, together with a long, wiry mustache, gave to his face a most blood-thirsty expression. He wore a cocked hat, and his hair, long and coarse, was bound back into a queue. He wore also, a scarlet cloak, knee-breeches and heavy boots. A massive sword hung from a belt at his side. All this I took in hastily, and then looked again at his face. Surely the countenance of Satan himself could not have been more expressive of craft, cruelty and utter wickedness; yet, in strange opposition to all of these, I did not fail to note in his eye a faint twinkle of good natured mischief, and he was evidently enjoying the discomfiture of myself and dog.

At length I found voice to say, "Who are you?"

"Hast thou not heard of Black Beard?" he asked.

"Yes," answered I, "but he has been dead for nearly two hundred years."

"I am Black Beard," he said, "and now, why art thou intruding thus on my solitude?"

I made a motion as though I would oblige him by leaving his solitude at once, but with a gesture he arrested me.

"Once in every ten years," he continued, "I am permitted to revisit this spot, to look after my treasures that are buried here. But now I find thee here. What doest thou here?"

"I—I only came here for a — well, just because I happened to be passing." I faltered.

"Thou liest!" hissed the being, drawing his sword half way from its scabbard.

This was too much for me to take, even from a ghost, so I leaped up, gun in hand, ready to kill anew this irrepressible pirate. To my surprise, he dropped his sword back into its scabbard, and broke into a loud laugh.

"Oh, ho! I see thou art a fiery little gentleman," he said, "Well come with me, and since thou art so brave, thou shalt see—nay, shalt even possess, the treasures of Edward Teach, the pirate."

He at once glided off through the swamp, and I, too astonished to do otherwise than obey, followed as best I could, picking my way over tussocks and hillocks, anything to give me a footing. Soon we came to a little island in the great swamp and halted beneath an immense juniper tree. My conductor waved his hand, and, as if by magic, a negro, scantily clothed and bearing a spade, made his appearance. At a motion from Black Beard he began to dig beneath the tree, and in a very short time had unearthed two large chests. A thrill went through me as I guessed their contents. Immediately they flew open.

Never before, had I seen such wealth as that which now glittered before me. One chest was filled with English and Spanish gold coins, the other with a dazzling heap of jewels. There were bracelets, ear and finger rings, and a thousand

other golden trinkets, many of them set with diamonds that sparkled in the sunlight which came stealing down through the top of the great juniper. After looking at them for a moment the old pirate turned to me and said, "Behold a part of my treasures? Take them, they are thine."

For a moment a haze passed before my eyes, and when I looked again Black Beard and his ghostly attendant were gone, and where a moment before had yawned the black hole, with its heap of wealth, I now saw only reeds and rushes. The old juniper remained, however, and touching it, I was convinced that it was real.

I returned to my boat, wondering much but convinced that a treasure lay buried beneath the old juniper, and that all I had to do was to dig for it, for had not the phantom said, pointing to the money and the jewels, "*Take them, they are thine!*"

The next day I came back with tools; and likewise for several succeeding days. I dug all around the tree and laid bare its great roots. I then cut the roots and continued to dig. I delved away knee-deep in the mud and water. I was too jealous of my secret to take a partner. I would have the whole treasure for myself. My people wondered at my frequent absence from home, but I invented excuses. Thus I went on for a week, and almost dug the old tree up by the roots. At length I was compelled to crawl out of my pit to keep the soft bank from caving in on me. But yet no treasure! Surely there was never a more disappointed man than I was. At length, after repeated trials, I was compelled to give up the project.

What did it all mean, anyhow! Had Black Beard spirited the treasures away? If so, why had he given them to me? These to me were unanswerable questions, and remained so for many years.

But recently the matter was cleared up in a very unexpected manner. Looking over some old books, I found a "*Life of Edward Teach, or Black Beard,*" by a colonial author. Glanc-

ing through it I found one paragraph, which was to me, a flood of light. With some slight changes in spelling, I give it, verbatim.

"It is said that this jolly pirate was fond of jokes, and that he played many absurd tricks on the crew of his ship, '*The Queen Annie's Revenge*,' and in fact on any one whom he happened to meet."

The rascal! And so he had played a trick on me, and had put me to delving in the mud like a turtle! And I must confess, had he been near at the moment of that revelation, I would have seized him by his ghostly beard, and would have done my best to re-commit him to the care of old King Pluto. One thing is certain, I never now venture near the Devil's Wood Yard, amid the gloomy fens of which are buried the treasures of Edward Teach, the pirate.

THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL OF FRENCH LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

SPENCER CHAPLIN, JR.

When the Renaissance of the fourteenth century, which started in Italy and swept over all Europe, infusing new life in manners and customs and especially creating a great revival in every branch of literature, reached France in the beginning of the fifteenth century, mediaeval literature was at its highest. The Renaissance infused new life in learning by giving an entirely new direction to French thought and its expression, and consequently caused a corresponding depreciation of mediaeval literature. After the wave of inspiration of the Renaissance had subsided, a new school, which was to govern French thought for two hundred years, sprang up from the two results of the revival of an interest in classical studies, viz., an attempt to Latinize the French language, and to imitate the Greek and Latin literature.

The classics were slavishly imitated, both in style of writing and in plots, and the mediaeval or domestic style was held in contempt. The classical style is best shown in the drama, which is characterized by certain rules drawn from the Poetics of Aristotle and *Ars Poetica* of Horace, called the dramatic unities. These unities regulated the time, place and action of the play, and prescribed that the first must not exceed twenty-four hours, the second must not be changed, and the third consist of one action. The classical drama, being robbed of its liveliness and force by the rigid rules of the Latin and Greek dramatic unities, lost its importance long before the close of the eighteenth century, and during the last half century of the classical period there was hardly a drama produced. As Victor Hugo sets forth in the preface to his *Cromwell*, the time of classical paganism had passed away, and the era demanded something modern in thought and style—a demand which was supplied in the Romantic movement.

There were two influences at work which brought about this literary reform, viz., the foreign influences and the domestic influences. The most powerful of the foreign influences are those exerted by the translations of Shakespeare, Scott and Byron. The influence of Shakespeare was greatly increased by the visits of two English companies to Paris in 1822 and 1827. Scott and Byron also exerted a powerful influence upon French literature, which can be seen in the writings of the followers of the Romantic school. Another foreign influence came into France from the German romanticists through Mme. de Staël.

The domestic influences were those exerted by the writings of Chénier, Chateaubriand and Lamartine, which were marked by a newness of color, liveliness of description and independence of thought not seen heretofore in French writings.

The drama occupied the central point of discussion in the Romantic as in the Classical school. All the canons of taste—the dramatic unities, verse and enjambement—estab-

lished by the Classical school were totally disregarded in the Romantic school. The utmost freedom was allowed in the time, place and action of the play, which sometimes covered a period of several days, and dealt with places hundreds of miles apart. Enjambement was allowed to give liveliness and effect to the play, and the old Alexandrine verse was completely ignored. The drama of the Romantic school really began with the first representation of Victor Hugo's *Hernani*, in 1830, which gained the decisive victory over the classical drama. The opening lines—

“ Serait-ce déjà lui?
C'est bien à l'escalier
Dérobé ”—

sounded the charge, and the horn of *Hernani* announced the defeat of the classical drama. The characteristics of the literature of the Romantic school are sentimentality, grotesqueness and supernaturalism, painted with the local color. These characteristics can best be understood by studying the style of the greatest writers of this school.

Victor Hugo is perhaps the greatest romanticist, and may be called the founder of the Romantic drama. His writings, at first, were marred by the grotesque and the horrible, which are the most prominent characteristics of the Romantic school. This grotesqueness is brought out in *Bug Jargal*, in his description of the horrible massacre of the whites by the revolting slaves of San Domingo; and in *Notre Dame de Paris*, in the beautiful Esmeralda hanging on the scaffold. The horrible reaches its highest in Victor Hugo's works in the monstrosity and ugliness of his characters, as Quasimodo, the one-eyed monster in *Notre Dame de Paris*. After awhile the style of Victor Hugo softened, and glided more into sentimentality, which reaches a very high perfection in his later works. This sentimentality, tinged with the horrible, which he never could wholly cast aside, is beautifully brought out in *Hans d'Islande*, in the earnest entreaties of Ethel to her lover to escape his

doom by marrying another, and in his steadfast refusal to accept freedom on such terms.

Theophile Gautier, who donned the spike-tail coat and red vest and became a disciple of Victor Hugo on February 25, 1830, is the next most important member of the Romantic school. His writings abound in all the characteristics of Hugo's works, painted in glowing colors, which Hugo could never command. In addition to the sentimentality and the horrible, which he carried to the extreme, he added another characteristic—supernaturalism. This supernaturalism is depicted with a marvelous power of imagination in his *Albertus*. The sorceress, Veronique, who was ugly enough to make the Gorgons tremble with fear, transformed herself one day into a beautiful young woman and changed her cat into a young man. Accompanied by him, she went to Cyde, where she captivated Albertus. One day she revealed herself to Albertus in her former ugliness. He invoked the blessings of God upon her. At the mention of God's name she vanished, while the Devil thanked Albertus for his politeness. His *Jettatura* is a wonderful combination of sentimentality, grotesqueness and supernaturalism. Paul d'Aspremont fell in love with Miss Alicia Ward. She soon lost her freshness and became sick. Paul sent her to Italy, where she regained her health. He met her there some time afterward, and immediately upon his arrival she began to droop. He discovered that his eyes had an evil effect upon her. He put them out with a hot iron, and went to apprise his sweetheart of what he had done, but found her dead.

Honoré de Balzac belongs to the Romantic school by the choice and treatment of his subjects. He had a passion for the unreal and fantastic, and filled his writings with unrealism. His power of giving true expression to the feelings and sentiments of his characters is beautifully shown in *Eugénie Grandet*, in the love and sacrifices of the heroine.

Prosper Mérimée joined the Romantic school, but soon for-

sook it, as also did De Musset. He continued to feel the influences of the Romantic school, as is shown in *Colomba*, which abounds in sentiment and love.

The Romantic school, as a movement, was of short duration, having lost its power before 1848, but it broke down the classical style and left its influence upon all modern French literature.

IN THE GUEST CHAMBER.

[CONCLUDED.]

J. D. HUFHAM, JR.

The sound of the water wimpling over the rocky floor so resuscitated my down cast spirits that now, for the first time, did I pluck up sufficient courage to examine my cell. At least I had the assurance that I should not die from thirst, and then, too, the time for each egression of water would furnish me something upon which I might occupy my mind.

I arose intending to fetch up at the spring where, after quenching a burning thirst that had already seized me, I should begin explorations. My course, however, was precipitately stopped, and in a quite unlooked-for manner. As I put out my foot, it came in contact with something that gave back a hollow, rattling noise. I stooped down and reached forth my hand to discover the object, and in doing so inadvertently thrust one finger into the eye-socket of a human skull. It was covered with a slimy, parasitic vegetable excrescence, such as I had rubbed from the walls in my descent.

The incident so completely enervated me, that I was forced to sit down, trembling in all my limbs, in a profuse cold sweat and a deathly sickness at my stomach. Those who would make light of my seeming lack of manhood, should first place themselves in exactly similar circumstances. I might add, for my own justification in the eyes of such people, that I have

since proven both as to courage during battle, and as to the endurance of the privations of camp life that I am not wanting.

For quite a season I remained where I sat, not daring to move, lest my step might disturb some venomous reptile, of which I felt sure there was a great abundance all around me. But as time passed, these apprehensions began to subside to some extent, and I resolved to begin again. I arose and began groping my way slowly and carefully toward the spot from whence the sound of the water proceeded. The floor proved to be so slippery that great precaution was necessary to prevent falling; and this, together with the dread of again stumbling over any further remains of skeletons, made my progress slower than it would otherwise have been. This timidity on my part I presently found reason to regret, for scarcely had I drawn near enough to feel the spray on my hands and face, when the water suddenly ceased flowing. A low gurgle from the last drops as they trickled down the wall continued for a moment and then all was silent.

I was in a phrensy of disappointment. I could almost have wept aloud. I cursed a thousand times the silly, puerile fear which had held me. My thirst seemed about to consume me. Hours might elapse before the spring could again fill up. I tortured myself by imagining that it might be days, and even months. Meanwhile, I would die from thirst. Rats would come to devour my flesh, and as I fancied, in its parched condition, it would crackle in their teeth like paper.

The thought was unendurable. I sprang up from where I had again bent down, determined to walk, shout, laugh, sing or do anything which would enable me to pass the time. It occurred to me that I had not yet explored my place of incarceration, and with the thought at once set about executing it.

I put out my hands, and walking straight ahead until I gained the wall, I turned and followed along it. In this manner I continued to feel my way, till after having turned the

the first corner and covered a few paces beyond, I met with an obstruction. It turned out to be a wide, stone bench covered with a dank, rotten mess, which must once have been straw. In the wall was an iron ring. I tarried barely long enough to determine all this, for the thought that by the merest hair's breadth did I escape being chained to this couch was sufficient to hasten me on. Without further mishap I made a complete circuit of the chamber, and went around a second time, that I might enter more into the details of its construction and estimate its size. It was a room of about fourteen feet square, and rough hewn out of solid rock; and as I pondered over this, I could not but wonder at the vast amount of labor which was necessary for its excavation.

I was now sufficiently collected to sit quietly and wait for the outpouring of the water. All at once a plan leaped into my mind that sent the blood tingling through me. A plan which would, at least, enable me to know how time was passing, and whether day or night was with those above me. Here was a spring which flowed during a certain definite time, and for another stated period was passive. If I should count both these periods by seconds as an ordinary clock would beat them, I should be in possession of as sufficient a means for calculating time as I need wish for. At first I was puzzled to know how I was to manage while asleep, but this was soon surmounted. Going straight to the wall, I felt along it with my hands for the crevice through which the water poured out. It proved to be a circular orifice of about one inch in diameter. Having carefully estimated this, I fetched another compass around the walls, measuring by spans during the circuit, the height and length of the stone bench. This and the size of the hollow, through which the water made its exit, determined I was ready for the second emission of water.

I had been so much occupied with my project for measuring time that I was scarcely conscious of the great thirst which was upon me; but now, as I sat waiting for the water

to begin flowing, it seemed that I should be forced to satisfy the craving at the first opportunity. There was not long to wait. The water presently came spouting out, and leaped wildly over the rocks, and on out to green fields and sunshine. The sound was like the sweetest music to me, and I could picture to myself how the little rill would go tumbling over its pebbly shoals, churning into foam against the rocks as it descended in cascades, and flashing and twinkling in the sunlight.

But this was not the time for fancying. I immediately began to count one, two, three, and so on, until a half hour had elapsed, when the water ceased flowing. I then began, and counted an hour, after which it again began to flow. Having done this I arose, and tearing a strip from my jerkin proceeded to ascertain the velocity of the water. This I accomplished by holding the strip in the stream a short distance from my other hand, which was also in the stream, and the moment I let the scrap go from one hand I counted until it struck the other. I repeated this several times, and estimated the velocity to be about eighty-eight inches per second. I could now quench my thirst, and I immediately set about doing so.

Being greatly refreshed by the water, of which I drank no small quantity, I was enabled to look upon my condition in a more hopeful manner. My first task was to execute the plan I had hit upon. When I left daylight, the time must have been something like three-quarters on towards eight o'clock. At most, a half hour elapsed before the water began flowing, and as two periods of its activity and rest had passed, making in all three hours, the time should be about a quarter-past eleven. How I should manage while asleep, was something like this: knowing the size of the cavity through which the water poured (1 inch); the velocity of the water (88 inches per second); and the size of my cell (14 feet), I approximately estimated that the water would rise in the cell four

and one-half inches during one overflow, if its exit was closed, and in eight hours it would rise two feet, which would more than cover my couch. I would trust this to awaken me. Having stopped the escape of the water by means of my doublet and a stone, I threw myself down upon the bench, and was soon sound asleep.

As I had anticipated, the water aroused me the next morning, and removing my shoes and hosen, I prepared to displace the obstruction. About half across the chamber I slipped and fell head-long to the floor. The fall partially stunned me, so that I remained under water longer than I would otherwise have done. This accident I ever afterward had reason to thank fortune for. As I lay for a moment in a sort of dazed state, I heard a strange crunching sound, like the noise made by a person walking over gravel, and at the same time a human voice, though there was nothing human in its tones. Weird, flat and indistinct it came to me, sending a thrill of fear through my whole frame. "He lost it while crossing the river. With it Sir Clevis can find the secret door, enter the keep, slay the Baron, confiscate his lands and marry his daughter. Without it he can do nothing. Ah, here, we have it!"

I waited to hear no more, but sprang up and kicked away the stone. Like a flash the whole thing dawned upon me. Sir Clevis had stolen the plan of the castle, that he might enter through a secret door, surprise and slay the Baron, seize the estate, and marry Mistress Lilyan. While he was crossing the stream it had dropped with its case into the water. To recover it he had let men descend to the river bottom, beneath an inverted liquor cask, or some such means, and they had found it. Their voices I heard while I was under water.

How this was so, is simple. Sound travels under water better than through air. Although the outflow of the water had almost been stopped, yet it was not entirely so. A small and constant stream had connected my dungeon with the river, and in this way the sound reached me.

I was in a fever of excitement over my discovery, and was pacing up and down, when I heard my name pronounced in a sweet, faltering fashion, that rang strangely familiar on my ear. I stopped and listened. Again I heard my name called in the same timid way, but this time there was no mistaking the tones. They were Mistress Lilyan's. "Timothy, art thou there?" she asked.

"Yes, my love; but by God's mercy and power I hope not for long. Listen, sweetheart, for I have a message thy father must hear at once—a message that will surely bring me out of this foul sepulcher." I then told her of all that had befallen me since my inhumation. When I was finished I bade her hasten to her father, and as she ascended the stairs I kissed my hand after her.

Not until the next day did I ascend, with Jotham and the two soldiers, to the world again, and I must have presented a pitiable sight, my raiment nasty and drenched as it was. I hastened to exchange it, however, and was escorted into the presence of the Baron, where I found Mistress Lilyan also.

"Timothy," he cried, "thou hast well deserved my daughter, and thou shalt have her. Thank, however, thy own wits for the stroke of fortune, for otherwise Sir Clevis' carcass would not be rotting on the highway."

ROMAN SATIRE AND ITS EARLY MASTERS.

TH. H. BRIGGS.

Satire undoubtedly originated with the Romans; certainly they excelled in this branch of literature, for it was peculiarly their own. There are traces of a satiric tendency in Roman literature independent of a professed satire; it seems to have been a part of the spirit of the empire—tragedy, epics, theological and secular prose, arguments, poems, and, in fact, all classes of the literature of the imperial period were tinged with satire.

Roman satire was essentially didactic. It ridiculed vices and absurdities in society, and tended to the improvement of public culture and morals.

The oldest satire was a kind of dramatic improvisations expressed in varying meters; but the rudeness and vulgarity of these unwritten effusions bear little resemblance to the earnest and cutting criticism that went to make up the force of the literary satire of a later period. At first, as I have said, satire was written in various kinds of verse, but after Lucilius it was generally treated in hexameter verse; much, however, was written in prose.

Lucilius is universally admitted to be the first who handled men and manners in that peculiar style, which has ever since been recognized as satirical; and from a literary point of view, the particular glory of Lucilius consists in the fact that he was the creator of a certain kind of poetry, which has ever since been the terror of rascals and of fools.

The sting of satire is that it understands life, and shows its ridiculous and contemptible side; it goes beneath the apparent motives and shows those which are low and despicable. Satire may be written in sternness or in humor; both are equally effective. There is a kind of satire that is half-way between a semi-dramatic farce and classical satire. Ennius is an example of this school, as is also Scipio.

Of the many Roman satirists, I shall mention only three: Lucilius, Juvenal and Tacitus.

Caius Lucilius, the founder of classical literature, was of good family, and was behind the scenes of public life. His pen was scathing, even his friends were not free from its sting; on the whole, however, he used his power well and judiciously. Horace, Juvenal and Quintilian all testified to his greatness and usefulness. He lived in high life, among the patrician families, but his works were sincerely democratic. His patriotism at one time caused him to be ranked above Horace; but now, in the cold enlightenment of modern times, we lose

sight of his patriotic fire and rank him, as he deserves to be, below Horace.

Lucilius used very loose constructions, and often mixed Greek with Latin words, but his eloquence of language is beyond dispute. Pliny says, speaking of him, "*Frimus condidit stili nasum.*" He did not attack the dead, as did Juvenal and Tacitus, but his contemporaries and friends felt the sting of his pen. He did not satirize any one foible of human nature, but all life was open to his attacks. In modern literature his nearest likeness is in Dryden; that is, when Dryden is in a serious mood.

Juvenal certainly is not a poet in the highest sense of the word; he revels too much in the realms of horrors, but he has a mastery of words and a terseness of language that fully fits him for satiric productions. We cannot find Juvenal's character in his writings, not one trace: for he never lifts the iron mask, "*rigidi censura cachinni*," as he calls it, but always keeps himself in the background. While some of his satires may tend to show that he was genial, simple and kind, and had a high faith in providence, yet his early works and his intimate friendship with that rare rascal, Martial, does not bear out this theory.

Juvenal is original, but his strength is in his prejudices. He attacked Roman vice because Grecian ethics condemned them,—for Rome thought as Greece did. He denounced former rulers as tyrants, not because they were such, but because Trajan encouraged this abuse of his predecessors. His tirade was not a new idea, but simply a strengthening and compilation of many minor writings. Juvenal tried to show how the Republic had been overthrown, in order that he might have a claim in its reconstruction.

The pictures of real life, of society, are his masterpieces; he was at his greatest there. He wrote of all,—from the degenerate noble to the blood-sucking parasite; from the hypocrite to the profligate being, calling herself a woman. He did not

treat of contemporary themes, for in the first satire he says: "*Experiar quid concedatur in illos Quorum Flamina tegitur cinis atque Latina.*" He thought it safer to ridicule those dead and buried than the living, for the dead can do no harm. Yet one can see, now and then, a scathing cut at some contemporary foible, veiled in a satire of an ancient custom. Indeed, Juvenal's writings are called historic satires, as those of Tacitus are called satiric histories.

Often Juvenal's moral sense is obscured by his patriotism, and had his policy been persisted in, the Empire must have fallen, for it tended to break down that great wall of citizenship, and make the slave equal to the master. The men of learning, for the most part, sided against him in cases of riot and disturbance; but the Emperor, probably to gain popularity, often took his part. As Juvenal grew older his literary power decayed; but, as if in compensation, his tone became gentler and sweeter.

Tacitus, that proud and independent writer, seemed to have been goaded into writing satires by the same resentment that rankled in the breast of Juvenal.

In his early works he is gay, brilliant and flowing; while in his *Agricola*, and later productions, he becomes a stern, back-looking moralist, who pictures virtue so beautifully that even vice should be ashamed.

The obscure brevity in which Tacitus revels to such a degree does not seem to be a part of his nature, but must have been acquired by years of painful and tedious labour. In the world's literature there is no example of a style so compressed and full of meaning. Of all Latin writers none has so much power over the reader as Tacitus; he is the most persuasive, most precise, and most just writer we know.

Tacitus hated the early rulers, because they inaugurated evil policies that their successors could not help but carry out: so he, too, fought the dead. His *Annals* are more concentrated and dramatic than his *Histories*, but, from a historical

point of view, do not rank so high; but, as Merivale has said, they are all satire. Tacitus was often full of anger and pity, but those feelings, in turn, gave way to expressiveness and sentiment set forth in his own peculiar style.

April, 1895.

THE RED KING'S DREAM.

J. N. TOLAR.

It was the day before Lammas-day, and William II., King of England, sat in his chamber, surrounded by his courtiers. The morrow was to be devoted to the chase, although the church had commanded all her children to keep peculiarly holy on that day. But King William would not hear the pleadings of the Abbot of Westminster, that the day should not be desecrated by the death of the stag. The Abbot persisted, and the king, becoming angry, ordered the Abbot from his presence, saying that no doting old bishop should mar the pleasure of the morrow.

"I will have the morrow's chase in the new forest; then for that, and all other by-gone sins, thou shalt pardon me; and the rest of the Red King's days shall be spent in piety and penitence. Come what may I must hunt to-morrow."

"God pardon you," murmured the Abbot, as he withdrew from the chamber.

"Rouse me by daybreak to-morrow," said William to his faithful servant, Sir Walter Tyrrell. When he had said this, he prepared to retire to his chamber for the night, but observing the Lord of Maus approaching to urge his suit, he waited. The Baron was making preparations to depart with his army for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidels. He now came to beseech the king to suffer his territory to rest in peace.

"Go where you will," answered the Red King hastily, "but I will have your city."

"My liege," answered the Baron, "my land is mine, and if you doubt my title, I am prepared to prove its validity before any competent tribunal."

"I will plead with you," answered William, "when and where you please; but my lawyers will be swords and spears and arrows."

"Listen to me, O, King!" said the Baron, as the King was about to retire. "I lift not my spear to gratify any selfish purpose—I seek not to increase my territory, or to swell my coffers; but I lay bare my sword in the cause of Him from whom thou derivest thy authority. The sign of the cross shall be marked on my helmet, my shield and my saddle, and I will leave thy cause to the protection of heaven."

"Do as you like, Sir Knight. I wish not to war with Crusaders; but, by the face of St. Luke! I will have the land that my father had. So, fortify your city, and put metal in the hearts of your vassals, for I shall shortly knock at your gates with a hundred thousand lances at my heels."

That evening the King retired to his chamber, but not to rest. Daring and reckless as he was, his own impieties sometimes startled him. And now some undefined and ill-omened thoughts weighed on his bosom. He started at his own shadow, as he paced up and down in his chamber with hurried foot steps, and shuddered as he heard the shriek of the owl, or the bat beating its wings against the casement. Some impending danger seemed near, as he moved restlessly back and forth. "What means this weakness?" he exclaimed, "am I not King of England? Shall the murmur of the Saxon varlets, or the curses of the minions of the Bishop of Rome, frighten me from my regal seat? Those varlets must fight the field of Hastings again, before the Red King shall quail either at factious discontent or papal curses."

Becoming somewhat calmed, he endeavored to compose himself to sleep. His slumber was disturbed by repeated visions. Once he dreamed and saw a falcon, plumed with a golden

crown, try to rise in the air, but as it rose a large white owl seized it and slew it as easily as it would destroy a mouse. The dream which most haunted him, however, was one about himself. He saw himself stretched on his back in the midst of a vast forest, with all the veins in his arms burst, and the blood streaming from them. Thrice he awoke from this dream, but as often did it come again, each succeeding time with a more painful sensation of reality than before. At last, when the last drop of blood seemed to have left his body, he awoke, and saw the light of morning pouring in through the casement and his faithful servant by his bed-side.

"What news of the good Abbot of Westminster?" he asked. The servant told him that the Abbot was then in the chapel, praying that the wrath of heaven might be averted from his royal head for the crime he was about to commit.

The castle was soon astir, and all preparations perfected for the chase. The King and his attendants had descended to the palace gate, and were preparing to mount, when a barefoot monk rushed to the King and, seizing him by the arm, exclaimed: "Go not forth to the forest to-day, Sir Knight; in the name of God, I charge thee, go not forth!"

"And why not?" said the King, smiling.

"It is Lammas-day," returned the monk; "a day which God and good angels enjoin thee to keep holy. Besides, I have had a dream—a dream which the wise do not see, and forget. Do not go, I beg, for the omens tell me that there is danger."

"A dream!" said the King, and the high color faded from his face. "Pray tell me, good Father, what I have to do with your dream? Perchance, with a piece of silver your dream would bear a more favorable omen." With these words, he raised his foot to the stirrup, and motioned his hand to his retinue to proceed.

"But thou shalt hear my dream, Sir Knight, though thou strike me to the ground for my boldness. In my dream I saw

thee gnawing the image of Christ crucified. I saw thee take it in thy rapacious hands, and as thou didst attempt to tear away the legs, I saw the image spurn thee to the ground."

"Good Father, I do not understand your dream. Enlighten me by interpretation," said the King.

"That sacred image," said the monk, "represented the ordinances of the church, and that attempt of thine to deface it represented the impieties thou art this moment about to commit. The rest I leave thee to expound. Now hie thee to the forest, and chase the wild deer, if thou darest!"

"Tyrrel," said the King, much disturbed and confused, "what sayest thou?"

"Dreams, my liege, are the voice of God, and wise men do not violate them to their own hurt," said Tyrrel.

"Dismiss the train," commanded the King, "we will talk of this matter at dinner."

The morning hours wore away heavily, and at dinner the King's mind seemed unusually depressed. The nobles were all in their places. "By heaven! I wish the day were gone," said the King; "I am worn out with waiting. Come hither, my minstrel, and let us have some music." The minstrel took his harp and after striking his instrument with a powerful and practised hand, warbled the following lines:

"To the forest, then, merry men all,
Our triumphs are ne'er stained with tears,
For our only war-cry is the huntsman's call,
And the blood we shed is deer's;
And the green wood tree
Is our armory,
And of brave oak-leaves our garlands-be."

"To the forest, then, merry men all!" shouted the King with enthusiasm; "we have listened to the foolish old Abbot too long. To the forest! To the forest!"

William's obstinacy was such that no one would try to reason with him, or dissuade him from the enterprise. Soon

they were on their way to the forest. Many fearful omens were remarked, as they set out, and all thought the King a doomed man. At length the party arrived in the New Forest, the bugle sounded, and there were not many minutes before a noble stag was started. "Back ! back !" said one to the King; "he has an evil eye, and his hoofs and antlers are not like those of a mortal deer." The King heeded not, but with a shout of delight urged his steed forward with so much impetuosity that only one of his companions—Tyrrel—kept up with him. Coming up close to the deer, the Red King let fly his arrow. The winged messenger seemed to strike his heart, and the King shouted: "Laurels ! Tyrrel, laurels ! I have hit him;" but to his astonishment, the arrow fell harmless to the ground, and the deer bounded along as lightly as before.

"By St. Luke !" exclaimed William, "my arrow never failed before."

While standing thus in amazement another stag rushed by him. Tyrrel immediately shot at him; but his arrow glanced from its direction and pierced the King in his heart. William fell from his horse. He could speak no word, but putting his hand to the arrow, he broke off the part protruding from his side, and fell back upon the ground. One groan burst from his livid lips, one throb shot through his whole frame, and the Red King was dead in the forest.

"Curses on my unlucky arm !" said Tyrrel; "I have struck dead the noblest heart in England; and should I wait till his followers come up, my body will be made to dangle from one of these trees. But, gray Lightfoot," he added, springing upon his horse's back, "let thy heels save thy master's neck and thou shalt have free pasturage hereafter."

He sprang through the forest with the swiftness of the hart, and when the Red King's body was found, Tyrrel was on board a bark, sailing before the wind for Normandy.

DAVID FOILS.

WILLIAM D. BURNS.

During my early boyhood I lived in a village. I always looked forward eagerly to the annual visit which my mother paid to her sister, the wife of one of those sturdy old farmers, who are our country's salvation. Long will I remember the merry-faced, rosy-cheeked cousins, both of them girls, and both of them younger than I. Neither have I forgotten the delight I experienced in helping them gather apples, nor the feeling of manliness with which I took part in beating those apples in a long wooden trough, nor the relish with which I drank the cider, which was all the sweeter because I had a share in its making. Well, too, do I remember my uncle, with his bald head, white beard and bronzed face, beaming with the hues of health, although he had passed more than sixty years in the same quiet routine of farm life. I thought of him then as one of the old patriarchs, about whom he used to read from the Bible, when he had called us all together to give thanks and ask protection from the Master whom he served. It was, however, my aunt, staid and old-fashioned whom I loved. How many juicy pears and mellow apples had I received from her withered hands! How I revelled in her stories of the good old times! How inexhaustible seemed her store of them!

"Aunt Betsy," said I one morning, "tell me a story." Before she could reply, the demand was reiterated by my two cousins, who suggested that grandma tell their cousin how her grandfather came from England. Thus urged, she began:

"Long before the colonies had asserted their independence, there lived in London a rich merchant. His business brought him in contact with the masters of many merchant vessels. On some provocation, more or less slight, the captain of one of these vessels became enraged, and swore vengeance against the merchant. The threat was passed unnoticed.

“One child, a boy of eighteen, was the delight of the merchant’s old age. David, (this was the boy’s name) was strong, handsome and rather wild. He did not refuse when he and one of his companions were invited on board the ship of one of the jolliest old sailors they ever knew. A delightful hour was spent in listening to the sailors’ yarns, while the two boys drank deep of the rare wines and the whiskey punch so generously pressed upon them by their seeming friend. They little noticed the languor and the drowsiness which crept slowly over them. They thought, perhaps, if they thought of it at all, that it was the natural effect of the wines, the peculiar flavor and general excellence of which they had never known surpassed. They slept.

“The old man’s manner changed from that of the genial host to that of the commanding, exacting master. In a few minutes the ship was cleared, and making her way down the Thames. David awoke and found himself bound, gagged and in darkness. After fruitless efforts to free himself, exhausted by his exertions, he fell into a troubled sleep. Awaking he found himself free, but was tossed from side to side by the rocking of the ship. He searched in the darkness for his comrade, but did not find him. He hastily made his way to the upper deck, only to see that he was on the broad Atlantic, and that the country of his nativity was fast fading away in the distance. He found his friend safe, but little enjoying the novelty of the situation. It is needless for me to try to depict the heartlessness of the captain, the despair of the two young victims on their compulsory voyage, or the confusion and grief which filled the homes from which it was thought they had fled voluntarily. The object of the captain was unfolded when they landed in Virginia. There was a law then existing that those who took passage on a ship and were unable to pay for their passage, could be hired out as convicts now are. The fate of David’s companion was never known, but David was hired by the overseer of a young widow who had inherited broad acres, and whom nature had endowed with great beauty.

"A hogshead of tobacco was given to the captain as a fair equivalent of the forced servitude of David for six long, weary months. Nor did the wicked man fail of his revenge, for the merchant, unable to find any trace of his darling boy, died of a broken heart.

"David was put to work on a tobacco farm. Unused to the toil of his new mode of life, he soon succumbed to brain fever.

"The young mistress heard of the unfortunate young man, and her heart was touched by compassion. Through her gentle nursing and untiring devotion, he was restored to health. In his delirium she had discovered his identity, and had partially traced his history. Sympathy brought mutual friendship, friendship ripened into love, and love to marriage.

"A suit in chancery ensued concerning the estate of his father, but after years of litigation little of the once magnificent property was left to David. He developed into a good farmer, and was noted for his intelligence among the pioneers of Virginia. But for the loss of his comrade and the untimely death of his father, he little regretted his enforced visit to America."

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

STAFF OF EDITORS.

PROF. R. W. HAYWOOD-----ALUMNI EDITOR.

EU. SOCIETY.

THOMAS H. BRIGGS-----EDITOR.

M. B. DRY-----ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

PHI. SOCIETY.

J. H. GORE, Jr-----EDITOR.

W. P. EXUM, Jr-----ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

CAREY P. ROGERS-----BUSINESS MANAGER.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

TH. H. BRIGGS, Editor.

THE importance of Prof. Röntgen's discovery of the powers of the cathode or X-rays cannot be magnified. No discovery for many years promises to be of more value in science than does this. As usual, another man's discovery—that of rays being produced in a vacuum by electricity—was being experimented with, and so the real discovery came. But, after all, is it any more wonderful that there exists a ray capable of piercing tissue than that a ray exists capable of piercing glass? Or is it more wonderful than the power of a magnet to deflect a needle through a diamagnetic body? These phenomena, being so habitual to us, have lost their wonder, but they are no less wonderful on that account.

HOWEVER great one's belief may be in independence and in self-government, and however great may be the cry of "Cuba libre," it is to be regretted that the Congress of the United States was so precipitate as to pass concurrent resolutions granting belligerent rights to the Cuban revolutionists without sufficient debate or cool reflection. One may be in full sympathy with the cause of Cuban freedom, and may argue the plastic Monroe doctrine, but the fact remains that the course of our Congressmen was a serious breach of inter-

national law. It is true that Spain was one of the first countries to grant belligerent rights to the Confederate States of America (sacred be their memory !), but in that case there was an organized government, a permanent capital and a judiciary. Cuba has none of these. Though Gen. Gomez roams through the island pretty much at pleasure, yet he holds few towns, and the seat of the petty existing government is in New York City. If Spain were in any proper condition in regard to finances, the insult would not go unavenged. President Cleveland is far too great a statesman, however, to allow anything serious to come of the hot-headedness of charlatan legislators or of fire-eating demagogues.

THERE are alumni of Wake Forest who are always lamenting the fact that the societies are not what they were in the old days. Well, if the speeches of the sixty-first Anniversary represent the spirit, I, for one, am glad that the times have changed.

Wake Forest and all of its friends should feel proud that the literary societies are capable of training up such speakers as represented them, both in debate and in the orations at the last Anniversary. The great trouble with our pessimistic brothers, from whom I have heard nothing since the last debate, is that they allow their imaginations to almost deify some old-time speaker, comparing his present oratory with that of a schoolboy. Is that exactly fair? Nine out of ten of their heroes, I fancy, would fare badly in one of the "new-fangled" debates, however.

THE rupture between Ballington Booth and his father is one of most serious moment to the Salvation Army, especially in America. That Commander Booth has acted according to his better judgment, we all believe and he has our entire sympathy in this misfortune. He was too "American," to suit Father Booth, and so he suffered; but there is no doubt that he acted for the betterment of the Army in America.

There are many who do not approve of the work of the Salvation Army, thinking that it is only "of sounding brass and tinkling cymbal," but one has only to see the noble women at work in the slums of a great city to be convinced of its power and of the self-sacrifice of its people.

THOUGH the baseball prospects for this year are not so bright as they have been, yet it is certain that the team will be far better than the one of '95. The need at Wake Forest has always been for more encouragement, both financially and in spirit. A team cannot be run without money, and everyone would do well to remember this fact. Mr. Carter has worked hard, arranging dates and managing the affairs in general, while Mr. Powell is proving himself an excellent captain.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

M. B. DRY, Editor.

—T. B. Justice ('70-'71), a prominent member of the bar at Rutherfordton, is to become a Baptist minister.—*Raleigh News and Observer*.

—'74. Rev. A. C. Dixon, the eminent Brooklyn divine, and one of Wake Forest's most honored sons, is to begin a series of meetings at the First Baptist church in Raleigh, April 6.

—I. E. Winston ('76-'78) is a very successful and enterprising merchant at Morgan Texas.

—'81. Perhaps few alumni of the College are succeeding better in business life than Carey J. Hunter. He occupies the important position of General Agent for the Union Central Life Insurance Company, in both North Carolina and Vir-

ginia. His is an example of thrift and energy, coupled with thorough preparation for his work.

—'82. We admire the pluck and perseverance of Rev. O. L. Stringfield as Agent of the Baptist Female University, which is in course of erection at Raleigh, N. C. In his canvass for that institution he has shown himself to be the right man in the right place. He is a self-made man of the highest type and impresses himself upon the people by his earnestness and striking originality.

—'87. Rev. L. R. Pruett, who was formerly pastor of Mt. Olivet Baptist church, of Charlotte, has been selected by the Board of Missions and Sunday Schools at that place as their local missionary. Pruett is one of our leading preachers, and, together with Dr. Pritchard, is doing a great work for the Baptist cause in Charlotte.

—'88. D. T. Winston is the General Agent of a leading insurance company at New Orleans, La.

—'89. W. W. Early is practicing medicine at Aulander, in Bertie county.

—'89. H. A. Foushee is a prominent lawyer in Durham. He is a young man of high intellectual endowments, and is fast winning his way to popular favor.

—'89. H. C. Upchurch is a popular and progressive physician at Raleigh, N. C.

—'90. J. R. Hankins who, for a year and a half, has been a student at the Johns Hopkins University, has entered the Louisville Theological Seminary. Mr. Hankins is full of intellect and energy, and we predict for him a career of usefulness.

—Lee H. Battle ('87-'90), who has for several years occupied an important position in a bank in Durham, has become superintendent of an extensive flouring establishment at Charlotte, N. C.

—'90. T. R. Crocker is teaching at Smithfield, in Johnston county.

—'91. Wayland Mitchell is a popular and successful physician at Helena, in Bertie county.

—I. P. Hedgpeth ('87-'91) is pastor of several churches in Robeson county. He is a good man and is doing a great work.

—'91. R. L. Paschal is teaching in Fort Worth, Texas.

—The death of Rev. T. S. Andrews ('85-'91) which occurred Feb. 3, at Mount Vernon Springs, in Chatham county, removes from us another good and useful man and a faithful and loyal friend of Wake Forest.

—'92. A. S. Dockery is the stirring editor of the *Southern Index* published at Rockingham. He is quite a young man, but he has shown himself to be an adept knight of the quill. The large sixteen page "Boom Edition," of Jan. 15, showing up the town and its thrifty inhabitants, would have done credit to much older and more experienced heads.

—C. B. Edwards, Jr., ('86-'92) has an excellent position in the government printing office in Washington City.

—A. S. Pendleton ('89-'92), who graduated with the degree of M. D. at the University of Pennsylvania last year, occupies the very responsible position of Pathologist in the Boston Emergency Hospital.

—'92. We note with much satisfaction the very high stand taken by Mr. W. A. Jones at the Johns Hopkins University this year. The exceptionally brilliant record which he is making in chemistry at that institution is a high honor to himself and gives evidence of the worth of the institution from which he graduated.

—'92. R. W. Weaver preaches at High Point and teaches in the public schools of Greensboro. Mr. Weaver is a polished and high-toned gentleman and bears the banner of his *alma mater* with credit and honor.

—'93. S. McIntyre, who recently completed his law course in the Law Department of the College under Prof. Gulley, has located at Lumberton. Mr. McIntyre is a thorough student and a forcible speaker, and doubtless he will win many laurels in his chosen profession.

—'93. Irving Hardesty who was a bright student while at Wake Forest and who spent two years at the University of Chicago, is now occupying the chair of Natural History in the University of Missouri, at Columbia.

—'93. Franklin P. Hobgood, Jr., who was valedictorian of his class, is teaching at Asheville.

—J. W. McNeill ('92-'94), who completed his law course at the University of North Carolina last year, has located at Winston for the practice of his profession.

—'94. J. E. Yates is teaching at Auburn, in Wake county. He was an excellent student while at College, and we rejoice in the success that has attended his efforts.

—'94. There is no one who attended Wake Forest between '90 and '94 but will be pained to hear of the death of William Houston Jones, which occurred at his home, Chatham, Va., Feb. 10, 1896. He was born at the family country place, "Mountain Home," in Caswell county, N. C., Dec. 24, 1872, and joined the Baptist church at the age of eleven. At college he was a man universally popular, which is saying a great deal, and endeared himself to his more intimate acquaintances by his gentleness of manner and intrinsic worth. He was always foremost in music and athletics, captaining the baseball team of '93, and playing on all the teams during his four-year course. He scarcely knew a well day after his graduation, and grew constantly worse until the end came. A more peaceful, Christian resignation was never known than was his during those short eighteen months; always cheerful, he brought sunshine into his home even to the last. The last letter he ever wrote was to a friend containing these lines:

“ Hereafter think of me as standing and looking over the battlements of Heaven, waiting and watching for your coming.” His wish was that he should die with the day, and it was gratified: for just as the sun was setting he peacefully fell asleep, leaving a vacancy in our hearts and sorrow in our memory.

—’94. W. Durham, Director of the Gymnasium last year, has a position in the new Dime Savings Bank of Raleigh.

—J. L. Griffin (’93-’95) is principal of Liberty High School at Liberty, N. C. The *Piedmont Herald* speaks in very complimentary terms of Mr. Griffin as a teacher.

—’95. William Royall, Jr., has taken charge of Antioch High School in Buncombe county. Mr. Royall is a good student and an excellent young man, and we wish him all the success that can possibly attend his efforts.

—’95. We are glad to note the success of H. Long as principal of Wakefield Academy. Under his management the number of students has largely increased, and Mr. Long has proved himself a good worker and an efficient instructor.

—’95. L. A. Beasley, who was one of the editors of THE STUDENT last year, and poet of his class, has located at Wilson, N. C., for the practice of law. Mr. Beasley was a close student while at college and we predict for him many clients and success.

BOOK NOTES.

JOHN HOMER GORE, Editor.

Diana's Hunting. Robert Buchanan. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

There can be no excuse for such a book as this ; I can find no redeeming feature. Should one wish to dabble in dirt for an hour, then possibly one might read this book ; otherwise, five pages would suffice. How much better it would have been for the author to begin a novel where this one ended, but possibly it might not have satisfied the modern taste, for a craving for filth, more or less plainly shown, seems to be a characteristic of the age.

When Valmond Came to Pontiac. Gilbert Parker. Stone & Kimball, Chicago.

This is a delightful book, coming as it does in the midst of our Napoleonic interest, and is a pleasant relief from the heavy pages of history. The plot is novel, telling the story of a lost Napoleon in an Arcadian village; but one constantly is fearing that the ridiculous will show through the seriousness, and indeed Mr. Parker does venture very near the limit. There are few simple characters portrayed, but poor, simple Elise and Parpon are all the more attractive because they are not in the usual run of folk. Until the last chapter one is kept wondering, "Dauphin or fool?" The epilogue scarcely augments one's good opinion of Valmond, for he was unconscious of his real identity, and after all was no more than a mountebank.

The book is well worth reading.

Belle-Rose. Translated from the French of Achard by William Hale. Street & Smith, New York. 25 cents.

The scene of the story is laid in the time of Louis XIV. The incidents are romantic and exciting to the last degree, but are by no means improbable. Belle-Rose himself is a hero whom Dumas might have created. The work of translation has been well done on the whole. Here and there, however, the translator has allowed fidelity to the original to lead him into constructions that are French rather than English. The art of translation is almost as difficult as that of original composition, and of course is not to be mastered at one attempt. We can, therefore, congratulate Mr. Hale on the success he has achieved in his difficult task. There is an enthusiastic dedication to Mr. George Saintsbury, for whom we, too, confess a humble admiration.

Mr. Hale is, we understand, an ardent student of French literature, and deserves substantial encouragement in his labors. Doubtless he will give us something original after a while.

Nineteenth Century Literature. By George Saintsbury. Macmillan & Co., New York. \$1.50.

This a companion volume to Mr. Saintsbury's Elizabethan Literature, and Mr. Gosse's Eighteenth Century Literature. The work before us comes down to the present time, excluding only the names of living authors. Mr. Ruskin is the one exception to the latter rule. Mr. Saintsbury's criticism is so fresh and unconventional that we are often startled at the views advanced. We can, however, admire the frankness of the author's opinions even where we question their justness. The work is in every way a notable addition to the many works on English literature which have come in recent years from the great house of the Macmillans.

Paris Sketches. By Richard Harding Davis. Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

We wonder how this book came to exist. Perhaps the explanation is to be found in the fact that the sketches appeared originally in an illustrated

magazine, where one was supposed to read only so much of the text as explained the illustrations. But what is tolerable in a magazine, is often intolerable in a book. Mr. Davis knows almost nothing about Paris, and what little he knows is told so smartly and unsympathetically that the author is at once put down among those who travel and observe, not for pleasure, but for literary capital. Moreover, we would humbly recommend to Mr. Davis a course in English composition.

Selections from Carlyle. Edited by H. W. Boynton. Allyn & Bacon, Boston. \$1.00

This volume includes three of the Essays, and three chapters from Heroes and Hero Worship. The editor has wisely refrained from telling again the story of Carlyle's life, and refers the student to the excellent biographies that are available. The notes are good.

Defoe's History of the Plague in London. Edited by B. S. Hurlbut. Ginn & Co., Boston. \$1.00.

At last we have a good school edition of this classic. The notes are indeed excellent, showing minute knowledge of all material available for study of the period described by Defoe. By the way, we would call attention to the genuine Defoe revival that is setting in.

EXCHANGES.

JOHN HOMER GORE, Editor.

Some of our semi-annual visitors are before us, but we have been a little disappointed in them, because we were expecting a great deal more of original work than we find. The *Semi-Annual* of Hollins Institute is full of good readable matter—for the most part, essays and translations. The article on Eugene Field is admirably well written. There are only two original pieces in the literary department, "The Winning Card" and "A. Study in Brown." The translation and essays are very well done. Editorial comments and other departments reflect credit on the *Semi-Annual's* board of editors.

By a decision of the General Term of the Supreme Court of New York, handed down December 18, the trustees of the residuary estate of the late Mr. D. B. Fayerweather are directed to distribute the residue as directed in the tenth clause of the will. This tenth clause originally provided that the residue should go in equal shares to these colleges, named in the ninth clause: Bowdoin, Dartmouth, Williams, Amherst, Wesleyan, Yale, Colum-

bia, Union Theological Seminary, Hamilton, Rochester, Cornell, Lafayette, Lincoln, University of Virginia, Hampton, Maryville, Marietta, Adelbert, Park, Wabash.

The amount of the residue is about \$3,000,000, which gives about \$150,000 to each of the colleges named above.

The colleges not provided for by the tenth clause but remembered in the trustees' deed of gift, which is now void, were Union, Haverford, New York University, University of Pennsylvania, Brown, Harvard, Princeton, Northwestern University, Rutgers, Wells, Elmira Female College, Vassar, Barnard and Trinity. These deserving institutions lose from \$50,000 to \$150,000 apiece. The colleges which won are those which by the ninth clause of Mr. Fayerweather's testament received specified bequests of from \$50,000 to \$300,000. Thus once again the Scripture is fulfilled, and they who have get more.

Princeton has 1,088 students this year, 21 less than last year. The slight falling off is attributed to the raising of the standard of admissions. Forty States and fourteen foreign countries are represented among these students—Pennsylvania sends 307 representatives, New Jersey 249, and New York 165.

The Harrisonian and Eoline deserves the same general criticism we have have just given the *Semi-Annual*. There is a lack of originality. The Exchange Editor of the *Harrisonian and Eoline* asks the question, "Is it fair to express yourself so positively in favor of *Vassar Miscellany*?" Well, we reserve the right to change our opinion, for we had not then seen your worthy journal, and at best we can see it but once more before our official duty shall end. It is our desire to be fair, but *Vassar Miscellany* is our best regular visitor—we mean, of its kind. Not, however, that we do not think the editorial and other departments in the *Harrisonian and Eoline* well gotten up and a credit to the editors.

Converse College has lately received donations amounting to over \$100,000. Mr. D. E. Converse heads the list with a gift of \$70,000. The board of directors, the citizens of Spartanburg, and other friends of the college, give over \$30,000. The gifts to the college are in perpetuity and the management of the college is vested by special charter and incorporation in the hands of a self-perpetuating Board of Trustees and the college is made a permanent gift to the cause of Education. The college is not yet six years old, but its success has been phenomenal. The enrollment of students this year is three hundred and fifty, from sixteen States and Canada.

A four-sided boat race has been arranged for 1896 between Harvard, Cornell, Columbia and the University of Pennsylvania. It has been decided that no other crew shall be admitted over the objection of any one of the four Universities. The Poughkeepsie course will probably be chosen. Geo. E. Rives, who has refereed the Harvard-Yale races during the past four years, has been agreed upon as referee.

The Chisel is a welcomed monthly visitor. There is a dearth of original literary matter in it, but it comes nearer to the ideal woman's college magazine than one would be led to suppose by its appearance. The time devoted to "chips from the chisel" might probably be devoted to some other departments of the *Chisel* with telling results; but remember, now, we have not said that it is not well gotten up, for it is; our criticism is that the department will not admit of any literary effort.

Chicago University has purchased the manuscript and library of the late historian Bancroft, for \$80,000.

We notice that the American colleges are beginning to see the necessity of keeping up their debating societies. The debate seems to have fallen into disuse in some of our important institutions, but such a blunder cannot long prevail in our land. The debating societies must live as long as our institutions do. "A New England Debating League" has recently been formed, consisting of the following institutions: Brown, Wesleyan, Tufts, Bates, Boston University, and Boston College.

The Sultan of Turkey has asked the United States government to find him three American professors to place at the head of his three departments of science, art and agriculture.

The *Bachelor of Arts* offers to its under-graduate subscribers \$125 for the best original short story of college life, on these condition: Each story must contain not more than four thousand words; the story must be marked "Prize Contest;" the writer must be an under-graduate and a subscriber for one year to the *Bachelor of Arts*.

The *Eatonian* exchange editor seems to think that the way we manage our "Album of Songs" has caused the standard established by other colleges to suffer. If the *Eatonian* ever had any standard at all it surely has suffered. Twelve pages of literary matter, and they contain such as "Wellington vs. Napoleon," a little "woe begone" oration by the exchange editor himself, and "The Moonshiner"! You have a right to complain. Your established standard must have suffered, but not at our hands.

Cornell University chapter of Chi Psi has purchased, for \$45,000, the famous Fiske-McGraw mansion at Ithaca. The mansion cost a quarter of a million, and is no doubt the finest chapter house in the world.

The *Georgetonian* has been added to our exchange list, and we give it a cordial welcome. This journal is young, but promises to be very strong and useful. The *Carolinian*, published by the students of *South Carolina College*, is another new exchange. This is a good journal, but could with profit discontinue the department of "Jokelets."

Tennessee University Magazine is a very creditable publication, and we note with pleasure that one of our old students is Business Manager.

The *Inlander*, of University of Michigan, is not what we expected to find it, but it is a very neat publication. It contains several readable articles. We welcome it as an exchange.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

W. P. EXUM, JR., Editor.

BASEBALL! baseball!! baseball!!!

ANNIVERSARY HAS come and gone. Now Commencement is the all-important event to which we look forward.

ON THE evening of February 11th, Dr. C. E. Taylor lectured to the Scientific Society on "Scientific Methods." Among other things, he told us why it was that the world had to wait so long for its marvelous scientific development. The ancient philosophers were always "among the stars," away from material things. They made such statements without giving the accompanying reasons, assuming that such statements would be received by the world just upon the authority of those who gave them.

FEBRUARY 6, at eight o'clock in the evening, Mr. W. R. Powell of Savannah, Ga., and Miss Susie C. Lanneau of Wake Forest, were married in the college chapel. Dr. W. B. Royall performed the ceremony in a beautiful and impressive manner. The attendants were: Dr. J. H. Gorrell of Wake Forest and Miss Minnie Gwaltney of Wake Forest; Mr. W. H. Stillwell of Savannah, and Miss Fanny Taylor of Wake Forest; Mr. R. B. Powell of Savannah, and Miss Mary Lanneau of Wake Forest; Mr. W. R. Hobgood of Oxford and Miss Ida Baldwin of Savannah; Mr. Carey P. Rogers of Apex, and Miss Carrie Hobgood of Oxford; Mr. W. B. Royall Jr. of Wake Forest and Miss Annie Powell of Savannah. The happy couple left the Hill on the 7th to make their bridal tour to northern points of interest. They have the very best wishes of a host of friends. THE STUDENT, too, wishes them a happy and prosperous journey through life.

ON THE evening of February 13, the Wake Forest Minstrel Company gave an entertainment for the benefit of athletics. Although the weather was very unfavorable, a large crowd greeted the boys. The local hits were very good; even the Faculty did not escape the sparkling wit of the end men. Mr. Fleming greeted the audience with his favorite song, "Thompson's Old Gray Mule." Mr. Dodd brought down the house with a touching solo, "Only a Pansy Blossom." Mr. T. H. Briggs sang, "I Love You in Spite of All." We have heard it hinted that he had especial inspiration on this particular occasion, and indeed he did sing with a great deal of expression. Perhaps the most interesting feature of all was the tumbling and ladder performances. Every man played his part well. The music was rendered by the Wake Forest Orchestra.

IT IS with genuine regret that we learn that Trinity, Davidson, and A. and M. Colleges are not going to put out baseball teams this season. For the last few years we have crossed bats, once at least, during the season, with Trinity and with A. and M. This year we shall have but few games within the State.

Our manager has secured dates with several teams in Virginia. We want to remind the boys that, although we have good material and the best of management, we can't expect to put out a winning team without the hearty support of the student body. Even if we don't take part in the practice games, we should be on the grounds to let the players know that we feel an interest in them. A most effectual way, also, to aid the cause is to hand over liberal contributions to the manager. To the friends of athletics who have repounded so substantially already, we return our sincere thanks.

THE MORNING of February 14th dawned bright and fair. One could easily see from the immense crowd that wandered about the campus and through the buildings, that the day

was an important one for Wake Forest. These people had all come to Wake Forest with a common purpose, to be present at the celebration of the sixty-first anniversary of the Philomathesian and Euzelian Literary Societies. Long before two o'clock the people began to make their way toward Wingate Memorial Hall. At two, the hour appointed for the debate to begin, the hall was filled to a seat. The President of debate called the house to order and, after welcoming the audience, he had the Secretary of debate to read the query: "*Resolved*, that the Government should own and operate the railroad and telegraph systems." Messrs. W. G. Briggs and A. B. Cannady represented the Affirmative; Messrs. G. N. Bray and R. N. Simms contended for the Negative.

Mr. Briggs opened the debate with a splendid speech. From the very first the audience was attentive. Mr. Bray was the first on the Negative. His speech was argumentative and well supported by statistics. Mr. Cannady followed second on the Affirmative. Within five minutes after he began he had completely captured the audience. Mr. Simms followed second on the Negative. He had a fine speech, both in subject matter and in style. Were all the speeches to appear in print, his would probably be considered the best of the whole debate. When Mr. Simms had finished, Mr. Briggs made his reply. He kept the whole audience in an uproar of laughter. Some of his hits were exceedingly clever. He was followed by Mr. Bray, appearing the second time for the Negative. Cannady's reply was not funny, but full of argument and points that told. One could see very plainly now that he was the favorite of the audience. Simms' reply happily combined forcible argument and bright remarks. The deciding vote was taken and resulted in a large majority for the Affirmative. The President of the debate adjourned the house, to meet again at eight P. M.

At eight o'clock Wingate Memorial Hall was again filled with people. They had come this time to hear the orations.

Mr. Moss, chief marshal from the Euzelian Society, introduced Mr. Jasper Howell, as Euzelia's orator. When Mr. Howell had concluded, the representative of the Philomathean Society, Mr. A. C. Cree, was introduced by the first marshal from that Society, Mr. C. P. Rogers. Both orations were well delivered and received deserved praise. At their close the audience was given a cordial invitation to the Society halls, and the house declared adjourned. To some, at least, this was the most enjoyable part of the exercises.

ON SATURDAY morning, February 7th, the Societies elected the marshals for Commencement. Those from the Phi. Society are: R. S. Dodd, L. C. McIntosh and H. B. Folk; from the Eu. Society, W. T. Carstarphen, W. H. Stillwell and A. H. Powell.

TWO NEW additions to the list of Commencement speakers, W. H. Davis and J. N. Tolar, have been made. It has been often remarked that the exercises on Commencement day were quite long enough when there were only six speakers outside of the honor men. But the speeches will be limited to seven minutes this year, instead of ten as heretofore, so that the time taken up by the speeches of the graduating class will, perhaps, be no greater than at previous Commencements, even though there will be two more speakers.

Fall and Winter.

IT IS OUR PLEASURE to extend the compliments of the season to you all, and to announce that our Fall and Winter Stock of Clothing and Furnishing is now open for your inspection. A new addition—SHOES! SHOES!! SHOES!!!

WE LEAD THEM ALL
IN PRICES, STYLES AND
PATTERNS.

CROSS & LINEHAN,
Men's Outfitters,
RALEIGH, N. C.

J. H. GORE, our Agent, will take pleasure in serving you.

**We are ready to sell you
your Fall Goods,**

And can do so at less figures now than later on. Prices are advancing on almost every class of goods; on some, the rise is very heavy. We have headed off the most of it by early buying.

"A Hint to the Wise is Sufficient."

In addition to our old force, Mr. Wm. M. Dickson will take pleasure in waiting on you. Our Millinery Department is very attractive this season, for three reasons—1st, the Stock; 2d, the Prices; 3d, the lady in charge, Miss Vic. Harris. She is thoroughly experienced and very tasteful.

OCTOBER 1st, 1895.

PUREFOY & REID.

J. W. NORWOOD, President.
D. L. GORE, Vice-President.

W. J. TOOMER, Cashier.
W. C. COKER, Jr., Asst. Cashier.

ATLANTIC NATIONAL BANK, WILMINGTON, N. C.

Liberal loans made on approved security at lowest rates.

No interest paid on deposits.

All cash collections remitted for on day of receipt. Accounts of individuals, firms, banks and other corporations solicited. Promptness, accuracy and safety guaranteed.

	Dec. 13th, '93.	Dec. 13th, '94.	Dec. 13th, '95.
Surplus and Net Profits,	\$24,200	\$35,900	\$52,000
Premiums on U. S. Bonds,	3,937	None	None
Banking House, &c.,	15,600	14,600	10,000

Dividends paid past two years, 6 per cent. per annum.

Last installment of capital paid in October, 1892.

BOYS, CALL ON YOUR FRIEND WILKINSON,

And make his place your headquarters.

FANCY GROCERIES, FRUITS, AND "THE" PLACE TO GET YOUR
OYSTERS SERVED RIGHT.

**"OH YES, INDEED,"
THEY CALL ON PEED,**

For everything in the GROCERY line—
Candies, Fruits, Nuts, Raisins, Canned
Goods of all Sorts, etc.

He also has a full line of Stationery to
suit the boys. In fact, everything a Student needs can be had by calling on

Z. V. PEED.

MENTION THE STUDENT.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

VOL. XV.

WAKE FOREST, N. C., APRIL, 1896.

No. 7.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY FROM UNFAMILIAR SOURCES.

WATSON'S NARRATIVE.

[CONTINUED FROM DECEMBER NUMBER.]

1777-'78.

Newbern was, at this time, the metropolis of North Carolina, situated at the confluence of the Neuse and Trent rivers, and contained about one hundred and fifty dwellings. It was defended by a strong fort and an armed ship. Previous to the war it exported corn, naval stores, beeswax, hams and deer skins to a considerable amount.

The next morning Harwood proceeded to a barber's shop to be shaved. I soon after started in pursuit of the same barber. I had not gone far before I met Harwood, his pace somewhat quickened, and with one side only of his face shaved. He soon informed me that the barber had been impertinent, that he had knocked him down and left him sprawling on the floor. We agreed that, to avoid trouble, he should push on, and that I should follow. He was soon on his way through the streets of the capital of North Carolina, in the ludicrous predicament I have described. I left Newbern soon after upon Harwood's track, and crossed the Trent by a rope-ferry seventy feet wide. I journeyed the entire day alone, through a wilderness of pines, over a flat, sandy country, with scarcely an inhabitant to be seen. Towards the close of the day, I found myself entangled

among swamps amid an utter wilderness, and my horse almost exhausted in my efforts to overtake Harwood. As night closed upon me, I was totally bewildered, and without a vestige of a road to guide me. Knowing the impossibility of retracing my steps in the dark, through the mazes I had traveled, I felt the absolute necessity of passing the night in this solitary desert. Feeling no apprehension that my horse would wander far from me, I turned him to shift for himself. I then placed my box under the sulky, and with my pistols fresh primed on one side, and my hanger on the other, I drew around me my grego, and, prostrated on the ground along with these, my only companions, half asleep and half awake, I passed the night in no trifling apprehension of falling a prey to wild beasts before morning.

At length, to my inexpressible satisfaction, the eastern horizon began to kindle up, and gradually to brighten more and more into the full blaze of day. I found my faithful horse true to his allegiance, and within reach. I harnessed up and pressed with as much speed as possible out of this dreary retreat of solitude and desolation. My movements were somewhat accelerated by observing a large bear stepping slowly along at a little distance from me. After several miles traveling, I regained the road, and in the course of the forenoon overtook Harwood.

We crossed Neuse river and passed over a continuous pine barren to Wilmington, on the Cape Fear river. This was a compact town, ten miles from the sea, and was surrounded by sand hills. It was defended by two forts and two brigs of sixteen guns each. It formerly exported large quantities of naval stores, pork, furs, etc., which it received by the river from the fertile country in the interior. The killing of deer by torchlight was a favorite amusement of the inhabitants of this region. A negro precedes the sportsman, bearing a piece of blazing pitch pine. The foolish animal, fascinated by the light, remains stationary, with his head erect and his eyes

steadily fixed on the blaze. The glare of his eyes exposes him to the sportsman's aim, who approaches the deer as near as he pleases. Thus it often happens among men, that the unwary are allured by deceptive glitter, are beguiled by false promises, and fall victims to their own credulity.

On leaving Wilmington, we crossed the Cape Fear river, which is here two hundred yards wide and navigable for vessels of twenty feet draught. At Brunswick nearly all the houses had been deserted, from apprehension of the enemy. From this place to Lockwood's Folly, twenty-two miles, is an unbroken wilderness; not a house—not even a wild tar-burner's—was presented to our view the whole distance. Fortunately forewarned, we had prepared ourselves with supplies to encounter this desert. At night we encamped at a wretched hovel, without floor or furniture. We luckily ran down a fat opossum in the woods, which, with sweet potatoes, was a fine repast. Hunger supplied the place of dainties. The opossum has much the taste of a fat pig. Our poor horses fared badly. They were compelled to stand tied to a tree, with nothing to eat, after the fatigue of a hard day's journey. We slept on a bare ox hide, with no covering but our clothes.

* * *

The next morning young Watson and his companion passed over into South Carolina. He remained in Charleston until March 8th, 1778, when, with several companions, he began his journey on horse-back to Rhode Island. We have only to do with what he says of his passage through North Carolina.

* * *

We were overtaken by Captain Paul Hussey at the ferry house near Wilmington. He came in early in the morning, covered with mud and jaded with fatigue, giving us a most piteous account of his trials the night previous. Eager to overtake us, he had pressed forward through the pine wilderness in the region of Lockwood's Folly, and when night overtook him, he fell into a by-path, became bewildered among

swamps and was, at length, totally lost. His horse failed, exhausted by hard travelling without food. Fortunately he carried flint and steel, and thus lighted a fire. He spent the night in fighting wolves, attracted by the light from the wilds, with pitch-pine flaming brands. At daylight he ascended a tall sapling, as he termed it, "to look out for land," and saw Wilmington and the ferry house not far off.

Between Wilmington and Tarborough the face of the country gradually changes, presenting more undulating land and frequent brooks rippling across the road. It abounds in luxuriant peach orchards. During our journey we were overtaken by a dark, stormy evening, and were compelled to take possession of a deserted log-hut, where we soon kindled a fire and encamped on the floor for the night. Tarborough is a small village, situated on Tar river, and will, I think, in time, become a place of much consequence. The country around it is healthy and elevated and much appropriated to the tobacco culture.

Halifax is on the Roanoke river, which rising beyond the Blue Ridge, leaves Virginia fifteen or twenty miles from this place, and discharges itself into Albemarle Sound at Plymouth, a point sixty miles distant. The borders of this river are esteemed the wealthiest region of North Carolina. Its soil is rich and highly cultivated, producing corn, peas and tobacco in immense quantities, and also some rice. We noticed vast droves of hogs ranging among these plantations. A Mr. Hall, a planter in this vicinity, produces, it was stated, annually, three thousand barrels of corn and four thousand bushels of peas. Many elegant seats are situated on the margin of the Roanoke, although the district is esteemed unhealthy. Halifax contains about forty-five dwellings, occupying one wide street, and ascending to a high sand bluff. The society in this vicinity is considered among the most polished and cultivated in the State.

On our way to Halifax, Hussey's curiosity exposed him to

imminent danger. The creeks through this territory are infested by a most venomous reptile—the horned snake—whose sting is death. In passing a swamp we noticed one of them, coiled up in a position that made us suppose it dead. Hussey dismounted to examine it minutely. The moment his whip touched it the snake coiled itself in an attitude of attack, its head horribly flattened, its eyes sparkling fire, its execrable tongue darting out of its mouth. After the danger was over we laughed heartily at Hussey's fright and discomfiture. This snake has sharp, fine teeth, but its subtle venom is embedded in a horn, tapering to a fine point at the end of the tail, whence it is ejected. I was told that the poison was fatal to a tree, if it is stung by the snake when the sap is ascending.

A method prevails in this country of blazing the trees at certain distances, which furnishes a guide to the traveller, even in the ordinary obscurity of night. This is produced by simply slashing a strip of bark from two opposite sides of a tree. The white spots thus formed may be seen for a great distance in an open forest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STORY OF A SONG.

CHARLES MCNEILL.

One of those drowsy evenings in July, when you feel too lazy to read, I was lying in a little grove of dogwoods and hickories, with an unread novel by my side. From a deep day-dream I was aroused by a footfall on the road, not far distant. An Italian minstrel, with his well-worn harp at his back, was slowly approaching. This was the very man of all others I wanted to see; for if he proved interesting, he could entertain me with a story without my having the trouble of reading it. So I called to the harper and invited him to

rest a while and give me some music, which invitation he accepted.

Being relieved of the weight of his harp, he stood erect as an Indian, and his whole manner showed that indescribable courtliness which is seldom attained by those not reared in polite circles. His forehead was high, and his black eyes, which corresponded with his sun-browned complexion, sparkled with intelligence. But the most striking thing about him was his voice. Besides its natural depth and volume, it had that melody which the genial climate of Southern Italy generally gives to the voice of her children.

"Now for some music," said I, and I expected to hear some far superior to that usually produced by this class of strolling players.

He tuned his harp and struck off a few little pieces not at all extraordinary; but presently he began singing in his native tongue a song which, although I failed to understand a word of it, moved me as no other music ever has.

The singer, who had evidently forgotten my presence,

"Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First let his fingers wander as they list. . . .
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
Gave hope and fervor, nearer drew his theme,"

and with what seemed sympathy for its master the old harp began to yield soft, dreamy tones, beautifully according with the voice of the harper. The careless expression on his face a few moments before had given place to one of almost divine loveliness. When the song had finished, I noticed for the first time that tears were on my cheeks.

"It touches your heart, I see," said the player. "It's the only one of my songs that has never failed to move a listener to tears."

"Why is it," I asked, "that this is so infinitely beyond any of your other songs?"

"Ah! my young friend," he answered, "that song has a history, and since you seem so sympathetic, I'll tell it, if you care to listen."

That was exactly what I wanted. So of course I expressed my eagerness to hear it. The minstrel leaned his harp against a tree, stretched himself upon the soft feathery grass, and proceeded to relate the following story :

"The story of the song," he began, "is the history of my life. My name is Ricordo. My father was among the wealthiest citizens of Naples, and sent me to the most famous seats of learning in Italy, taking care at home, also, that I associated with the best society the city afforded. When my college course was completed, I had only to pass the empty hours off as best I could. I began to spend much of my time at the house of one of our 'merchant kings,' whose daughter was an ardent student of music. Our tastes in this respect, and in most other respects, also, were congenial.

"She was my ideal of beauty: Fragile of form, her big blue eyes all alive with expression, and her wavy golden hair always brushed back just enough to show to advantage her matchless forehead. And her mouth was so exquisite that, as some English poet says :

'A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips.'

Nor were these charms lost upon me, for I loved her. In those days I, too, must have had some attractions, since Thalia professed, and afterwards proved to my satisfaction, that she loved me.

"One day she said to me: 'My knight'—that is what she called me after I had declared my love—'I have made a little song which I want you to set to music. Don't laugh at it now, for if your accompaniment be good, I think the words will not disgrace it.'

“ ‘Laugh at it,’ I cried, ‘Not if it’s all awkwardness, or sickening as affected sentiment.’ Then I went on to say that, since an atmosphere of love and music never fails to bring forth a poet, I expected to find it good.

“ ‘Thanks,’ said she, ‘you may pass judgment upon it right now,’ and she handed me the little poem. Now, in the light of all the classical training I have had, that was a pretty poem; but then, looking through the eyes of love as I did, I thought it had no equal in literature. Without any delay I set it to music, and we sang it together that very evening. This was the song that brought tears to your eyes only a moment ago.

“ I allowed no afternoon to pass without going over to sing *our* song with Thalia. How lovely were those days! And what an angel was Thalia! Our parents were as eager for our marriage as we could wish them, and it seemed that, for once, the course of true love would run smooth. But one evening, when I was walking in the usual direction, I noticed that the people were excited about something. There were little groups of men standing at the store doors, some talking loudly, some gesticulating, and some wagging their heads as if to say, ‘The world is on its last legs.’

“ ‘Hey, Ricordo,’ called one of my friends whom I met on the street, ‘What think you ought to be done to stop all this hellish business?’

“ ‘I haven’t heard of any hellish business,’ I answered.

“ ‘What! You have not heard of the outrages committed last night by the banditti? Why, man, you were surely in a dungeon? Last night they robbed, burned and massacred a whole neighborhood not twenty miles from Naples. The police are hard after them now, and I think they’ll catch them in a day or two.’

“ ‘I care nothing about your butcheries and robberies,’ I replied impatiently, and passed on.

“ But the subject of the banditti was forced upon me in such

a way as not to be shunned the next morning, when I received a letter from my father imploring me to come at once to the Rizzio Street Prison. On my way there I could not but notice the scorn with which the people regarded me. They pointed at me from across the street, thrust tongue into cheek and frowned when I came near, and some who were coming toward me, crossed to the other side, evidently to avoid coming within reach of me. At any other time this would have amazed me, but I was now too much preoccupied to give more than a passing thought to the strange conduct of my friends. I was wondering why my father had written from prison.

"But before forming any conclusion, I found myself on Rizzio street at the prison door. The jailer conducted me through winding corridors as dreary as death, and stopped finally at the door of one of the strongest cells. In this place I found my father, heavily hand-cuffed and bound to the floor by a big rusty chain. He was attired in sooty, filthy clothes. His hands were covered with dry blood, and a long scar across his cheek was still bleeding.

" 'My boy, my boy !' he exclaimed. 'I am glad you came. 'Twill comfort me, when dying, to know that my son didn't desert me.'

" 'How came you here, father?' I asked. 'Who dressed you in these loathsome old rags, and who lied so basely to the police that they dared to arrest you ?'

" 'No one has lied,' he groaned. 'The officers took me last night while presiding over the banditti in this dress. You didn't know that I belonged to that crowd, but by that means I accumulated the vast wealth which is now forfeited. You are a pauper. I thank my stars you have a good education, and can make a name elsewhere.'

" 'Here the jailer came to lead me out, and I bade my father farewell forever, for the next day he was executed, and his property went into the hands of the municipal officers. I was turned into the street penniless and friendless, but not aimless.

"Of course I no longer hoped to wed my Thalia openly. Her father, I knew, would sooner kill her than see her married to one whom he supposed to be an accessory in the horrible crimes of the banditti. I determined to test Thalia's love, and if it should be found true, to marry her at all hazards, as soon as I could earn enough to support her.

"I arranged a secret meeting with her, and that night found her in a secluded bower on her father's lawn. The scene there you can imagine more easily than I can describe. After we had tearfully renewed our vows, and had agreed to escape from the tyranny of Thalia's father whenever I should return to Naples with a fortune, we began once more to sing *our* song. My singing to-day was but a faint echo of the melody, the soul, that was in the song that night. But we roused Thalia's father, who pounced upon us like a tiger, swearing that if ever he caught me, 'an infernal robber,' on his premises again, he would hang me higher than my scoundrel of a father had been hanged. I knew that this language would soon carry me beyond self-control, so I secretly pressed Thalia's trembling little hand, took one more look at the pale face, streaming with tears of sorrow and fear, and with my harp at my back, went out into the night.

"Briefly, after some three or four years I returned to Naples, having met with much success in money making, to carry away my Thalia. I came as I had gone, carrying my harp; and I had been in the city but a short while, when one who had been my friend engaged my services to help furnish music for a masquerade to occur that night at my old home. This suited me exactly, for Thalia would perhaps be there, and I should surely recognize her, however she might be disguised.

"You have been homesick when among strangers, but you know nothing of the utter loneliness and misery of homesickness at home. There I was in my father's house, the place of my birth, the home of my youth, no more noticed than a

dog. All the old furniture had been replaced by new, and the pattern of the walls had been changed, as if contagion lurked in the old; but the revellers were much the same people as I remembered in happier days. 'Suppose,' I mused, 'I should speak to one of those belles who used to pine for the wealthy and promising Ricordo. She would scream and swoon as if an asp had bitten her. My Thalia will swoon, indeed; but for joy.' Presently a gentleman came near me to rest a moment from the dance.

"'Is that, sir' I asked, as a form that seemed familiar flitted by, 'the beautiful Thalia, daughter of the merchant M——?'

"'Oh, no!' he replied without looking round, 'Thalia died last year. That lady is the daughter of the merchant ----', but I heard no more. I could play no longer for the dancers; so I took my dear old harp and passed out of the room. What was there then to strive after? If I made of myself a leader of men, who would really care for my success? I began to wander then as I am wandering now, aimlessly. With me for years past it has been 'all of life to live.'

"I have travelled over every country on the globe, earning with my harp a pittance here and there, and when I came near starving I would sing *my* song, which always brought tears and money, too. That is the end of my story."

"Please," said I, "sing it once more, for now I can listen intelligently and with true sympathy."

Ricordo once more stood beside his faithful instrument, and sang as none but Orpheus has ever sung. The deep, rich tones, throbbing with emotion not affected, blended with the murmur of the river, with the rustling of the leaves and with the songs of the birds, so that all together seemed the voice of nature fuller and richer than ever before.

When he had finished, Ricoado, his face stained with tears, strapped his harp to his back, and without a word of farewell, passed through the woods and out of my sight forever.

A FRESHMAN IN THE LIBRARY.

BY HIMSELF.

Freshman hadn't been on Wake Forest soil very long before an accommodating friend offered to gain him admittance into the Library of Wake Forest College. He had, of course, learned previously that there were some ten or eleven thousand volumes in the library, but he didn't know how closely books could be stowed. And so, when he had been ushered in and had run his eyes over the rows of books in the two floors of the Library, he was conscious of just a slight touch of disappointment, which his companion may or may not have noticed.

It is likely that the new student didn't find out until later in his course that all the books in the Library were classified and catalogued. In fact he was so busily occupied with individual books, throughout his whole stay at college, that he never thought to inquire to what department or branch a given book belonged. The location of books in one kind of literature, however, was pretty soon discovered, and that part of the Library much frequented by Freshman. It was the "Fiction" corner, though the proximity of some dusty old copies of the Edinburgh Review seemed altogether incongruous even to a freshman's untutored mind.

Well, the greater part of Freshman's reading during his first year, and, indeed, during the other three years of his college course, was in books taken from this very corner—a fact which, after due reflection, he is far from regretting. For he had his college work proper to do, and when he had gotten through with his mathematics, Latin and Greek, he had little time or strength for so-called "solid" reading.

A single examination of the works of fiction in the Library was enough to reveal to Freshman the scarcity of really good novels there. He soon learned, to his amazement and indig-

nation, that this scarcity was the result of a habit, practiced by certain students, of taking out books without the knowledge of the Librarian, and never returning them. But, of course, Freshman must make good use of such as were left.

What was he to read first? He took up one book after another, opening each to see if it looked interesting. Finally his hand fell upon a book bound in red, which much handling had made a muddy brown. "The Black Arrow" was the title, and a rather striking one, Freshman thought. At any rate it was worth more than a passing notice. Not only did it have an attractive title; it had been read a great deal. This much was evident from its tattered and worn appearance. These two circumstances almost decided Freshman to settle upon "The Black Arrow;" but, while he was looking, he didn't see any need for stopping until he had found the very most exciting bit of fiction in the Wake Forest Library, and was going to look further, when he happened to ask himself, "Who wrote this book?" Robert Louis Stevenson, the clear print of the title-page answered. That was enough. Freshman was sure that, in point of sheer interestingness, the books written by the author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" could not be excelled, if equalled.

"The Black Arrow" was devoured with great relish and equal speed, in blissful ignorance of the fact found out later that, in the judgment of competent critics, it was Stevenson's only outright failure. "Paul Patoff" next graced the page of the enterprising novel reader, who, after reading this admirable book, was ready to declare that F. Marion Crawford must of necessity be the king of American novelists—Stevenson's counterpart this side the Atlantic.

But soon the nature of the books on Freshman's page changed from gay to grave, the realm of fancy in which he had been luxuriating had to be abandoned for the chilling atmosphere of fact. This was a natural consequence of a step taken by Freshman soon after entering college, namely, the joining

of a literary society. And so he could now be seen lugging to his room bound volumes of the Forum, the North American Review, and other such literature. He was not sorry, it may be guessed, when he had got through with his first attempt at debate, and, for a time, was spared the necessity of reading such painfully dry productions as a great many of those which appear in the magazines just mentioned.

While Freshman is reasonably sure now that he made no mistake in reading novels, as a refreshing diversion from his text-books, he does not forget that there were times when he found himself doubting if one ought to read "story-books" habitually. And it was in this state of mind, one afternoon, that he began an examination of the "Travels" department. One of the first books he happened upon was dressed in a garb of glorious olive-green with the name in bold, yellow letters. What led him to take the book out, unless it was its striking appearance, he has forgotten; he may not have known then. But "The Voyage of the Veda" went on his page and—off the next time the library was opened. The book may interest people of a certain mental make-up; it certainly was not to Freshman's liking. The only kind of travel book that he cared for was such as Jules Verne's "Around the World in Eighty Days" or "Five Weeks in a Balloon."

Freshman had always had a strong dislike for authors who sought to be funny, though Artemus Ward and his "Wax Figgers" made an impression on his youthful mind that years will not efface. And so he could not help from commiserating his room-mate one day when he saw him bring in a large, yellow-bound book bearing the title "A Yankee in King Arthur's Court." How a book of that size could maintain a reasonable standard of funniness from cover to cover was more than a mere freshman could understand. But an accidental glimpse of the frontispiece, which showed a wildish-looking Connecticut Yankee in checked coat and trousers, perched in a tree and looking down, in great fright, upon the poised

lance of a Knight of the Round Table, awoke the blunted sense of the ludicrous in Freshman's mind, and he was soon following, with closest interest, the marvelous adventures of Sir Boss.

Several other books were read that first year. Among them were "The Days of Bruce," a charming historical novel based on the fortunes of Robert Bruce; "The Circuit Rider," a very taking story of the life, labors, love and death of a Methodist boy-preacher; and "A Roman Exile," another historical narrative, too historical in fact, to please the average reader. And, all things considered, Freshman derived a great deal of enjoyment and, he hopes, some considerable improvement out of his first year's use of the Library.

THE STUDENTS' AID FUND OF WAKE FOREST COLLEGE.

One of the many agencies at Wake Forest which look to the assistance and encouragement of worthy young men, is the "Students' Aid Fund." It has been thought that an article relating the history of the fund might be of interest to the readers of *THE STUDENT*.

The following facts, relative to its origin and early history, are taken from a letter written at the request of Dr. Taylor, by Mr. J. W. Denmark, of Raleigh, N. C., who, more than any other man, was the originator of the idea which culminated in the foundation of the Fund.

Mr. Denmark came to Wake Forest in the fall of 1871. He had been at College but a very short time before he had concluded that it must be the best place on the globe for a young man. He wanted all the young men of his State to see and realize the importance of education, and the blessings which he and his fellows were enjoying, and were likely to enjoy, all of which blessings those who were deprived of these

opportunities could never hope for. This wish grew into an earnest, longing desire to see more students enrolled, and to see every one then on the roll return for the next session. At the close of his first session, he pleaded with the boys in his society to be sure to allow nothing to prevent their return the next fall. He urged them not to come back simply to watch the trains come in and "leg" the new men, but to bring at least one each with them, thus helping themselves, their society, their college, and the boys whom they had induced to come. Mr. Denmark spent much time during his first vacation trying to convince young men that they ought to return to college with him, or attend some other college. These efforts of Mr. Denmark were not without fruit, for at the end of his college course he could count *twenty-three* young men whom he had induced to spend at least one term of five months at Wake Forest. Many of the number graduated with distinction, and are now making their mark.

While trying to induce the young men of his acquaintance to educate themselves as well as possible, and go to college if within their means, Mr. Denmark found many abundantly able but without the inclination. Others, however, he met who would weep, so great was their anxiety. These generally had not the means and did not know a friend to whom they could apply for a loan. He met one young man, in particular, in the vacation of '75, who was eager to go to college. This young man was anxious to prepare himself to be of service to himself, as well as to his community. He would borrow, if he could, but knew not where to apply. Mr. Denmark had grasped the meaning of the motto, "*Inveniam viam aut faciam*," and did not leave the boy until he had tried to impress upon his mind that, if he was in earnest, he would find the way. After Mr. Denmark's interview with this young man, it occurred to him that there must be, somewhere in the United States, an organization or society for the purpose of loaning funds to just such men as this, and that if there was

not one there ought to be, and should be, and at Wake Forest College.

Immediately upon his return to college in the fall of 1875, he procured a college directory, a copy of the Baptist Year Book, and one hundred postal cards. In a few days he had mailed a postal card to every leading college in this country, to every secretary of a Baptist State Convention, and to the secretaries of all the educational societies and associations mentioned in the Year Book, asking if there was in their college, or connected with it, any loan fund or any way to help worthy young men, other than students for the ministry. These questions brought some very encouraging replies, but nowhere could he find what was wanted—a *fund to be loaned to worthy, indigent young men seeking higher education*.

The following letter from Mr. G. M. Spratt, Philadelphia, Pa., may be taken as a fair sample of the many responses that Mr. Denmark received in answer to his inquiries :

“ 530 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA,

“ November 19, 1875.

“ J. W. DENMARK—*Dear Brother:* Your postal card received. Absence from the city has prevented an earlier reply.

“ To meet, in part, your request, I mail our report for 1874, and will mail our report for 1875 in a few days. It is now in press. From these reports you will gain the information you desire as to our aims and general purpose. The mode of carrying out this plan does not essentially differ from that of kindred societies.

“ We seek, as a matter of prime importance, to secure the best young men in our churches. Only such as are *fully endorsed* by their respective churches are accepted, and that after a rigid examination by a fully competent Board of Managers. This Board has no connection with any college, seminary or academy. It stands committed to nothing but the real welfare of the rising ministry. It is annually elected by the society.

“ The first year of student life is probationary. Great care is taken to drop all doubtful cases, or to suspend their relations for one or more terms of study, until the church renews an application for aid, and this certifies their confidence in the applicant. We have rejected many whom the church or individuals, have afterwards sustained, and in a few cases they have acted wisely. Term reports of due progress in studies are required from each school. A yearly certificate is also required from the president or principal

of each school that, in their judgment, the beneficiaries are deserving of continued aid.

"After all our precautionary measures, we are sometimes deceived and find we have spent money on that which is not bread. Still, I give you the result of twenty-six years' experience in fostering the rising ministry. It pays. It pays well. Nothing in the church of Christ pays better. I speak, however, only of our denomination in the limits of this State, as my experience goes but little beyond these limits. The mass of the product is 'gold, silver and precious stones,' and if we have to burn the 'wood, hay and stubble,' it only confirms the sad truth that in all human agencies there is to be found the slime of the curse attached to fallen humanity.

"In regard to funds, we do not lack to any very serious or embarrassing extent. The students are paid *without failure* at the precise time arranged, and not a day later. We want honest, punctual business men in the ministry, and only such. So we practice ourselves the lesson we wish to impress on them. If we have not the money on hand, we effect a loan for a few days. Nor are we kept from the purse of our churches, as a general rule. This point is secure so long as we guard the money entrusted to us from waste or perversion. We now carry eighty-five beneficiaries, of whom one-half receive \$150 each per annum, and the remainder an average of \$100 each.

"Our aim is simply to cover the cost of plain boarding and the charge for tuition (\$36). As soon as times change for the better, we will enlarge to one hundred students, if the proper timber can be secured.

"In your proposed work the success of the future will depend upon the wisdom and care manifest in the present planning. Sow wisely and you will reap rich harvests. You cannot afford to lose the confidence of your churches by mismanagement and poor results. Be frank, be honest with the churches.

"Please let me have your printed reports from time to time, together with any suggestions you may see proper to make. We are not too old to improve, nor shall we be ungrateful for such favors.

"Yours, in service of press, pulpit and school—all for and all in Christ,
"G. M. SPRATT."

Having satisfied himself that he could not find what he was in search of, namely, a model upon which to organize, Mr. Denmark determined to do the best he could without a model. So one night during the fall of 1875 he talked the matter over, as he had frequently done before, with his room mate, Rev. John L. Britt, and retired. The next morning he arose, and before breakfast had written the following heading for a subscription list:

“Knowing that there are a large number of worthy young men in our State whose natural capacities for receiving an education are very great, and who desire education above all things else, and are not endowed with means sufficient to meet the necessary expenses of a regular course at our college, but would be willing to borrow and able to give approved security for so much as would be necessary to enable them to obtain a college education, and seeing the vast amount of illiteracy and the great danger hanging over our State in consequence of it: We agree to form ourselves into an association for the purpose of assisting such young men as may apply for and prove worthy of our assistance.

“We also agree to pay annually into the treasury of said association, to be disbursed as above stated, the amounts annexed to our names.” (This is a verbatim copy of the original which is now in Mr. Denmark’s possession.)

Having canvassed the students, Faculty and citizens of the village with gratifying success, a meeting was called and the organization effected. The meeting was a full one and “TO ME,” Mr. Denmark says, “the most interesting meeting I had ever attended.” This meeting and organization took place in December, 1875. Mr. Denmark had prepared and had present, in the rough, a constitution which, with some modifications and amendments, was adopted. Article 1 of the constitution, reads as follows:

“This association shall be known as THE NORTH CAROLINA BAPTIST STUDENTS’ AID ASSOCIATION.”

And Article 2 reads: “The object of this Association shall be to afford pecuniary assistance, by loan, to such indigent young men desiring to pursue a course of instruction at Wake Forest College, as shall apply for and be deemed worthy of such aid; provided such application shall be made in accordance with the laws of this association.”

The balance of the constitution provided the machinery of the organization.

The following officers were elected:

President, Prof. W. G. Simmons; Vice-President, Prof. C. E. Taylor; Recording Secretary, C. F. Reid; Corresponding Secretary, J. W. Denmark; Treasurer, W. O. Allen; Auditor, Prof. L. R. Mills.

Board of Directors.—Rev. T. H. Pritchard, D. D., Prof. W. G. Simmons, Rev. A. S. Purefoy, Prof. L. R. Mills, Rev. C. T. Bailey, James W. Denmark, John E. Ray, Rev. A. F. Purefoy, W. O. Allen, Dr. G. W. Purefoy, J. A. Kelly, Prof. W. B. Royall, C. F. Reid, Prof. C. E. Taylor, Rev. W. T. Brooks.

Standing Committee.—Prof. W. G. Simmons, Prof. C. E. Taylor, Rev. W. T. Brooks, D. D.

The organization completed, Mr. Denmark had some subscription blanks printed and sent them to the various persons to whom he had written for information. The headings to these blanks set forth the objects and, to a degree, the plan of the organization. By the opening of the spring term of 1876 there was enough cash in hand to start the first applicant, who was Barney H. Phillips. His loan was entered February 16, 1876, the amount being \$85. Mr. Denmark says, "that so far as he has been able to learn, Barney H. Phillips was the first student, anywhere, to receive aid from a *loan* fund provided for the special purpose of aiding non-ministerial students."

It was decided by the Board of Directors that the association ought to be regularly incorporated. Prof. Simmons, accordingly, was appointed to draft a bill and Mr. Denmark sent to Raleigh, in February, 1877, to "lobby it through" the Legislature, then in session. The act of incorporation may be found in chapter 50, Laws of 1877, page 677. The act was ratified March 5, 1877.

The idea was immediately adopted in New England. Copies of the subscription blanks mentioned above had been sent to the Boston University, and in December, 1876, there was received from Mrs. Borden P. Bowne, Secretary *pro tem.*, a copy

of the printed minutes of a meeting held there December 12, 1876. Mrs. Bowne wrote that the accompanying constitution was adopted at a meeting held December 2, 1876, and signed by the following ladies. (Then follows the names and addresses of thirty-four ladies.) The name given to the society was "The Boston University Woman's Education Society."

Mrs. Bowne said: "Many prominent and influential ladies of Boston and vicinity have expressed a warm interest in the work of the society, and their intention to assist. The permanent organization will be effected in January."

In the language of the printed document sent: "This association has been formed for the purpose of promoting the higher—that is, the collegiate and post-collegiate—education of women. It hopes to do this in many ways, but especially in the following (mentioning four ways, the fourth of which follows):

"Fourth, and most directly and tangibly of all, by assisting indigent but promising young women in availing themselves of the facilities now offered them for pursuing collegiate and other studies in Boston University."

In July of 1877 Mr. Denmark went to Chapel Hill to spend a few weeks with his friend, Rev. A. C. Dixon, who was then pastor of the Baptist church at that place. He had the charter, the constitution, etc., of the Students' Aid Association printed and carried a supply with him. While at Chapel Hill he showed this printed matter to the members of the Faculty who were there, and one professor gave him, for the Association, \$10. The date of this contribution was July 23, 1877. The Baptist church added \$11.56 to the professor's ten, making the total raised at Chapel Hill during that visit \$21.56. He returned from Chapel Hill to Wake Forest, where he remained until September of that year. About the opening of the fall term of '77 he received a note from Dr. T. H. Pritchard, giving him the name and address of Dr. Chas. F. Deems, pastor of the Church of Strangers, New York City, and ask-

ing him to send him the printed documents explaining the objects of the Students' Aid Association. He spoke of Dr. Deems as "my friend," and stated that the Doctor had written him for the information. Mr. Denmark forwarded the papers to Dr. Deems, requesting of him at the same time a contribution, but heard nothing more from him on the subject until December, 1879, when his first contribution to the Deems Fund at the University was announced in the press. This was about two years after Mr. Denmark had sent him the papers.

That the information furnished by Mr. Denmark was, beyond reasonable doubt, the fountain from which came Dr. Deems' first inspiration, appears from the following extracts from an address by Dr. Kemp P. Battle, President of the University, at a Deems Memorial Meeting at the University soon after Dr. Deems death. For these extracts, as will be seen, show that the plan, under which the Deems Fund is, by the direction of the founder, dispensed, is practically that laid down in the constitution of the Students' Aid Fund at Wake Forest.

"In the darkest hour of my Presidency of the University, when our income was so small that it was necessary to curtail the salaries of the faculty, before the General Assembly had been induced to come to our relief, I received a letter from Dr. Deems, which was a ray of sunlight through a rift in the cloud. Its purport was that his heart prompted him to aid as far as he could young men of North Carolina aspiring to higher education, and at the same time erect a monument to the memory of his eldest son, Theodore Disosway Deems, born at Chapel Hill, who lost his life in the Confederate service. To these ends he proposed to establish a fund, the whole of which, the principal and the interest which might accrue from time to time, was to be loaned on good security directly to needy students of this University. * * * One of our trustees feared that poor youths could not find solvent securities. * * * He was mistaken. There are

always good men willing to give their endorsement in order to aid aspiring merit. * * * * The Fund may sustain occasional losses, but those losses will not equal the annual interest. The feature of lending principal, as well as interest, directly to the needy students, whose neighbors are willing to become sureties for repayment out of their early earnings, makes this one of the wisest schemes ever devised for helping young men of promise and of pluck."

It soon became evident to Mr. Denmark's mind that the machinery of the organization was not perfect, and in fact he had recommended, before he left college, that the fund should be placed in the hands of the Trustees of the College, and the Trustees should appoint a committee to manage and care for the fund, and see that it was carefully guarded and used strictly according to the objects for which it was intended. The great difficulty which was experienced in getting meetings of the Board of Directors led to this conclusion. It was clear that the association could not gain that confidence which it should have as it was then being managed, and that, if the Board of Trustees of the College could be induced to take the management of the fund, confidence would be inspired in the hearts of the contributors, and the fund would grow accordingly. At the meeting of the Baptist State Convention at Wilmington in 1886, some of the friends of the Association held a conference, and a committee was appointed to procure a new charter or a change in the old one. W. H. Pace, Esq., was appointed to draft the new charter, and Mr. Denmark was selected as the member of the Committee to do the "Lobby act." The Charter then procured is the one under which the association is now operating.

JENNY LIND.

C. M. S.

Near the close of a dark, gloomy day in November, a young woman was making her way along a narrow road, which wound around and over the hills along the banks of Deep river. A biting east wind was blowing full in her face, driving the fallen leaves hither and thither, whisking them away and back again. The lowering clouds seemed to be emblematic of the gloom and distress which hung over "Dixie's Land," for it was the winter of '64. No living thing met the eye of the young woman, as she pressed on against the wind, struggling to keep her shawl from flying away with the drifting leaves, except now and then a crow would sweep by with a hoarse *caw! caw!* which accorded well with the desolate landscape.

On either side of the road was a dense thicket of pines and cedars, almost impenetrable to any animal larger than a rabbit. Just as the young woman reached a point where the road made a sharp bend, a man stepped out some fifty steps in front of her and waited for her to come up. Mary Martin (this was the young woman's name) felt her heart leap into her throat as she recognized, in the rough, shaggy, unkempt figure before her, Jack Stillton, a notorious desperado whose name was feared and hated by everybody in the neighborhood. Just before the beginning of the war he had attempted to pay court to Mary, but he was soon given to understand that his attentions were not appreciated; in short, that his room was better than his company. Jack vowed that she should pay dearly for it all; and also he swore, with many a horrible oath, that he would get even with Frank Winston, who was also looking toward Mary with a partial eye.

Jack volunteered and went to the front with Jackson; but the restrictions of army life were not agreeable to his nature.

He fought for the very pleasure of fighting, not because it was his duty to fight; so he deserted from his regiment, and, returning to his old neighborhood, he soon collected around himself a band of kindred spirits, reckless dare-devils, who like himself, were deserters from the Confederate Army. They passed the days in sleep, hidden away in thickets and caves, but as soon as night was come they would sally forth and woe to the house which they visited. Frequently after plundering a house of everything of value, they would set fire to it, and then ride away, cursing and shouting at the top of their voices.

When Mary Martin saw this desperado standing in the road before her, her first impulse was to flee; but she knew well that he would overtake her in a few hundred yards, so she dismissed the idea of flight and resolved to go forward trusting only in her own firm will and indomitable spirit.

"Well," said he with an oath, as she drew near. "I guess I'll show you how to slight Jack Stillton. What have you got to say for yourself, any way?"

She did not reply, but attempted to pass by him, keeping her eyes, however, fixed on his every movement.

"No you don't, either," he said, seizing her by the arm as she would have passed: "No you don't; you treated me like a dog, just because I didn't wear as good clothes as Frank Winston. But it's my turn now. I'll show you what is what," shaking her violently; "Can't you say anything?"

"If I were a man," she answered steadily, "you would not dare use such language to me. Such a coward as you are can frighten only women and children. Why don't you meet Frank Winston face to face, and tell him what you have said to me?"

"I went to see him only last night," he said with lowering brow, "and when he returns home, he will find the marks of my visit."

"Yes, you are a brave man," continued Mary. "You go to see a man only when you know he is not at home, and that

too at night. But you are brave enough to insult a woman in the broad daylight."

For a moment, Stillton was almost speechless with anger at the taunt; then hissed between his clenched teeth, "I'll fix you. Before midnight your home will be in ashes."

But just at that moment the hoof-beats of a horse were heard. Jack listened a moment, and then bounded back into the bushes just as a horseman came into sight round the bend in the road. Mary gave one look, and then, as she recognized the approaching horseman, her face which a moment before had been almost like marble in its whiteness, became rosy with the returning blood. She continued on her way, but in another minute the rider was at her side, and, as he checked his horse to a walk, a strong, hearty voice said.

"Why, good evening! Where have you been?"

"Good evening!" the girl answered, adding with a blush, "I have only been over to Mrs. Winslow's."

"Won't you get up and ride?" asked Frank Winston, for it was he; "I am going right by your house, and Jenny Lind will carry double nicely, as you know."

"Thank you, I can walk very well. It is only a short distance home now."

"Well, I'll walk too," said Frank, swinging himself lightly down from his saddle, and throwing his horse's bridle over his arm, he walked along by Mary's side.

Frank Winston was a tall, well-built young fellow, of about twenty-five years of age, with a cheerful countenance over which a happy smile was now playing, as he walked along by the woman he hoped to make his wife. He was dressed in the uniform of a captain of the North Carolina State Guard.

His horse, which was following at his heels, now and then playfully nipping at his coat, was a beautiful animal. A deep bay with a single star of white in her forehead, with long flowing mane and tail, she was a perfect picture of symmetry. As she threw up her head at every little noise and danced around, spurning the ground beneath her feet, and this, too,

after being ridden twenty miles, she showed evidence of great speed and endurance. Frank was very proud indeed of his mare, Jenny Lind he called her, and well might he be proud, for on many an occasion her speed had stood him well in great need. Though he knew it not then, her speed and endurance were to be tested, and sorely tested, ere many hours passed.

Frank and Mary were already in sight of her home when he said.

"By the way, Mary, I thought I saw some one with you, when I first came in sight of you a moment ago. Who was it?"

For a moment Mary hesitated. Should she tell him of the threats made by Jack Stillton? She decided to tell him all about it. So she answered. "It was Jack Stillton."

"Jack Stillton; that scoundrel! What do you mean by having an interview with such a man?"

"It was none of my making," she replied. "He came into the road in front of me, and I had to pass by him."

"Yes, but you were standing still when I first saw you." "He made me stop, and he made some of the most dreadful threats. He threatened to burn our house down before morning, and I don't know what all else."

Frank was silent for a moment. Then he said slowly, "you don't think he meant that, do you?"

"Yes, I think so. Only last night he and his gang went to your house, robbed it, abused your mother and your little sisters, and then set fire to the house. I guess he means to do it."

By this time they had reached the gate at Mary's home. The young officer said.

"Here, Mary, take my pistols. You know how to use them," he continued, as he unbuckled his pistol belt. "Barricade the doors to-night, and defend the house as long as you can. Jenny Lind and I, (patting his horse lovingly on the neck) are going for aid."

"But where are you going?" asked Mary. She had expected her lover to stay at her side and defend her, but instead he was leaving her.

"I am going to Maudrey's Ford," he answered, "where my men are in camp."

"But that is sixteen miles away," objected Mary, "and it is now nearly sunset. Before you can go there, and get back with your men, it may be too late."

"You forget that I am riding Jenny Lind," answered Frank, swinging himself into the saddle. "Keep up a good heart. I shall be back almost before you know it. Come, Jenny," and giving rein to his horse, he was off like the wind.

Sixteen miles there and sixteen back! And already he had ridden twenty miles that day. But what did that Count with Jenny Lind?

"Slowly, slowly," said Frank, tightening on the rein, "this is not a dash of a mile or two." Then Jenny Lind settled down into a long, even stride which rapidly ate up the miles. An hour passed, twelve of the miles were covered, and still Jenny Lind kept up that rapid gait. Twenty minutes more, and the men sitting round the camp-fire heard the flying hoof-beats as they thundered over the bridge, a mile up the river. Another five minutes, and Captain Winston was rapidly issuing his orders to his men.

Fifteen minutes later forty men rode out from the camp at Maudrey's Ford, and the leader was mounted on a deep bay horse with a star of white in her forehead.

It was with a heavy heart that Mary saw her lover ride away. She had heard such horrible accounts of Jack Still-ton's blood-thirsty nature that she expected she and her mother would both be killed before Frank could get back with his men. Therefore it was with a sinking heart that she went to tell her mother what had happened to her that day.

Mary's father had died several years before this, and as her

only brother was away in the army, she and her mother were left alone, except for the company of a faithful old negro woman, who still remained with her former mistress.

This old negress, Aunt Tilda, was in the humble kitchen of the home with Mrs. Martin, preparing supper. Mary quickly told her adventures, and a consultation was held as to what was the best thing to do. Mary was for leaving home and going to a neighbor's, about a mile away. But Mrs. Martin opposed that plan, "For" said she, "we should never reach Mrs. Aubrey's alive, and we can defend ourselves better here than we could in the woods."

"Yes'm," put in Aunt Tilda, "and Marse Winston rides a mighty fast hoss. It won't take that Jinny Linn long to go and come. You had better stay at home, honey," and so it was decided.

As soon as it began to grow dusk, the three women began to make what preparations they could to protect themselves against the band of robbers and cut-throats.

There were only two doors to be made fast, one at the front and the other at the back of the house. These were closed and bolted, and then the bureaus, tables, beds, anything that had weight, were piled against them. The windows were so small and placed so high from the ground that it was not thought necessary to protect them in any way. And now, having done all that they could, they had only to wait the attack, which they were all sure would be made. Aunt Tilda, grasping an axe in her strong hand, guarded the back door, while Mrs. Martin with an old army musket, and Mary with pistols which Frank Winston had given her, prepared to defend the front door.

It was not long till Aunt Tilda, peering through the window, said: "Yander comes the sorry buckry; jist let 'em try to git in at this door, and I'll fix some uv 'em so they won't bodder anybody else."

She was right. Jack Stillton and his gang were already

surrounding the house. Jack gave the door a kick, which threatened to tear it from its hinges, and demanded admittance.

"Oh, you might as well open the door," he said, "for we are coming in." But no answer was given him. Mrs. Martin cocked the old musket and laid it across the table in front of her, while Mary stood near the door with a pistol in each hand.

"Break down the door!" ordered Jack; "some of you go to the back door."

Slam, bang, crash! and the lock of the door was broken, but the furniture piled there kept it from flying open. It was sufficiently open, however, for a man to crowd his way into the room. Jack thrust his head and shoulders through the crack, gave one look, and immediately retreated. But he was not quick enough. Mrs. Martin and Mary both fired at the same moment, and a ball was in the villain's shoulder. Jack's men redoubled their blows on the door.

Crash! The door was down, but none of the ruffians could rush in while Mary stood there with her pistols.

At that instant the other door was driven in, but the first one who attempted to enter over the heap of furniture piled there was met by Tilda with her axe. Swinging the axe above her head, she struck full at the ruffian, and the keen edge struck his arm just below the elbow leaving him with a bleeding stump.

Just at that moment, when it seemed that the house would soon be taken, there was heard the sound of galloping horses, and forty men rode up to the rescue, led by Frank Winston. Jenny Lind was covered with foam, till you could not recognize what her original color had been. In three hours she had covered thirty-five miles, and was back just in the nick of time.

There stands to-day, not far from the road, a large sour-wood tree, which is pointed out as the spot where Jack Stillton was

found swinging at the end of a halter-rein, and hard by was the body of a man whose arm had been severed from his body.

The dark cloud which hung over the land has disappeared, and a clearer day has dawned. But sometimes now, when the long winter nights come and Captain Winston sits around his blazing fireside, he tells his children of those terrible days, when only the speed of Jenny Lind saved their mother's life.

THE ILLEGIBLE SIGNATURE.

(From the French of J. Ricard.)

W. P. EXUM, JR. '96.

It was on one of those delightful autumn afternoons when the cheerful rays of the sun warm the chilling breezes, that M. Brignac and I sat chatting on the veranda. Over the veranda floated the rich perfumes of heliotrope, and in the distance the Marne, with its indolent meanderings, looked like a huge silver serpent.

M. Brignac is a charming man. He was once an officer of the "guides." With his majestic figure, soft flowing beard and clear-cut features, he presents a handsome appearance. Entering into active life when the Empire was at the height of its glory, he drank deep of worldly joys, and later the future of the Republic seemed to him an insufficient reason for renouncing the pleasures of the world.

Just seven years ago his health failed. He was then—

But why should I speak of the age of a gallant man whose friendship is already mine, and whose cook has nowhere an equal?

His friends advised him to travel. He took their advice, and went abroad. At one of the celebrated watering-places he met an English girl with sweet manners and a beautiful figure. He was an attractive man and had money; she was a daughter of poverty.

The following winter the pretty English girl and the officer of the "guides" joined hands at the altar, and were happy in each other's love.

Now they have an only son, the hope and joy of their lives. M. Brignac has grown old and serious. However, he is a splendid companion for me. When I was young he gave me some good advice, advice which I have not forgotten, and now I am glad, from time to time, to spend an hour or two with him.

While we were walking and chatting, we passed before the door which opened upon the conservatory. In one corner of the conservatory I espied, seated at a table, the son of my host. The little fellow, a pretty child, had grown weary of rolling his pen upon the table, and with a look full of melancholy he followed the flights of the swallows as they flitted close to the lawn, frightening away the swarms of buzzing insects.

The appearance of this child, imprisoned in that room, which on account of the brightness of the veranda seemed more gloomy than an imperial dungeon, excited in me a feeling of pity.

"How can you have the heart to shut up the little fellow during such pretty weather?"

"My dear fellow, when he learns how to write—write well, I mean—I shall set him at liberty. He is only five, and he is an intelligent child. I am determined that he shall write well."

"Because you write such a fine hand, I suppose?"

"Well, that might be one reason, and then we ought to try to shield our children from those evil habits which we have contracted."

"My dear Brignac, it may be because you have lived in the country too long, but it seems to me you are rather common-place and over-prudent."

"Over-prudent; yes, perhaps, I am. To be over-prudent

is always to steer one's bark aright. Would you like to know why I insist upon my little brat's writing well?

"It was in sixty-three. Bade was then simply Bade, and Monte-Carlo was only a little fishermen's village. I was living in Paris. In my dainty suite of rooms I passed the time quietly enough, careless of the world and its doings.

"One morning a letter was handed to me. It was a request for money—not one of those vulgar demands containing tales of misfortune and making promises of eternal gratitude and life-long remembrance. No, indeed; it was precise, without idle circumlocutions."

"'I have not a sou; send me at once three hundred francs, to pay my hotel-bill and to enable me to return to France and enlist in the army.'

"This message, roughly scribbled, was dated at Bade. As for the signature, it was absolutely impossible to read it. I tried to read it, for I examined it letter by letter, all the time thinking over in my mind who in the world could have committed such an unpardonable blunder.

"At Bade; why, I had three hundred friends there. But this unfortunate man had to be discovered. For two whole days I racked my brain. I gave the letter to every one I met, but no one could read the very word I wanted most, the signature.

"You can't imagine how much it troubled me. I thought it a crime to refuse money to a friend. What troubled me especially was that this illegible writing came, perhaps, from some one for whom I really cherished a feeling of friendship. I telegraphed to ten or a dozen of my intimate friends. No one knew anything about the note.

"Then I procured experts in reading difficult writing. One said it was one name, and he would swear to it; another said it was another name, and he was sure he was right, and to prove it he would swear, too. A third said it was no signature at all, but only the one word "Civilities."

"I reviewed my book of addresses name by name. It was useless! The third day I had an idea. I wrote to Bade, and demanded a list of all the guests at the hotel indicated by the unfortunate scribbler.

"I went to sleep early that night and slept soundly. During the night I was awakened by a husky voice in the deep silence and darkness. At first, I was filled with horror. Before I awoke completely, I heard—I don't believe about it; I know it,—a voice which whispered faintly, sighing, 'Jacques Lerminier.' In a second I was wide awake, standing up, and had a candle lighted. Then I re-read the letter. Why had I not seen it before? It was as plain as it could be!

"Lerminier was a clever boy; a little wild, but in our youthful days we had loved each other. Later in life, we parted with an affectionate farewell, each of us to battle with the cold, matter-of-fact world.

"I looked at the clock: it was past midnight. I could do nothing until morning. Early the next morning I wrote Jacques a letter of explanation and enclosed the requested amount.

"The next day I received a dispatch, which informed me that my letter would be returned to me and that Jacques had killed himself the night before, at the exact hour that I heard the sighing voice in the silence and darkness of my bed-chamber."

We walked on some minutes, in silence. Finally Brignac said with a sad smile, "Now you see why I am determined that my little brat shall write well."

AN UNCROWNED HERO.

R. C. LAWRENCE.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, in the summer of which John Esten Cooke speaks in "Surry." Beauregard's army was resting on its arms and eagerly awaiting the morrow's battle. Many of the men were anxious for the fray, for the realities of civil war had not as yet been realized, nor had privation and toil cooled their ardor.

Stretched on the ground, around one of the camp-fires, were three men. All three were soldiers and belonged to a regiment of Virginia cavalry. One of the group was a bright, brave lad of some eighteen years, John Bailey by name, who by proficiency in drill and such matters, had risen to the rank of trumpeter in his troop.

"When shall we three meet again?"

It was the captain who had spoken, and his words were echoed by the lieutenant.

"I hope we may follow up your quotation, Captain, and say 'When the battle's lost or won,'" said John.

They had been lying around the fire, thinking of the coming battle, for the army of McDowell was near at hand and a conflict was inevitable. Each felt the hot southern blood coursing through his veins, and longed to win fame for himself and glory for the Confederate States.

The camp-fire burned lower, the expiring flames revealing the forms of the sleeping cavalymen. The tall pines, lifting their naked limbs toward the sky, hovered over them like gaunt skeletons. The camp was wrapped in slumber, but the consultation at headquarters was long continued. The leaders planned carefully, for they felt that upon the coming battle hung the destiny of the Confederate States.

At early dawn the notes of the bugle floated softly down the valley, and the rising sun shone upon the polished arms

and glittering uniforms of forty thousand men. At eight o'clock came orders for the advance, and the army was put in motion.

John Bailey was despondent that morning. His regiment had been placed among the reserves, and he was forced to remain idle while the battle was being fought, which would give life or death to the beloved Southland. His restless spirit chafed against the restraint and eagerly he awaited the time when the reserves should be ordered into the line.

It was a beautiful Sabbath morning. The valley stretched its level length far into the distance. But it had lost its usual stillness, for the roar of cannon and the rattle of small arms re-echoed from the hills. The battle had begun in earnest and eighty thousand men were engaged in deadly conflict.

The fight grew hotter and hotter as the tide of battle rolled across the plain. The sun reached the meridian and poured its scorching heat upon the heads of the struggling soldiery. But the struggle was in no wise abated, for reinforcements had come to the aid of McDowell and the blue lines surged nearer the heated guns of the Confederacy. Then came the order for the reserves to advance.

The order was received with enthusiasm by the men and the division went forward at a gallop. But it was in vain, for the better trained forces of McDowell slowly but surely pushed them back, cutting them to pieces. Beauregard, seeing this, sent an order for a retreat. John Bailey heard the order with sadness, but determined that he would be the last to leave the ground.

"Trumpeter, sound the retreat!"

John's face turned pale as he raised the bugle to his lips. Instead of the signal of retreat came the clear, ringing notes of the charge. The division heard and understood. The column wheeled in perfect order, and with drawn sabres flashing in the sunlight, rushed forward, an invincible phalanx, and John, still sounding the charge, rode at the head.

The tide of battle came and went, but at last the victory perched upon the Confederate banners and the Union army was in full retreat upon Washington.

The sun was sinking, a ball of crimson and gold in the west, when the captain and lieutenant went to search for John. They found him lying dead at the point where the heaps of dead bodies showed the point of fiercest conflict. Tenderly and lovingly they gave him a soldier's burial, and with sad hearts returned to the camp across the Run.

Far removed from the scene of battle, John Bailey's mother was praying for her boy. Little dreamed she that her darling lay upon the field of battle. But it was so. No more shall those three meet again, for the hero was dead and his spirit had passed into the land of love and light.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

STAFF OF EDITORS.

PROF. R. W. HAYWOOD-----ALUMNI EDITOR.

EU. SOCIETY.

PHI. SOCIETY.

THOMAS H. BRIGGS-----EDITOR.

J. H. GORE, Jr-----EDITOR.

M. B. DRY-----ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

W. P. EXUM, Jr-----ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

CAREY P. ROGERS-----BUSINESS MANAGER.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

W. H. HECK, Editor pro tem.

OF THE opportunities for development which surround a college student, the reading of books is one which does not receive due consideration. As a pastime we regard it as pleasant, but the great training which may be received therefrom is overlooked in the performance of other duties attendant upon college life. Of course the instruction of the class-room is the prime object for us to consider; and the work of the literary societies gives an invaluable training, without which one's education is incomplete. Still these are not the only sources of mental growth upon which the college student may draw; for from reading we receive a training that cannot be acquired from any college curriculum. Nor in any other way does one receive that culture which comes from constant association, by reading, with men of the literary world. Companionship forms habit and character, so where shall we better look for associates than in the library with Scott, Irving and Hugo? It would be far more profitable to spend our leisure in gaining such instruction than to idle it away in simple amusements, and as for recreation we can find none more pleasant than the perusal of some good novel. Here, then, is intellectual profit and enjoyment combined, our studies being without the latter in the majority of cases. Some have

the erroneous idea that ease and correctness of style can be obtained by the careful study of grammar and rhetoric alone, but these are incomplete without a knowledge of their applications in the writings of the best authors. Moreover, rhetoric is only the means by which we can learn from reading to discriminate the purity and beauty of good English, and afterwards to apply these teachings to our own style.

The college curriculum itself cannot force, or consistently require, a wide course in reading, and it is therefore neglected to a great extent by some students. When the use of a good library is open to all, those who fail to make use of it will be sure to experience in after life the penalty of their neglect. At college must be made the preparation for the duties we shall perform in this world, and while we are here let us make that preparation as thorough as possible.

TO A CASUAL observer, it might seem that, as civilization advances, war is becoming more and more a thing of the past—the result of the influence exerted by the thoughtful and reasoning men of the present century. This belief, a mistaken one, as we shall attempt to show, is due to the fact that the history of the last ten or twenty years does not consist, for most people at least, in carefully written and condensed volumes, but in bits of information gathered here and there in the newspapers and speedily forgotten. Careful investigation, however, will reveal a surprisingly large number of serious wars, not to speak of “rumors of wars,” even in the comparatively brief period of the last fifty years. It is not altogether true, therefore, to say that civilization is beginning to eradicate the desire for bloodshed and to impress upon the world a proper appreciation of the blessings of peace. Nor is the excitement which generally accompanies an international dispute less strong than it was years ago. Only recently we have witnessed the most intense feeling over the compara-

tively insignificant contention with England and also with Spain. The spirit of warfare is not dying out so rapidly as one could wish, and we may well believe that peace will not finally prevail until there shall be a firmer friendship among the nations.

THE ADOPTION of class-banquets at commencement is an innovation that will not only increase the enjoyment of the occasion, but will also go a great way toward fostering class pride—that great desideratum in college life. Before '95 the only banquet was the one given by the president to the graduating class. Last commencement the Juniors of that year made Wednesday night the occasion of a thoroughly enjoyable banquet, a precedent which will be followed this session by the class of '97.

The present Sophomores, with their usual pomposity and magnificence, expect to give a banquet that will surpass all precedent. We have not yet been informed as to the plans of the Freshmen and rising "Preps." It is to be hoped that no one connected with this institution will raise any objection to these banquets at commencement, and that the several classes will see to it that they are always successful.

NOTHING HAS occurred in several years past that is of so much interest to students of the classics as the revival of the Olympic Games promises to be. The committee truly showed good judgment in choosing Athens as the site of the first contest between the nations on the field of athletics, because there the name and the historical associations will serve as an impetus that could not be obtained by any other means. It is no wonder that the Greeks are taking unusual interest in these celebrations, and the preparations promise an occasion which will excite the attention and enthusiasm of the civilized world. The most prominent feature is the reconstruction of the Pan-

athenaic Stadion in Pentelikon marble, which we hope will give a start to the rebuilding of many other noted Athenian ruins. In addition to the athletic contests in and near the new Stadion, which unfortunately cannot be completed in time for the occasion this month, there will be other instructive amusements relating to ancient Grecian customs. The revival of these games will undoubtedly give increased interest to Greek history, and will prove beneficial in the study of the classics.

ALL INTERESTED in the college will be pleased to know of the great success which has crowned the earnest efforts of our President and his co-laborer, Rev. C. W. Blanchard, for the endowment of the "Royall Chair." Seventeen thousand dollars have already been pledged, and there is fair promise of securing the other three thousand in the near future.

EXCHANGES.

JOHN HOMER GORE, Editor.

THE North Carolina Literature number of *The Trinity Archive* is admirably well gotten up, and the energy of its editors is worthy of emulation. *The Archive* is on the progressive, and is surely worthy of the zeal and best efforts of its editors.

The article on Judge Clark, while not as well written as some other articles in this number, is the candid opinion of an ardent admirer of Judge Walter Clark. On the whole, we think the author's opinion is just.

The article on Dr. Kingsbury is faithfully written. Dr. Kingsbury to-day writes with more force than any one in the State. While he will leave no permanent monument of his life's work, he will leave with his name a sacred memory to every North Carolinian. Dr. Kingsbury had the misfortune of having a rich father, but that father lost what he had and left his son to work out his own beginning under very trying circumstances.

Edwin W. Fuller deserves a high place, and, in our estimation, is first in North Carolina literature, but our admiration for him may lead us to form too low an opinion of some others. "Sea Gift" and "Angel in the Cloud," though written before the prime of life, certainly place him first. His minor poems display a rare poetic taste. His manliness of character appeals to one most forcibly. The prematureness of his death prevents us from forming an adequate opinion of what he might have become.

Henry Jerome Stockard has written some fairly good verse, and we are sorry that his collection of poems cannot come out now.

There is a sketch of C. H. Harriss, the composer of "Magdalene." It is particularly interesting.

THE famous Leland Stanford case has at last been decided in favor of the defendant. Mr. Stanford was a large holder in Central Pacific Railroad stock. The United States Government endorsed the bonds of this railroad, and by some unknown crook it came about that the company was unable to pay off the bonds, notwithstanding the fact that the individual stockholders had grown rich. The suit in question was an effort of the government's attorney to make the private fortunes of the stockholders liable for its claim against the railroad. But one Court after another has gone against the government, till at last the Supreme Court has confirmed the decision of the lower courts, and Mrs. Stanford remains a rich woman. The Leland Stanford University is also left secure in the munificent donations left it by Mr. Stanford, and so has its fortune secured.

PRESIDENT GREENE (of the William Jewell College) deserves the congratulation and the help of the people of Missouri. The Gymnasium is so far completed as to be in use, and is proving to be of great value to the health and conduct of the boys. For Wornall Academy the sum of \$21,000 is in hand. The building will have three stories, affording recitation-rooms and a large chapel. When this is completed, the college can take care of six hundred students. Just now Dr. Greene is gathering up the \$4,000 balance necessary to erect the building.

PRESIDENT D. J. HILL, of the University of Rochester, after resigning and withdrawing his resignation conditionally, has resigned absolutely, to take effect at the close of the present session.

REV. JOHN WATSON, of Liverpool (the famous "Ian Maclaren") will deliver the Lyman Beecher lectures at the Yale Divinity School this year.

THE college Greek-letter fraternities in the United States have a membership of 100,000, with some 650 active and 350 inactive chapters. They own seventy houses or halls in various college towns and cities.

THE *Emory Phoenix* comes to us in a new dress—very artistic indeed! The Class Tree number is a decided improvement over former ones.

THE University of North Carolina has sent a challenge to the University of Virginia to engage in a tourney at tennis.

THE *Mnemosynean* for March is not as good as usual. Spring generally brings with it that tired feeling that makes the weary editor more weary. The *Mnemosynean* has been improving gradually the whole year, and we hope it will continue to do so.

THE *Texas University Magazine* is a very high-toned journal. The articles are diversified. This journal knows the advantage of having a well-balanced table of contents.

THE *University of Virginia Magazine* contains some fair verse, but the prose is not quite up to the standard. "Comus" is a good essay. "Baseball at the University of Virginia" is very readable. In the editorial department there is quite a bitter piece on a statement made by Mr. C. C. Whitney. The statement was, that North Carolina on her Southern trip defeated Virginia in two games of football. Mr. Whitney is misinformed. We think that the *University of Georgia* is what the writer should have said. It was unfair to emphasize that part of the statement; this might have been left out with becoming modesty.

THE *Amherst Literary Monthly* is not quite as readable as usual. This journal "holds its own" unusually well. The tone is high—you never see any of the "college's trouble" in its countenance, and it never stoops to heated discussion.

MR. CHARLES L. COLBY, of New York, died recently. He was a man of wealth, and he used it liberally in life, and in his will left to the general fund of Brown University \$20,000.

THE end of the football season at the University of Minnesota left a cash balance of \$4,000; at Pennsylvania a balance of \$15,000, for next year's football team. The concert receipts for the Princeton University Glee Club for the year '94-'95 were \$15,599.50.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY has made a rule that those students who are unwilling to give up tobacco while in the University building may withdraw, and their tuition be refunded.

THE *Lotus*, published at Kansas City, Mo., is a journal devoted to the encouragement of "original and more artistic literary effort among undergraduates of colleges," yet "contributions from others than students will be published from time to time." This journal contains some good verse and some excellent prose articles. It is published semi-monthly at \$1 per year. It deserves the patronage of the public, and you would do well to encourage the movement.

SEVEN Brown juniors were suspended February 12th until next September, for handing in articles in Rhetoric which were not of their own composition.

THE *Nassau Literary Magazine* contains, among other readable articles, the Baird prize poem and Baird prize oration. "In Sarfio's Fortress" is a very interesting contribution. "Unto One of the Least" is also good.

THE *Vassar Miscellany* is entirely too heavy. The verse is very good.

PROF. STARR, of the University of Chicago, has just gone on a three months' tour of Mexico and Guatemala in the interest of archeological science. He expects to examine the deluged Aztec city at the bottom of Lake Chapala and investigate the pigmies in the Chapala mountains in the interior of Guatemala. The University of Chicago will erect a museum to be used wholly as a repository for Oriental relics.

THE Dartmouth Gymnasium has recently been quite extensively improved. A new bath system and other equipments have been added, and class work on a larger scale than heretofore is now attempted.

AS A memorial to Philips Brooks a \$500,000 building will be erected at Harvard University. It will be used by the religious societies.

HARVARD will hold a bicycle meet in May.

WE are glad to add to our exchange list the *University Star*, published by the students of the University of Omaha, and the *Institute Monthly*, published by the students of Turlington Institute.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

M. B. DRY, Editor.

—One of the old Alumni of Wake Forest is J. G. Baskerville ('68-'69) of Charlotte, N. C. He has for a long time been the faithful agent of the Seaboard Air Line at that place.

—A. W. Burfoot ('73-'77) is pastor of several churches in Hertford county. He is much loved by the people.

—C. G. Morgan ('76-'77) is the popular traveling salesman for Obendorfer & Co., wholesale grocers and candy manufacturers, of Norfolk, Va.

—E. B. Ferebee (78-'80) is one of the leading members of the medical profession in Norfolk, Va.

—'82. J. W. Fleetwood is the principal of a high school at Severn, N. C.

—W. C. Maddrey ('81-'83) is a commission merchant at Norfolk, Va.

—'85. A. T. Robertson, one of the professors in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, will deliver the annual address before the literary societies of Furman University at the coming commencement.

—'85. One of our leading preachers is J. B. Harrell, pastor of Southside Baptist Church, at Wilmington, N. C.

—'86. J. E. Vann is a prominent lawyer at Winton, N. C.

—J. M. Jacobs ('85-'86) is a successful merchant at Woodland, in Northampton county.

—H. J. Maddrey ('86-'88) is one of the telegraph operators for the Seaboard Air Line at Portsmouth, Va.

—'90. G. W. Ward, of Elizabeth City, is one of the leading lawyers of the First Congressional District. He is much in demand as a public orator.

—'90. J. R. Hankins, who recently went from Johns Hopkins University to the Louisville Seminary, has accepted a call to the pastorate of Mt. Olivet Baptist Church, at Charlotte, N. C.

—'91. The appointment of B. W. Spillman as the State Sunday-School Secretary seems to have been a very wise one. He has established quite a wide reputation as a speaker, and doubtless his influence in the Sunday School work will be strongly felt throughout the State.

—J. C. Clifford ('88-'92) has an excellent school at Dunn, N. C.

—W. R. Bradshaw ('88-'92) is the energetic and progressive pastor of the Baptist Church at Moravian Falls. He is said to be one of the rising young preachers of the State.

—'92. J. P. Spence, of Elizabeth City, who will graduate this year at Crozer Theological Seminary, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Kinston, to succeed Rev. B. W. Spillman.

—J. H. Aydlett ('92-'93) is the junior member of the firm of John L. Sawyer & Co., which is doing an extensive wholesale and retail business in hardware at Elizabeth City, N. C.

—'94. M. O. Carpenter, who has been teaching at Reynoldson for the last two years, expects to enter the Seminary at Louisville next year.

—'94. We were glad to see on the Hill recently W. L. Foushee, who for the past two years, has been teaching at Roxboro. Mr. Foushee was very popular at college and was a most excellent student.

—'94. C. M. Billings, so familiarly known at Wake Forest as "Josh Billings," has resigned his pastorate of the Baptist Church at Greenville, N. C., and accepted a call to Tacksville, S. C. And he takes a wife with him from the Old North State.

—'94. J. J. Payseur has accepted a call to the Baptist Church at Concord, N. C. He has been teaching and preaching at Mathews during the last two years, and has proved himself to be an earnest and zealous worker.

—'95. R. T. Daniel is occupied in a bank at Weldon. While at college he was the life of athletics and was anniversary orator from the Euzelian Society last year.

—'95. S. R. Buxton is succeeding well in the mercantile business at Jackson, in Northampton county. Mr. Buxton was one of the editors of this magazine last year and was, besides, a very successful student.

BOOK REVIEWS.

JOHN HOMER GORE, Editor.

Below we give some notes on authors and their work, which is something of a departure from the method under which this Department has been conducted previously.

Mr. Hamlin Garland's new book, *Rose of Dutchess Coolly*, has just been published.

Mr. Thomas J. Wise, an English collector, has secured a manuscript story written by Tennyson when he was about fourteen years old. It will be incorporated in the biography of the late Poet Laureate.

The remaining manuscripts of Charlotte Brontë have been purchased for publication.

Paul Verlaine, an eminent French writer, has passed away. While some traits of his character were not good, and while he may have been, as some one has said, "half criminal and half angel," there is no denying that he wrote some very strong verse.

M. Gaston Boessier succeeds the late M. Houssaye as *secrétaire perpétuel* of the French Academy. He is a very erudite man, and also has considerable literary gifts.

Ian Maclauren is going to write a book on practical religion entitled, *The Mind of the Master*.

George Meredith's latest novel is *The Amazing Marriage*.

The Bookman has quite a lengthy article on Mr. Godkin and his "Reflections and Comments," "Kate Carnegie," serial by Ian Maclauren, and there is also running in the magazine a series of articles on *Living Critics*.

Is Mrs. Olephant's review of Mr. Hardy's *Jude the Obscure* just? Has the author of *Two Strangers* any room to talk? Competent critics say that there is a gradual decadence in Mrs. Olephant's work!

Messrs Dodd, Mead & Co. are going to publish R. D. Blackmore's new novel, entitled *Dariel: A Romance of Surrey*.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis is going to Russia to be present at the coronation of the Czar, and then to Athens to witness the revival of the Olympic games. If he intends to write a book on either of these sights, it ought to be the desire and prayer of the reading public that he die before he starts to write the book.

Readings from French History by O. B. Super; *Preparatory French Reader* by George W. Rollins. Published by Allyn & Bacon, Boston.

There is perhaps no European nation whose history has aroused more general interest and exercised more wide-spread influence than France. She has also been fortunate in producing a race of historians, who, though they may not in many respects possess the impartiality and the wide-range of investigation of those of her sister nation, Germany, still have appealed more strongly to the popular feeling and, from a literary standpoint, have produced masterpieces. We owe a large share of thanks to Prof. Super for his admirable presentation of specimens from these masterpieces. All the most prominent historical writers are represented: Thierry, Barante, Michelet, Lamartine, Mignet, Lanfrey, Thiers, and Guizot. The selections

are taken from all the significant events in French history: the Conquest of England, Joan of Arc, four extracts dealing with the Revolution, and three connected with Napoleon. A general outline of the history of European Civilization forms a fitting conclusion to the work. No better book has yet presented itself to us for the study of French History in the French language.

Prof. Rollins has made a new departure in the selection of materials for his Reader. Instead of the "threshing over old straw," which is the gloomy custom of many books of its nature, there has been fresh and valuable selection from the most popular works of Lemaitre, Tœpffer, Marbot, Lavergne, Labiche, St. Armand, etc. Another feature is the careful mingling of the descriptive, narrative, colloquial, and dramatic, together with frequent snatches of verse, which preserves the interest and at the same time enables the student to obtain an intimate acquaintance with all styles of French writings.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

R. H. McNEILL, Editor pro tem.

MISS LULA POWERS, of Atlanta, Ga., is visiting at Mr. Reid's.

THE NEW COLLEGE yell is: Wah-hoo-rah! Wah-hoo-ree! Woop-la, Vive-la, W. F. C.!

MISS MARY MORRIS, of Franklinton, visited Miss Lizzie-belle Dunn several days ago.

MISS CARRIE BUSKY, of Raleigh, spent the afternoon with Miss Elva Dickson, Sunday, the 22d.

PROFS. CARLYLE, Sledd and Brewer have been invited to participate in The Teachers' Assembly, to be held at Asheville this summer. Prof. Carlyle will respond to the address of welcome.

MR. L. B. SANDERLIN, who attended college here in '86 and '87, now Southern representative of The Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company, of California, is spending a few days on the "Hill."

MESSRS. BENTON AND HERRING represented Wake Forest at the late convention of the Y. M. C. A. at Charlotte. They report an enthusiastic assembly of young men from all important points in the State.

DR. TAYLOR'S special efforts to obtain the balance of the \$20,000 endowment for the "Royall Chair of English," are meeting with deserved success. He thinks before the first of May the whole amount will be secured.

THE LEAP YEAR party given by the young ladies of the "Hill," the 19th instant, was one of great enjoyment to all present. Every one went away with praise for the splendid entertainment he had received at the hands of the charming hostess, Mrs. Sledd.

INTEREST IN THE moot court is at its high-water mark. On every Friday afternoon the young legal lights can be heard "spouting" their eloquence to all who are so fortunate as to be in the court room.

The officers for the Spring Term as follows: Judge, I. M. Meekins; Solicitor, R. W. Lewis; Sheriff, Hubert Martin; Clerk, C. Winburn.

IT IS WITH regret that we chronicle the illness of our pastor, Mr. Gwaltney. It is hoped by every one that his sickness may be of short duration. On account of his illness, his pulpit was filled Sunday, March 29th, by Dr. Taylor, who, in his sermon, illustrated the zeal a Christian should show by comparing his efforts with those of the runners in the Olympic games, and incidentally mentioned the deep interest all nations were taking in the revival of the Olympic games.

ON SUNDAY EVENING, March the 22d, a Baptist Young People's Union was organized with the following officers: Prof. W. L. Poteat, President; W. M. Dickson, Vice-President; T. H. Briggs, Jr., Secretary. The Union received 113 members on the evening of organization.

DR. HUBERT ROYSTER, of Raleigh, N. C., a graduate of Wake Forest, and afterwards of the University of Pennsylvania, where he took first honors in a class of 215 medical students, lectured here, the evening of March 12th, on "Muscle." The speaker was greeted with a full house and listened to until the close with careful attention. The subject was treated comprehensively, but without the tedious details which so often accompany a subject of this kind. Dr. Royster made such a favorable impression that he would certainly be welcomed heartily to the lecture platform here at any time in the future.

A MOVEMENT, and from all indications one destined to be successful, has been started for the erection of a church here. The following have been appointed as a building committee: N. Y. Gulley, W. L. Poteat, W. J. Ferrell, T. E. Holding, W. H. Hagwood, W. M. Dickson, Mrs. Z. V. Peed, Marion Purefoy and J. B. Carlyle. This is a work which should be heartily entered into by every one who loves Wake Forest College and desires her prosperity. The church is to be of brick and is to cost about \$8,000. The seating capacity will be 800 in the church proper, besides Sunday School rooms. The building will probably be located on the northeast corner of the campus. It will be modern in every respect, and will add prestige to the college. The building of this church appeals to the generosity of every Baptist in the State, and to a multitude out of the State, who have received their education here.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, the 31st of March, Prof. J. F. Lanneau of the Physics Department, read a paper before the Scientific Society on the Roentgen or X-rays. After sketching the life of the discoverer of the rays, he demonstrated, with the aid of splendid diagrams and several experiments, the prior discoveries in rays which led to the discovery of the Roentgen rays, among them being photography by night and the discovery of the corona and disc of the sun. He

said that Roentgen was almost anticipated in his discovery by Leonard, who discovered only about three years ago the photographic power, to a limited extent, of the cathode rays. He also mentioned the various practical uses to which the rays may be put; the discovery of flaws in machinery, gun-barrels, etc., and the paramount importance of their use in the detection of foreign bodies in the flesh.

This lecture was intensely interesting to all who were desirous of keeping posted on scientific discoveries.

POLK MILLER gave, to a large and attentive audience on April 1st, a delightful entertainment of two hours, composed of solos, old banjo music, negro peculiarities of dialect and sketches of plantation life in "the old South." To say that no one went away regretting he had been present is putting it lightly, for every one went away enthusiastic in Mr. Miller's praise. The speaker held the attention of his hearers from the beginning. A part of the time he would have them overcome with laughter, and again they would be almost in tears. His delineations of the great affection the old slave masters and their slaves had for each other "befo' de wa'," recalled many pleasant incidents to the older ones of his hearers. He closed the entertainment by singing "The Bonnie Blue Flag," which caused a patriotic lustre of Southern pride to sparkle in the eyes of those of the students who had listened to the stories of the war. Mr. Miller's title, "The Genius of the New South," we think, is a deserved one.

THE SERIES OF lectures delivered by Rev. E. Y. Mullins, Assistant Corresponding Secretary of the Baptist Foreign Mission Board, on Missions, were listened to by large and attentive audiences. The first one, on the life of Paul, the first great missionary, was delivered on Sunday morning, the 15th. In this lecture the speaker dwelt principally on Paul's eloquence, his power as a debater, his conversion, his travels through Macedonia, Greece and Rome, and the influence his preaching exerted on the world.

The second lecture, delivered Sunday evening, the 15th, was, for the greater part, a review of the lives and labors of William Carey, the first great English missionary, and of Adoniram Judson, the first great American missionary; how the movements originated by their indomitable energies and quickened by their self-sacrifice in going to the foreign fields themselves, had put in operation the great missionary enterprises which ever since have been the dominating powers in almost all Christian churches.

The last of the series, delivered at the first period Monday morning, March 16th, was composed chiefly of interesting statistics concerning the mission fields in Asia, Africa, South America and the islands of the Pacific. It was shown that in some provinces of Asia, where there were only a few or no Christians twenty-five years ago, the whole population had joined Christian churches. In other places, although success had not been so marked, encouraging progress had been made.

The lectures were certainly fitted to inspire Christians to greater exertions in behalf of the benighted inhabitants of heathendom.

Wake Forest College Directory.

CHAS. E. TAYLOR, President.

L. R. MILLS, Bursar.

ATHLETICS.

FOOT BALL.

GRAY E. KING, Manager.

JOHN H. GORE, Captain.

BASE BALL.

W. H. CARTER, Manager.

R. B. POWELL, Captain.

TRACK ATHLETICS.

TH. H. BRIGGS, Trainer.

MINSTREL AND GLEE CLUB.

JOHN H. GORE, President.

University

HUNTER MCGUIRE, M. D., LL. D., President.
PAULUS A. IRVING, Sec. and Treas.

College of Medicine, *Richmond, Va.*

CLINICAL FACILITIES:

Two Hospitals, Two Obstetrical Departments, Two Dispensaries.

EQUIPMENT:

Five Laboratories, Three Lecture Halls and Museum.

DEPARTMENTS:

**Medicine
Dentistry
Pharmacy**

A corps of 48 Instructors. Expenses very moderate. The next regular session will begin October 1, 1896. For forty-page catalogue, or any information, address

DR. J. ALLISON HODGES, Cor. Sec.

That tired feeling

**IS NOT EXPERIENCED WHEN
YOU RIDE THE**

 **STRAUS TIRE**

It is the

On Your '96 Mount.

**FASTEST,
EASIEST RIDING,
And HARDEST TO PUNCTURE;
REPAIRABLE BY ANYONE.**

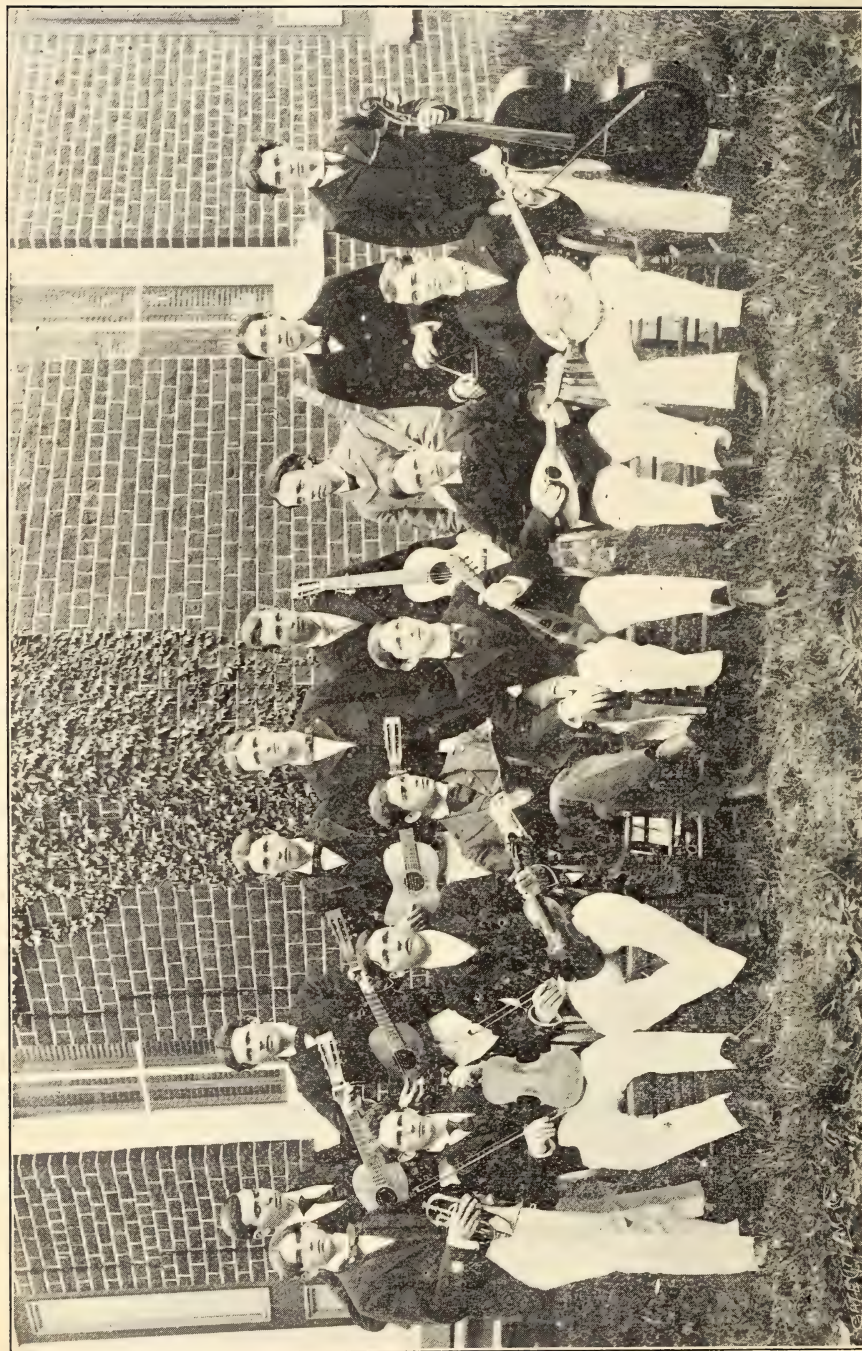
Your Local Dealer can Supply Them.

The Newton Rubber Works,
Newton Upper Falls, Mass.

THE CHAS. H. ELLIOTT COMPANY,
College Engravers and Printers,

SOUTHWEST CORNER BROAD AND RACE STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.

Commencement, Class-Day, Society and Wedding Invitations; Class Stationery, Visiting Cards, Address Dies, College Catalogues, Diplomas, Monograms, Coats of Arms; Class Annuals elegantly Printed, Bound and Illustrated; Exterior and Interior Views and Groups, in Half-Tone, Wood, Photo-Type or Steel; Steel-Plate Engravings for Fraternities; Prize Medals for Field Sports; Class Pins and Buttons in Gold, Silver and other Metals.



WAKE FOREST COLLEGE ORCHESTRA AND GLEE CLUB.

Foushee,
Westcott, Leader.

Gaston.
Hall.

Fenner.
Taylor.

Gore, Pres.
Briggs.

Everitt.
Baldwin.

Dodd.
Cooke.

Kellinger.
Stillwell.

Royall.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

VOL. XV.

WAKE FOREST, N. C., MAY, 1896.

No. 8.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE ISLE OF MAYA.

J. D. H. JR.

He to whom men and all things have not at times appeared as mere phantoms.—Wallace's Life of Schopenhauer.

By the sea of night is a far-off isle,
A kingdom wild and lone,
Where every breeze is a broken sigh
And the break of waves a moan.

Stern cliffs arise on every hand
Crevassed by many a flood
Of Sorrow's deeply flowing tears,
And streams of darkling blood.

Behold ! from out the forest depths,
A wan and pallid throng
Thread slowly up the mountain side,
With ribald shout and song.

Oh, ghostly rout, can ye not pierce
The veil of grey mist through
That shuts Destruction's yawning pits
From out your heedless view?

Sooth ! strange and weird this kingdom far,
This realm of mist and wraith.
It is the isle that men call Life
Amidst the sea of Death.

LOUIS PASTEUR.*

R. N. SIMMS.

One feels loath to write but a sketch of the life of such a man as Louis Pasteur. Surely, if ever there has been a scientist whose merit and labor demanded an extensive account, that one was he. Seldom has the world been called upon to mourn the death of a greater benefactor of his race. Seldom has it been called upon to grieve for one so truly great. Greatness is the gift of God; its token is consecration to the good of humanity, its measure is its attainments in this direction. Judge Pasteur's life by this standard, and see how high a place he occupies among those who are to be accounted great. His life was given up to no useless researches into the shadowy depths from which no good can come, but was spent in the solution of problems of vital importance to the human race. True it is that he may have stumbled upon a fact in his youth which gave a direction to his inquiry, and that his after labors may have been undertaken, as much as for any other reason, to fortify a position and establish a theory which he had published to the world as his own; true his scientific curiosity, rather than a zeal for man's welfare, may have been aroused, and may have been the impetus which drove him on; but I submit that his action in following out the line of thought which he did follow, rather than another which was seemingly far brighter with promise and which his hitherto sagest counsellor advised him to pursue, was a token of his greatness. Fame awaited him in another field—the brightness of her glory was even now breaking on him, but intuition, the polar star of greatness, directed him into this new way.

The main points in his life are told in a narration of his work, but a few words about his youth may not be amiss. He was born December 27th, 1822, in the Tanner's street, at Dole, Jura. His father, an ex-soldier honored by Bonaparte for his bravery, was at that time following the trade of a tan-

*Read before the Wake Forest Scientific Society, April 16, 1896.

ner. Poor as he was, however, he and his wife had determined that their little Louis should be an educated man. The boy, though sent to the communal college as soon as his age would allow, showed a far greater fondness for fishing and playing than for his books. Not until about his fourteenth year did he realize the value of an education and go to work. After that time his progress was rapid. His instructors began to see signs of his genius. He quitted one college to take a higher course in another, and immediately upon graduation from the latter was appointed a tutor therein. As yet he had manifested no preference for any special kind of life-work. He was not a brilliant student, but a hard-working and exceedingly good one. When, later, he presented himself for examination for entrance to the *École Normale* at Paris, he passed as fourteenth in the list; but dissatisfied with this low standing, he refused to enter, preferring to study privately for a year and then make another trial, this time to rank as fourth.

For a short while prior to his entrance, he had manifested an especial fondness for chemistry, asking one of his professors so many questions, indeed, that the latter had to take refuge in the familiar reply of his distressed brotherhood, that it was the teacher's place to ask *him* the questions. Chemistry, then, was chosen by Pasteur as his specialty as soon as he entered the *École Normale*. His first work of importance was that done in the department of crystallography. A famous German chemist had just submitted a note to the Academy of Sciences in which he claimed that while the tartrate and paratartrate of soda and ammonia are seemingly identical in all other respects, when dissolved in water the tartrate causes the plane of polarized light to rotate, while the paratartrate exerts no such action. This statement of a seemingly inexplicable fact aroused curiosity in Pasteur's mind, and he set about to show that the two substances were not identical in structure. It must suffice to say that he discovered upon the crystals of the tartrate left-handed and right-handed spirals of facets

hitherto unknown. He showed, further, that the paratartrate was neutral in regard to the polarization of light, on account of the equal admixture of right-handed and left-handed crystals. Immediately after this discovery he plunged into a study of molecular dissymmetry, the winding mazes of which I shall not ask you to follow. It is sufficient to say here that, as the result of his study, he drew up a theory as to the essential difference between organic and inorganic matter based upon dissymmetry. He sought to establish an association between dissymmetry and life, which, insecure though it may be, is, to say the least of it, worthy of thoughtful consideration.

Pasteur's work along this line made him a reputation, and he was called upon to explain the fermentation of the impure commercial tartrate of lime. He now made the discovery which was to change the direction of his entire life-work. In the fermenting liquid he discovered a *living ferment*. "All fermentation," he immediately declared, "is caused by the action of microscopic organisms." This bold assertion was in direct contradiction to the then prevailing theories. The German Chemist Liebig had announced that "the ferments are all nitrogenous substances in a state of alteration which they undergo in contact with the air." According to this theory, the oxygen of the air was the prime requisite of fermentation. Another school of scientists held that fermentation was a catalytic process, that the ferment acted by its mere presence without taking anything from or adding anything to the fermentable matter. True, the yeast plant had been already discovered, but Liebig, more anxious to support his theory than to find out the truth, declared that it was the dead cells, and not the living ones, which caused the process of fermentation; that the "molecular alterations" taking place in the latter were communicated to the whole.

To illustrate the falsity of these two theories, Pasteur performed the following experiment: Into a pure solution of

sugar be introduced a small quantity of crystalizable salt of ammonia, and some phosphates of potash and magnesia. In this medium he sowed some yeast. Fermentation soon set in. It was proven that the yeast plant used up some of the carbon furnished by the sugar, and thus was the contact or catalytic theory annulled. Moreover, the error in Liebig's theory of communicated molecular motion originating in a nitrogenous albuminoid substance was evident, because no such substance had been used. Thus was it shown that fermentation is simply a phenomenon of nutrition, and that what had been formerly regarded as the ferments are, in reality, the food of the ferments.

In a series of other experiments, immediately undertaken, Pasteur proved that so far from the air being a necessary factor in fermentation, as Liebig held, it was the direct enemy of the process, and that the capacity of an organism to act as a ferment depended upon its power to live without air. He showed that while certain ferments, such as yeast, seem to flourish better when freely supplied with oxygen, their power to produce fermentation decreases directly with the amount consumed. On the other hand, it was easily shown that some ferments, as butyric for instance, are able to live without the slightest supply of air or free oxygen; and not only this, but that the air destroys them, and arrests the process of fermentation of which they are the cause. In short, the ferment must wrest its oxygen from a combination with other elements, and "this destruction of pre-existing compounds and formation of new ones, caused by the increase and multiplication of the organism, constitutes the process of fermentation."

After he had gotten this far, it was only a step for Pasteur to demonstrate that putrefaction is in all respects similar to fermentation; that the two processes are caused by similar organisms and are governed by the same general conditions.

So far, only the facts had been discovered. Now came their practical application. The first study undertaken was

that of acetic fermentation. Pasteur easily recognized a living ferment. Indeed the organism had been observed before, but its presence was regarded as a mere coincidence and of no vital importance. By means of a few simple experiments Pasteur proved that the little fungus *mycoderma aceti* is the real cause of the fermentation. He killed it with heat, and no action took place, although the albuminoid substances in the wine employed were uninjured and in contact with air. Later he had recourse to his favorite experiment of growing the ferment without the presence of albuminoid substances and yet producing the same results.

In consequence of his discoveries he recommended and brought into use a new method for the manufacture of vinegar. It is far superior to the old system on account of its cleanliness and speed. Moreover, he made known the true cause of the deterioration of vinegar when kept any length of time. This he attributed partly to the development of the *mycoderma aceti* upon the vinegar itself, and partly to the development of the little vinegar eels. Prior to this time these latter organisms had actually been regarded as an essential element in the production of vinegar. It was demonstrated that their evil influence is due to the fact that they, like the *mycoderma aceti*, require oxygen constantly. When these two organisms extract their oxygen from the acetic acid of the vinegar, nothing is left but water mixed with some refuse substances which offer the best possible medium for the development of the germs of putrefaction.

The next subject to engage Pasteur's attention was that of spontaneous generation. But a very short time was required for his masterly understanding to pierce through the veil of obscurity which had enfolded this subject from the beginning of time. Here was exhibited with a vengeance that characteristic realism of the nineteenth century, which rudely tears away the glamour from man's most romantic conceptions. We no longer have Van Aelmont's ludicrous theory that mice

may be produced by leaving some soiled linen stuffed into the orifice of a vessel containing a little corn, or his other ingenious one that scorpions are produced if some sweet basil be crushed, laid between two bricks, and left in the sun. In the place of these we hear of nothing but germs, germs, germs. Odors from swamps cannot produce frogs, slugs, leeches and other things. There is no such thing as spontaneous generation. Those cases which were formerly regarded as the workings of an unseen, imponderable influence, are now demonstrated to be no more than the prosaic falling into the cultivating medium of a few of the myriad thousands of germs in the atmosphere. The thought is startling, but not poetic. Pasteur's experiments under this head are interesting, but I must pass them without notice.

At this stage of his progress it was an easy matter for him to find out the truth about the diseases of wine. Soon he had made it evident that the souring process is due to the little *mycoderma aceti* heretofore mentioned, that "turned" wine is nothing more than wine containing a filamentous fungus, and that "bitter" and "greasy" wines are also due to microscopic organisms. Not content with discovering the fact, Pasteur set about to find a remedy. Some experimenting showed that the simple process of heating was the thing desired. Wine well corked and heated to 60° C. is subject to none of the above-mentioned maladies. Of the fact that wines so treated suffer no deterioration in flavor, Pasteur gave a humorous proof. He assembled the finest wine-tasters of France at a public exhibition. Various samples of wine were given them to pass sentence upon. So very delicate was their sense of taste, that when Pasteur gave them, in turn, two samples of the same wine, they made discriminations between them. The final verdict was that the heated wine was in no way impaired, but was, on the contrary, perhaps slightly improved.

At first thought it may seem a little strange that Pasteur's next subject for study was the silkworm disease. But those

omnipresent germs form the connecting link between this and his former studies. Of course he did not know, at the first, that a germ was the cause of the disease, but, as M. Radot says, he had a "preconceived idea" that this was so. After being earnestly entreated by the minister appointed to investigate the disease, he consented to make a study of it, and departed at once for the silk-growing region of France. Before this time the presence of peculiar corpuscles had been discovered in the blood of infected worms. Pasteur had in a short time demonstrated that these things were the cause of the disease, and had explained the method of contagion. In this case also he not only found out the true nature of the disease, but brought into practice the method of prevention which is used to-day.

These investigations, extending in their fullness over three or four years, had severely strained Pasteur's physical strength. Just after the publication of the results of his labors he was smitten with paralysis. He became despondent and expected to die, but he was spared to continue his benefactions to the human race. He never recovered the strength to perform tedious experiments, but, making other men his hands, he yet found out many glorious truths. Perhaps none of these, however, have been of the same pecuniary value as his work on the silkworm, for this latter saves annually to France many millions of dollars.

His work having been suspended during the time of the Franco-German War, a short while after its close he began a study of the subject of beer. The investigation would have been undertaken immediately but for the despondency which weighed upon him on account of the fall of France. Now, for the only time in his life, his laboratory was closed, and he spent the time in weeping. But soon he, who had during the progress of the war proved his patriotic pride by resigning the diploma of German doctor which the faculty of medicine of the University of Berlin had conferred upon him, gave evi-

dence of a truer patriotism. He had sent his son to fight the Germans and now, at the close of the struggle, he began this new study so that he might aid his country in becoming the rival, if not the superior of her enemy in the beer-brewing industry. Thus far he was successful, that he succeeded in inventing a process by which beer of exceptional purity is made, and further found a method of destroying, by means of heat, any germs which beer may contain, which process, in honor of him, has been called "pasteurization." Suffice it to say, that his method has to-day obtained universal patronage, and that to the inspector of any large beer brewery the microscope, so invariably used in the inspection of every step of the process, may call up a recollection of Pasteur, who first demonstrated its prime importance in this connection.

That our experimentalist should take up the study of virulent diseases, came in the logical sequence of things. The old idea about the method of contagion was almost as ridiculous as the ideas on spontaneous generation, and was diametrically opposed to the conceptions which Pasteur held. His first object for study was splenic fever, a disease which reaps a tribute of many thousands of dollars yearly from cattle-raising countries. It was soon demonstrated that a microscopic organism found in the blood of infected animals, and seen by other investigators before this time, was the cause of the disease. Indeed, previous inquirers had even proposed this very theory, but their opponents had apparently disproved it. Only the master mind of Pasteur could plunge to the bottom of the problem and bring up the irrefutable truth. Thus it is in all of life: some men seem born but to stumble and fall, that others may use them as stepping-stones. Pasteur, the genius, simply took up the work of other men, perfected and defended it.

As a kind of side issue, he had in the meanwhile been investigating the subject of fowl cholera. After he had reached his decision as to splenic fever, he began seeking a remedy

for it. He found that chickens could not be infected with it. He surmised that this was because the heat of the blood of chickens was higher than that at which the bacillus can live. He demonstrated this by tying a hen with her feet in water to keep her temperature down, and then injecting into her blood some of the splenic microbes. The splenic fever attacked her. A high temperature, then, offered immunity against the disease. But it was in his study of the cholera that he was to find out the great practical way of warding off not only this disease, but many others as well. He noticed that while there are some diseases which may recur every year or two, there are others which are non-recurrent. Divers and sundry were the explanations of this fact offered heretofore by that type of men who brought discredit—hardly yet effaced—upon the name of science. It remained for a true “sciensist” to brush away the offensive and obstructing cobwebs of these empirics, let in the light of an unbiased judgment, and make known the simple truth. He grasped the idea at once that the one attack of these diseases used up all of a certain element—the one requisite to their growth—in the blood, and hence they could not again lay hold upon the body until the slowly accumulated supply of this prerequisite should be stored up. This phenomenon had been blindly made use of by Jenner in his process of vaccination. It was for Pasteur to comprehend the reason why and give it the broad, general application which it has to-day. If the disease could offer immunity against itself, why couldn’t a milder form of it give the same result? Pasteur demonstrated that it could. He cultivated the germs of fowl cholera in his laboratory, weakened them by transference from medium to medium, and used these degenerate germs as a vaccine. Not long after, the same truth was demonstrated in regard to splenic fever. Animals were carefully vaccinated and made proof against the most virulent form of the disease. A public demonstration of the fact was given, to which great numbers of people came to witness the

fulfillment of every one of Pasteur's predictions. Why? Because he had sat at the feet of Nature, had asked questions of her, and had taken her answers in preference to any hypotheses of his own. If there was never a man bolder in proclaiming ideas which his experiments had given him, there was never one more cautious about things which he had not tried. In short, his life work was the heralding of nature's secrets, learned from herself, and not the proclamation of self-conceived ideas as to how things ought to be.

The last subject to engage his attention was that most dreaded of all diseases—hydrophobia. Here again he was successful, and again gave justification to the proud boast of his fellow-countrymen that "Pasteur never makes mistakes." Here again he discovered the presence of germs, but he seems never to have been fully satisfied that he had found the true cause of the disease. This much, however, he did absolutely discover—not only a preventative of the disease, but a method by which he could cure those who had been infected but were not yet rabid.

In surveying the whole of Pasteur's work, we are struck with the uniformity of his success. We are tempted to chime in with the boast of the Frenchmen that he never made mistakes, for while this of course is not literally true, we fail to find a single instance in which he did not succeed in a public demonstration; and no other man ever gave so many public tests of his discoveries. Perhaps this fact was due to his early training in chemistry, where his ability for the nicest discrimination and observation was brought close to perfection; but we are inclined to see the workings of genius throughout it all, for naught but intuition could have revealed to Pasteur fundamental laws in cases where others could only formulate facts. As intuition is but genius at work, the problem is clear; for who can gainsay the truth of the recent assertion that "Pasteur was the greatest genius this century has produced?"

Think of the work which he accomplished! He saved the silkworm industry to France; he taught her vintners how to make wine, and her brewers beer; he explained, and widened the application of vaccination; he found out remedies for several dreaded diseases; he brought about a more thorough understanding of many of the familiar processes going on around us; and, perhaps greatest of all, he opened up the way for the practice of medicine to become a science, rather than the species of empiricism which too much of it had hitherto been. In short, he discovered a new world lying all about us—that of the infinitely little—and with the truths learned concerning this miniature, he taught the great world many valuable lessons. Scarcely any other man can show such a list of beneficial discoveries. His genius was turned toward *practical* things. His life-work witnesses to the fact that he recognized as the highest duty of science service to mankind. Science for mere science's sake, is as false a motto as beauty for mere beauty's sake, though each has found its advocate. Pasteur was one of the first to recognize this, and his record has had no little to do with hastening the coming of that day—yet in its dawning—when men shall lay aside their mediæval speculation and consecrate themselves to the good of humanity. His life at least was spent in the interest of his fellow-men, and by them this consecration was richly rewarded. Praise, honor and love poured in upon him. Immortality came to him before death could. Seldom, indeed, has a scientist been so honored. Seldom, as here, has a government shown its admiration by wishing to do more than the recipient would allow. Bright and hopeful, in truth, is the outlook for science when her votaries come to consecrate themselves to the solution of really vital questions, and when mankind is so ready to recognize and do honor to its benefactors.

THE UNKNOWN VALLEY.

H. B. FOLK.

I had gone with a party to spend some time hunting in South America. While we were among the Andes, I became separated one day from my companions, but thinking to find them soon, I walked on. After proceeding for some time without seeing any signs of them, I suddenly realized that I was lost—lost upon the Andes, without provisions, and utterly ignorant of the mountains! I was thoroughly alarmed, and shouted, in the hope of being heard by my friends, but to no purpose. I then set off with haste in what I conceived to be the right direction. I was, however, only becoming more hopelessly lost and wandering deeper and deeper into the wilds. All that day I wandered helplessly on. After a sleepless and miserable night, the next morning I determined to take my bearings and make a desperate effort to get out of the mountains, but it was useless. Hour after hour I stumbled on, weak with hunger and almost ready to sink down in despair.

About nightfall, however, I saw smoke in the distance, and struggled forward in the hope of finding aid. As I drew near I saw a party of men, evidently hunters, around a camp fire, which shed a bright light around the circle and enabled me to see them distinctly. Their appearance was different from that of any people I had ever seen. They were lighter in color than the Indians, better looking and obviously more civilized. But they were clearly not whites, being too dark and of an entirely different dress. I hesitated a little at first about approaching, but being in a desperate situation, I boldly advanced. They were evidently very much surprised, and not altogether pleased to see me. However, upon my showing by signs my situation, they relieved my hunger, and spread a blanket for me. From where I lay, I could see from their actions that they were holding a discussion concerning me.

Some seemed to counsel one thing, and some another, with a good deal of warmth on either side, and it was not till late that they ended the discussion and went to rest.

The next morning when the party seemed ready to leave, two of their number approached me, and though making friendly signs, indicated their intention to blindfold me, and tie my hands behind my back. I knew it was useless to resist, and, my eyes having been bandaged and my hands fastened, I was led along with the party. After traveling many hours thus, I could feel that we were descending the mountains by a devious and precipitous path. Finally I felt we were on level ground, and presently the bandage was lifted from my eyes.

The sudden light at first blinded me, but when I recovered my sight, a scene of surpassing beauty and grandeur met my gaze. I was on the edge of a large valley surrounded on all sides by lofty and precipitous mountains. The valley presented to my view a rich and variegated carpet of verdure, adorned with all the beauties of cultivation, and thickly dotted with little hamlets, while near the centre rose the white buildings of a city, and near by were the clear waters of a lake, reflecting the blue of the sky in beautiful contrast with the surrounding green. The surface of the valley was also intersected by numerous canals and streams passing through shady groves.

I stood gazing at the scene in admiration and wonder, until one of the party signed to me to follow. We proceeded towards the city, which seemed built of some white material, and presented a beautiful and glistening appearance in the bright sunlight.

The streets were filled with gayly-dressed people, who looked at me curiously but not obtrusively as we passed. The rest of the party here separated, while two of them, who seemed to be of higher rank, led me through several streets, narrow but exceedingly well paved, to where a sentry paced to and fro before the door of a large and handsome mansion. My

guides led me within, into a small room, and thence across an open court-yard, into which all the rooms opened, to a door before which another sentry stood on guard. Here my companions uncovered their heads and mine, and entered the room with an air of reverence.

We were within a hall fairly blazing with a rich profusion of ornaments. The walls were thickly studded with gold and silver ornaments and precious gems, and hung with rich tapestries. At one end was a throne of burnished gold, upon which sat the king—as I took him to be—magnificently dressed, with gems sparkling upon his person, and a turban of richly-dyed cloth upon his head, while a page held above him a brilliant canopy of curiously wrought featherwork. There were also in the room other richly clothed persons who seemed to be his nobles and courtiers.

One of my guides approached the throne and spoke with the king. The king seemed to be lost in thought for a few minutes, and then spoke a few words to my conductor who led me out of the hall.

We again proceeded through the streets, until my guide stopped before a door and knocked. The door was opened, and my heart gave a great leap for joy and surprise when I beheld the face of a white man. He seemed equally surprised to see me, and, after a few words with my guide, he addressed me in my own language and conducted me into his house. At his request, I told him more fully how I came there. He said I was the first white person, besides his own family, he had seen for ten years.

“The people among whom you have come,” said he, “are the descendants of the once wealthy and powerful Incas, who were conquered by the Spaniards. A remnant took refuge in this secluded valley where, shut off from the world, they jealously preserve their ancient customs, civilization, and religion. There is indeed but one communication with the outside world, and that is by means of the path by which you came, whose windings are known only to a few.

"I learned of the existence of this people from one of their number, who had become lost from a hunting party, and who came to our mission station, ready to perish with hunger. I was filled with pity upon hearing of a people so highly advanced in civilization entirely cut off from the Christian religion, and determined to leave my work among the Indians to my fellow missionary and to bear the gospel to this unknown people. With my wife and little daughter, I turned my back upon all other human ties, and followed my guide hither.

"I found a people highly advanced in civilization, and of a peaceable disposition, but almost indissolubly wedded to their ancient customs and religion. My guide, who turned out to be a nobleman of high rank and of the royal blood, induced the ruler, or Inca, as he is called, to receive me kindly.

"I set to work quietly, interesting the people concerning the Christian religion, and at the same time making myself useful to the Inca from my knowledge of the civilization and the arts of the outer world. After ten years of patient labor, quite a number have accepted the new religion. My success, however, has awakened the enmity of the priests, who possess a powerful influence over the people, and but for the friendship of the Inca I know not what would become of us.

"I fear it will be extremely difficult for you to get back to your friends, for the people jealously guard the secret of their existence, and even if they allowed you to go, it would be impossible for you to make your way over the mountains. However, we will watch for an opportunity, and in the meantime you must stay with me."

He then went out and brought in his wife and daughter. The latter was a beautiful, graceful girl, apparently about eighteen, with golden hair and deep blue eyes.

I felt that my situation was not as bad as it might be, among such friends as these. Indeed the three years I passed

in the valley were spent most delightfully. I was in the midst of the descendants of the once powerful Inca, about whose greatness and wealth I had heard and read so much. I spent much time observing the customs and civilization of the people, exploring the valley, and admiring their mechanical, agricultural, architectural, and decorative arts.

Their houses were built almost all alike, rarely of more than one story, and generally of a plain appearance on the outside. Within, however, especially in the palaces and in the dwellings of the rich, there was the most lavish adornment of gold, silver, and fine cloth. In the palace of the Inca, even the most menial utensils were of silver or gold. The courts of the palace and temple were adorned with fountains, into the golden basins of which water was carried through channels of silver, and with brilliant parterres of both natural flowers and those skilfully wrought of silver and gold.

Their most magnificent building was the temple to the Sun God, built upon a hill, surrounded at the bottom by a stone wall with a cornice of gold work extending all the way round. The interior of the temple was literally a mine of gold, which the people called "the tears wept by the Sun." On the western wall was a representation of the face of their Sun God, looking forth from amidst numerous rays of light streaming forth in every direction. This figure was engraved on a massive plate of gold, of immense dimensions, and thickly studded with emeralds and precious stones. It was so situated in front of the eastern portal that the rays of the morning sun fell directly upon it at its rising, filling the whole apartment with an effulgence which seemed more than natural, and which was reflected from the gold and silver ornaments with which the walls and ceiling were incrustated.

But the greater part of my time was spent in the company of Elsie, for so the missionary called his daughter. We walked together through the shady groves and along the green banks of the streams and canals, and drifted in our boat

in the cool of eventide over the blue waters of the lake. Sometimes, after we had seen the sun set in all his crimson glory behind the western mountains, as we sat upon a mossy bank, dreamily watching the embers of the expiring day fade from the sky, she would relate to me beautiful legends about the Incas' Sun God, or would listen while I told her of the world beyond the mountains, casting now and then a quick glance upon me as if to make sure I was in earnest. What wonder I became more and more reconciled to my situation, and almost forgot the existence of another world!

One day, as our boat idly drifted over the lake, she asked me if I didn't wish I were back in my own country.

"Yes," I said, "on one condition."

"What is that?" she asked.

"That you were with me!"

She looked up with a blush, and then with heightened color, and downcast look, she listened while I told her how her beauty, her loveliness of mind and soul, had won my heart until my life would be desolate without her.

She did not answer, but when I helped her on shore I could feel her hand tremble in mine, and I saw the half-timid glance she cast upon me, and I knew I was not rejected. On our return, I fancied we were not walking upon the earth, but that we were two ethereal beings treading upon fleecy clouds and listening to the music of the spheres, while the moon, riding in full splendor above, cast about us a halo of silver glory, and seemed inviting us to make of her beams a pathway to her bosom, where we could bathe perpetually in her silvery light. It is needless to say that hereafter all my days were golden days; that the sun shone brighter, the streams rippled more musically, the sunsets became more glorious, the groves shadier, and all nature brighter and more beautiful.

My dream of happiness, however, was soon interrupted. The reigning Inca died, and his son, a zealot for the old religion and customs, succeeded to the throne. The native

Christians began to be persecuted, and even sacrificed to the Sun God. We trembled for our safety. Soon the soldiers stopped before the house of the missionary. Their leader spoke to him:

“The great Inca commands us to take the stranger who is within thy home. He bids us say that thou and thy family, since his father promised thee protection, shall not be molested, only thou must cease teaching thy religion, and shalt deliver up the stranger.”

The missionary replied that the stranger was under his protection, and that he would protect his safety with his own. The soldiers were preparing to enter the house by force, when I, knowing it was useless to resist, delivered myself into their hands.

They took me into the temple enclosure, and placed me in a small, strongly built, one-roomed building near the top of the hill.

All the rest of the day, and all that night, I could hear the tread of the guard as he paced round and round my prison. Just before sunrise, a voice from the city attracted my attention. Through the opening in my prison toward the East I looked and beheld a gorgeous spectacle. The plaza near the temple was filled with a throng of people in their gayest attire, while over the heads of the nobles were borne canopies of gaudy featherwork and of richly tinted cloth, which made the whole plaza appear covered with one vast and magnificent awning. They were watching for the appearance of their deity, and as his first yellow beams struck upon the turrets and loftiest buildings of the city, they broke forth into a shout of gratulation, accompanied by songs of triumph, and the wild melody of barbaric instruments, which swelled louder and louder as his bright orb, rising higher and higher, shone in full splendor upon his votaries. The vast multitude then, chanting a wild melody, moved toward the temple until, reaching the wall at the foot of the hill, they stopped and a solemn stillness pervaded the host.

Presently the door of my prison was thrown open and two soldiers bound my hands and feet. They brought me out and laid me upon a kind of altar, close beside a furnace of fire sunk beneath the surrounding surface and sending forth great blasts of heat. The soldiers then retired, and a venerable priest advanced from the temple, whereupon there burst from below a wild, exultant chant and blast of musical instruments. The priest advanced to the altar and raised his hand to the people, and there was a deathlike stillness. Standing above me, he drew forth his knife and stretched out his arm to strike. I saw the glittering blade descending, and closing my eyes and clenching my hands, braced myself for the blow. But instead of feeling the shock of the blade as it entered my vitals, I was only touched by the end of the handle, into which the blade had sunk, and heard a suppressed whisper: "Lie still, and thou shalt be saved!" Under the pretense of examining to see if life was extinct, the priest deftly cut my cords, saying at the same time: "Lie perfectly still until the people fall down to pray, then quickly put the dead body behind the altar in thy place, and conceal thyself there!" He then lifted up his hands and all the people fell prostrate, while he uttered thanks and supplications to the great Sun God. The people then arose and the priest advanced to the altar, waiting beside it a short while. Then he touched a secret spring, the altar suddenly revolved on a hidden axis, a dead body pitched forward, and the hot flames hissed for an instant as they devoured their victim. The people burst forth once more into their wild exultant music and then slowly dispersed.

The priest concealed me in the temple until night, and then secretly led me to the house of the missionary. I found them in a state of painful suspense, which was changed by my arrival into one of joy. They began pouring forth their thanks to the priest.

"This priest," said the missionary, "has nobly kept his promise. He has appeared very much interested in the Chris-

tian religion, and although he could not be induced to give up his ancient faith and his priestly office, yet he was prevailed upon by the entreaties of my wife, my daughter and myself to promise to save you.

"He has provided a guide who will conduct you out of the valley and over the mountains. You have no time to lose. Your life and that of the priest depend upon your getting out of the valley before daylight.

"There is one other thing: You told me you loved Elsie, and wished to marry her. If such is still your wish, now that you are going to leave the valley, you have my consent and I will at once join your hands. I have long thought it a great misfortune for Elsie to be compelled to spend her life in this secluded valley away from the world. There Elsie, my girl, don't cry! God knows what we should do without you; but it is the best that it should be so. No, I cannot leave here with you. I cannot desert my duty. You need not fear for our lives, for the Inca has promised us protection. We will try to arrange, through the hunting parties, to hear from each other once a year. Perhaps, some time, we will leave here and come to live with you. There, my child, don't cry!"

It was a sad marriage. The weeping Elsie could scarcely articulate, and the heroic missionary could hardly forbear breaking down, while his wife lay sobbing upon the bed. The marriage over, Elsie flung herself upon the bed beside her mother, throwing her arms around her, and crying out that she would never, never leave her.

The missionary had to take her in his arms and carry her, weeping, to the foot of the mountain. He took an affectionate leave of me, then straining Elsie to his bosom once more and implanting a farewell kiss, with his frame convulsed with the violence of his emotions, he turned his back upon us and wended his sorrowful way to his now desolate home.

By sunrise next morning, the guide and I assisting Elsie, we reached the summit of the mountain. Here we rested a

few hours and then pushed on. On the third day, the guide pointing to a distant city said:

"From yonder city you can find your way to your own people. Farewell!"

* * * * *

A year has passed, and Elsie and I are comfortably established in our new home. She is sitting before me now, as I write this—the same sweet, graceful, fair-haired, beautiful girl as of old. She has just had a letter from her father and mother, in which is the glad news that the Inca himself has just embraced the Christian religion, and that Elsie and I can now visit our parents. Thus the only shade of sadness is removed from our lives.

I hand my manuscript to Elsie, and watch her as she reads it. As the various shades of expression pass over her face, with a blush and a little laugh towards the close, she looks withal so lovely and charming that I cannot help blessing the happy fate which led me into the Unknown Valley of the Incas.

In re DICKINSON.

J. D. HUFHAM, JR.

I am too old a war-horse to begin cherishing belief in ghosts. If there are such things, I am sure I should have seen one long ago, for I have been in places where neither unpropitiousness of surroundings nor seasonableness of time for their appearance was lacking. I remember once, as a soldier, being stationed for picket duty near an old plantation graveyard, and all night long as I paced to and fro, drenched to the skin and almost frozen, I could hear the wind sighing and moaning away among the cypress and willows, and the occasional creak and snap of the half-fallen gate, like the rise and fall of a rusty

musket hammer. Many times, in the open, I have lain on the ground, widely strewn with dead men stiff and stark in pale moon light, and gone to sleep while the groans of those dying were dinning in my ears. Not once, through all my experiences, did I ever see a ghost; so I say it is late for me to believe in them. And yet, last night something happened to me, which even now as I think of it, sends a creepy feeling through me.

I was looking through the records in the Supreme Court library for the decision of a case similar to the one I had in hand. The thing had given me a great deal of trouble, and had constantly been on my mind two days: for, truth told, I had very little ground to stand on, and unless some was soon discovered, the decision would be against my client. I had spent the greater part of two forenoons in fruitless search, and on the evening of the third day I began again, and searched until twelve that night. I had just about decided to give up, when—I don't remember whether a noise or what it was that caused me to look up from my book; any way, upon doing so, I saw Brockford Brown, a young lawyer of considerable promise, who practiced in a town of the eastern section of the State, standing before me.

There was something about him—something in the fold of his black frock-coat, in the glitter of his teeth, between thin, pinched, blue lips, as he smiled down at me; in the look of his pale, sunken features—something about his manner, I don't know what, caused an uncomfortable feeling to come over me as I looked at him.

"How do you do, Colonel?" he said, extending his hand.

"Why—er—Mr. Brown," I stammered. "It is quite an unexpected pleasure I have of seeing you. I hope you are well, sir."

"Very well, thank you. I knew you were here, and I thought the few minutes allowed me while passing through the city could not be more pleasantly passed than in your genial company."

"I am glad you came in," I said, though I heartily wished him a thousand miles away. "Take a seat."

"There is barely time to sit down. My wife is waiting for me outside," he remarked, seating himself directly in front of me.

"Well, Colonel," he resumed after a pause, "you must have an extraordinarily important case on hand to keep you up so late."

"Yes, I have," I replied. "I have been looking through the records two days, but haven't been able to find what I want. I think I shall give up." I then told him what the case was.

"Here is something that may be of service to you, Colonel," he said, going to one of the book-cases and taking down a volume. "There are flaws in it, but none in the point you wish to make."

He rapidly turned the leaves for a moment, and then handed me the open book. I took it, and so intently did I fasten my mind upon the reading, that I can now almost repeat *verbatim* the entire case as it was recorded. "*In re Dickinson*," it began, and was signed by the Judge with these words: "*The sale must be confirmed.—Thos. Mebane.*"

"That is exactly what I want. I am certainly very greatly obliged to you, Mr. Brown," I said.

"Oh, not at all," he replied, looking at his watch. "I must be going, however, as I have already overstayed my time."

"Well, if you will wait until I can make a memoranda of this, and get my hat and overcoat, I will go with you. I should like to meet your wife."

I took an envelope from my pocket and hurriedly wrote down the name of the case, the page upon which it was recorded, and the number of the volume, and to make sure that I might be able to find the book next morning without difficulty, I concealed it behind one of the steam registers. I

then put on my overcoat and hat, and turned to join Brown, but he had gone. "He must have flown," I thought to myself as I hurried toward the entrance hall, for my back had scarcely been turned a moment. Upon reaching the street door, I found it locked. I looked through the glass, but could see no signs of life in the deserted street outside. Only the receding tap, tap, tap, of a policeman's boots on the pavement fell on my ears. The janitor came to unlock the door for me.

"What became of the gentleman that went out just now?" I asked.

"Nobody went out just now."

"Just a moment ago. You have forgotten."

"No sir, I have not forgotten," he said, opening the door. "Not a soul has been in to-night but you. I locked the door directly you came in, and it hasn't been opened since."

Nothing more was said, and although I tried to persuade myself that the janitor was mistaken, I was, nevertheless, not at all satisfied about Brown's sudden appearance and disappearance. All the circumstances in the matter savored of something I did not like.

Next morning I met Bewird, a townsman of Brown's, in the hotel office. He handed me a telegram which ran thus:

"*Brown died last night. Funeral this P. M.—H. J. Bly.*"

"Was Brown married?" I asked, scarcely aware of what I said

"He had been married. His wife died about two months ago."

I think I mumbled something about the pity of one so young and promising being cut down, and then hastened off to the library. I found the book behind the register just as I had left it, but upon turning to page 108, I could find no *In Re Dickinson*. There was no such case on record. I called in the Attorney General, and together we searched the digests and records for two hours, but with no effect.

THE WISEST OF THE GREEKS.

W. R. HOBGOOD.

The greatest of all countries was Greece; the greatest of the Greek cities was Athens, and the greatest of the Athenians was Socrates. He was the son of a midwife and a statue-maker, and was early trained to the manual employments of his father. It is said that, as a youth, he executed a group of marble graces; but there is considerable doubt about this. At all events, he was not destined long to be a sculptor of stone, since it was his nobler mission to shape the lives of men.

Owing to his father's poverty, he did not receive a thorough education in his early days, but later in life he was patronized by the wealthy Crito, and given the benefit of the most eminent teachers' instructions.

He was ever exceedingly careless of his personal appearance—so ugly that he was said to resemble a satyr. He took no pains whatever to relieve this ugliness, and did not seem to regret in the least his lack of good looks, though he was an ardent admirer of beautiful people, particularly of his own sex, as was shown by his attachment for Alcibiades. No two men ever formed a more striking contrast than these: this homely, awkward, thoughtful man, dressed in the same old shabby cloak from day to day, barefooted, entirely destitute of external attractiveness, and Alcibiades, the elegantly adorned, the most beautiful and fascinating of men, the incarnation of grace and physical perfection.

But in this body, so uninviting to the eye, was gigantic strength and the ability to bear the most extreme hardship or privation with apparent ease. Like Hannibal, the Carthaginian, he was indifferent to heat or cold. He wore the same clothing in winter and in summer, and went barefooted through all seasons. During the expedition to Potidæa, when an unusually severe spell came, and all the other soldiers put on the

warmest clothing that they could procure, he retained the same old apparel, and in this walked with his bare feet over snow and ice without evincing the least discomfort. On this same expedition he cheerfully ate the most ordinary food, while his companions thought that their lot was undeservedly hard.

An explanation of this is found in the fact that it was his constant endeavor to bring the body completely under the dominion of the mind, since he considered the mind the all important, the imperishable, the eternal part of a man, and believed that the more completely one forgot the body the nearer he attained to that divine state in which he thought the blessed would spend eternity.

On some occasions Socrates showed that he could drink more freely without becoming inebriated than almost any other man, but he was always temperate. In his walking life he took sufficient exercise, but he was averse to any of a violent nature, because it made it necessary for him to eat more.

He possessed wonderful bravery, physical and moral. After the battle of Potidæa, which resulted so disastrously for the Athenians, when all his companions were panic stricken and terrified, he calmly held his ground; and his look of determination and fortitude proclaimed to friend and foe that he would be a dangerous man to attack. He came out unscathed. At the trial of the ten generals, when all voted to condemn them to death by one vote, which would have been an unlawful procedure, Socrates steadfastly refused to vote as they did, although his action, he knew, was likely to bring on him the enmity of many influential men.

Socrates was a strict observer of the law, which he considered almost a divine thing. Up to the time of his final trial he had never been summoned before a court of justice. When his friends had made arrangements to effect his escape from prison, he would not consent to go, saying to them that it would

be the grossest ingratitude for him to transgress and make of no avail laws which he had ever counselled others to obey, and which had given him protection so long.

Whatever was his religious beliefs, he was assiduous in the performance of all the duties that religion imposed on a man. He was accused of impiety because he gave new interpretations to prevailing dogmas, and opposed mythological interpretation. He believed firmly in oracles and prayers. The peculiarity about his belief in respect to these things, was that he held it impiety to consult the oracle about questions the decision of which depended upon the exercise of judgment, and to ask for things which could be acquired by one's own exertions. He believed that a man should do all that was in his power. Another novel thing about his conviction concerning religion, was that the greatness of a sacrifice had nothing to do with its acceptability, but that the piety of him who offered it was the all important consideration. He believed that a man should give according to his means. He also had implicit confidence in the omniscience of the gods, and never specified in his prayers, only asking them to give him good things.

Socrates was a strict democrat. He believed that the man best fitted for an office should have it, and was consequently opposed to election by chance, or because of birth or wealth. He considered it surprising, indeed, that men should entrust the ship of state to the care of the most incompetent men, when they would not tolerate an inexperienced pilot or teacher. He was the same toward all classes. He might not, like old Diogenes, have requested Alexander to get out of his sunlight, but he would surely have endeavored to convince him of his ignorance had they come together. He would converse with the poorest, humblest citizen, or unabashed attack with his questions the most prominent men of his day.

He was a lover of men and not of fields, and was always to be found in the crowded streets. He himself says: "I am

Socrates
Diogenes, cynic philosopher
Aeschylus
Plato, lived 82 years
THE WISEST OF THE GREEKS. *win* 427 4 29
4 12/4
22

very anxious to learn; and from trees and fields I can learn nothing. I can only learn from men in the city."

His wit and fine sense of humor were very noticeable. In all his dialogues we can discern a pleasing sarcasm—not scathing, but exactly of the kind that we should expect from him. He displayed humor even while discussing the most serious questions. On one occasion, when he was talking about the immortality of the soul, a friend expressed the fear that, when the body died, the spirit would be scattered to the four winds. Socrates replied that this might happen if the man died in a gale.

The middle and latter part of the philosopher's life was devoted exclusively to teaching. He wholly neglected all means of subsistence, and wandered about the streets of Athens talking from morning till night. The cause of this course was the negative answer which the oracle gave in response to the question, "Is any one wiser than Socrates?" This puzzled him. He knew that he was not wise, and for this reason could find no explanation of the reply, until he came to the conclusion that he must be wiser than other men, inasmuch as he, not knowing anything, was fully conscious of his ignorance; while they, being ignorant, considered themselves wise. He set about proving this. He went to men of almost every calling and questioned them about their departments. His conversations with these confirmed his conclusion, for they displayed no accurate knowledge about their business. Certain artificers indeed seemed to be masters of their craft, but they even overestimated their knowledge. All this created within him a hatred for conceit without knowledge, which he considered the most lamentable mental defect. Having studied physics, and having found that the speculations of the physicists led to no certain knowledge, he seemed to conceive a contempt for the study of the natural world, just as Bacon, later on, had a contempt for moral philosophy. He considered it at least foolish to bother about these things, when the

~~~~~



106 B C M.T. Cicero  
106 C J Caesar

study of man had never been given due attention. He thought that man was the proper study of mankind, and that all other studies were of minor importance when compared with it. Thus his teaching took an ethical turn. Everything that related to man had an interest about it for him.

In his dialectic teaching he began the use of induction. Up to this time knowledge had a certain looseness about it. Conclusions were arrived at prematurely, without sufficient investigation, and rhetoric was used to conceal fallacies. He was the first to look at a question in all its phases, to accumulate all the facts in regard to it, and then draw his conclusion. In other words, he was the father of induction, but applied it to ethics. Bacon, who lived centuries afterward, applied the same method to natural philosophy in his "Novum Organum." He also originated the use of definition in his dialogistic teaching. He would ask such questions as these: What is piety? What is democracy? An off-hand answer would be given, intended to be the definition of a very comprehensive term. Socrates then asked other questions, applying them to specific cases, to which the respondent gave answers altogether inconsistent with his first, showing that his answer was too broad or too narrow. This was continued, until the man became inextricably entangled, and had to confess his ignorance. He made knowledge to assume a definite form—made it possible to ascertain what was really true.

Socrates believed and taught that knowledge was virtue; that all vice came from ignorance. "Only the wise man can be brave, just, or temperate," he says. In his opinion a man was a coward because he did not rightly appreciate the importance of death: he considered death an evil and fled it, while, if he had been wise, he would have known that death was far preferable to life, and would therefore have welcomed it. If a man was intemperate, it was because he did not compare worldly pleasure with future pain. He looked upon ignorance as the root of all evil.

We have intimations in the writings of his biographers that he was not perfectly sure about the existence of the very deities which the Greeks worshipped. However, no one can doubt that he believed in gods. As we have before said, he was scrupulously careful about the performance of religious rites. Besides this, he even believed that he was a special care of the gods, and often referred to his Daemon or Guardian Angel, which was accustomed to give him prohibitory warnings. It never told him what to do, but what not to do. It even advised him that his friends should not pursue certain courses, which is irrefutable proof that it was not mere conscience. It is not at all surprising that he had this divine visitation, so fervently religious was he.

Because he had found the speculations of the physicists unsatisfactory and inconclusive, he did not, like the sophists, resort to agnosticism. In fact he was the first to give the teaching of the immortality of the soul a philosophical basis. He could not believe that things came about by chance, appreciating as he did the law of design in nature, recognizing the wonderful adaptability of all the parts of man to his needs, believing that our sense of beauty and perfection was a relic of our divine inheritance. All this goodness toward man, which he saw manifested around him, seemed to fill his heart with love and veneration for the gods. He seemed to be completely reconciled to their will; in fact, he was almost a fatalist, believing that if the gods wished him to live, he would live anyhow; if they desired his death, it was useless for him to try to preserve his life.

At about the age of seventy this great man was accused of heresy and of corrupting the youth, and condemned to death. Great as is our love and admiration for him as we survey his life after more than twenty centuries, we are not surprised that he was condemned, but rather are we surprised that he was permitted to go so long unmolested. Although we know now that he was next to the greatest teacher that the world

has ever seen, we also know that his method of preparing the soil for the seed of knowledge was not calculated to win for him the love of some men at least. Few of us would like to have our ignorance so mercilessly exposed as was that of some with whom Socrates came in contact. He was much too far in advance of his age as to be appreciated by a large number of his fellow citizens.

The trial of Socrates is one of the most famous on record. Through it all he remained perfectly calm and composed, and preserved that uncompromising spirit which was so characteristic of him. Of his fearlessness of death and carelessness of life we have sufficient proof in his virtual refusal to save his life. He did not regret in the least the result of the trial, and since his guardian angel had not interfered once, he felt satisfied that he had acted according to the will of the gods.

He remained bright and active till the last. His friends were constantly in the prison with him, listening to his delightful discourse, which the thought of approaching death did not interrupt. It was here that he gave that most beautiful dissertation on the immortality of the soul, which is recorded in Plato's "Phædo."

One afternoon, as the sun was just setting, right gladly did he take the cup of fatal hemlock and drained it to the dregs. In a few moments the spirit of this great, good, wise, simple man passed away to seek its eternal home. He left his friends sad, not on his own account, but because they had been bereft of such a friend.

---

LELIA FARR.

---

CHARLES B. DEEVER.

I have ever been of the opinion that a cosy little cottage in some country village, surrounded by sweet flowers and a broad velvet green, profusely dotted by large oaks and heavy magnolias, is an ideal home.

To such a house, dear reader, let me invite you. And should my description seem overdrawn, please remember we see not in reality, but through the long telescope of imagination. And as George Eliot has laid it down that "imagination is a licensed trespasser," I trust I shall be pardoned for all imperfections of description.

We stand at the end of a long vista, shaded on either side by tall pines, which lap their branches in a thousand love-knots as they rise toward the sky. What a lovely scene! A neat brown cottage, around which are blooming hundreds of fragrant flowers! The big red roses seem to turn themselves toward you as if expecting a kiss in return for their fragrance. The sprightly pansy, the delicate violet, the saucy buttercup and the deep-yellow nasturtium, all form a rich galaxy of floral beauty. Nor is the scene made less charming by that heterogeneous multitude of young chicks, scratching over the soft lawn in quest of their daily food.

But we have tarried too long in the yard. Let us step inside the house and take a hurried glance at its inmates. In a neatly-kept room, with a plain but cleanly-swept carpet upon the floor, a few bright pictures hung tastefully from the walls, a small oaken table in the center of the room, upon which lies the family Bible surrounded by several volumes of various authors, we see three people. The father is leaning back in an old rocker, reading a horticultural magazine. The mother, sitting near one corner of the room, with her lap filled with balls of yarn, which resemble in color the seven parts of the rainbow, is nervously knitting away upon a newly commenced stocking. The other person, a young girl, is sitting by the centre-table reading a new volume of George Eliot's "Middlemarch." She has just reached that part of the story where young Dorothea is left a widow. As she reads the fatal words she raises her head from the book and breathes a deep sigh. Perhaps she would not have been so touched, had she



not been thinking at that moment of one who was dearer to her than life itself.

"Am I looking at my own fate through the dark mirror of another's sorrow?" said she, silently. "It cannot be. It cannot be. I must dismiss such thoughts." With these reflections she laid aside her book and went out among the flowers for a walk.

James Gordon was the junior partner in the thriving mercantile firm of Bright & Gordon in New York. He had long been recognized by his associates as an industrious young man. In a few years he had risen from penury to the possession of a snug fortune. His sharp, black eyes, with the firm but genial expression upon his face, made him at once attractive. He was tall, handsome and graceful. He mingled little with the world, rather choosing solitude with his books. Indeed, he had seen so much flippancy, flattery and deceit in the city "belles," that he had a scornful aversion to their company.

"I cannot think of these society women, with their mutton-leg sleeves, which rustle like dry leaves in an October wind, with anything but disgust," said he, musingly, upon seeing in a society journal the picture of a young French woman who had recently made her debut into New York society. "I would not give fair Lelia for any society woman in the giddy world," exclaimed he, tossing the journal into the nearest waste-basket. The next day he was to go to White Cross, the home of Lelia Farr.

When James Gordon awoke on the following morning, the sun had travelled full two hours on his course. At 12 o'clock he boarded the train for White Cross, and as the evening sun sank behind a huge pillar of grey clouds, he stepped from the train.

We left Lelia walking among the flowers, that part of nature with which grief-stricken humanity likes most to commune in hours of sorrow. The flowers must have had the

desired effect, for she soon came skipping into the house as light and gay as a freed canary.

"Mother," she said, "it lacks but an hour until James' arrival."

"Don't be too sure, my dear; he might not come at all," rejoined the worthy dame, who was somewhat inclined to doubt the constancy of young Gordon.

Lelia ate little supper that night. She went into the parlor, and lighting the lamp threw herself into an old rocker near the window and began to read. A light tap upon the door revealed the presence of her lover.

It is needless to describe the love-scene which followed. It was the typical scene of two lovers having met after a long separation. The clock upon the mantel piece was striking ten, when Lelia suddenly broke the silent revery of her mind with the question:

"James, did you know I had decided to take lessons in the C—— Conservatory of Music in New York? I have made arrangements to leave to-morrow."

"You have! Well, I am happy to know you are going. I intend to return to New York to-morrow myself; so we shall go together."

A few more loving words, and they parted for the night.

Lelia was busy next morning preparing for the journey. After a few good-byes to the neighbors, and a long, loving embrace of a dear father and mother, she left the innocence and sweetness of a country home for the untried sorrows of a city life.

The first year of Lelia's stay at the Conservatory was a steady round of pleasure. James Gordon was a frequent visitor. He took her out riding; walked with her among the flowers and shrubbery of Central Park; and attended with her the most excellent theatrical performances of the season.

Late one afternoon, as they were crossing Brooklyn Bridge on their return from a long drive, Lelia began humming that

beautiful song, "I stood on the bridge at midnight." "Rein in the horses, James," she said, "and let us spend a few moments looking at this lovely stream." For just then a light breeze dissipated the murky mists, and the moon, ghost-like, threw its soft and mellow light upon the rippling waves.

"Whoa, Prince!" cried James, slightly tightening the reins. They looked down upon the tranquil river, and at three boatmen just down the stream, to whose faces the moon gave a weird, strange expression.

"Wouldn't it be novel?" the girl exclaimed, "actually 'to stand on the bridge at midnight'—this bridge—and look upon such beauty as this!"

"Good!" the fond lover replied. "To-morrow night we will attend the theatre and, returning by this bridge, stand here just at midnight."

"It was a beauteous evening, calm and free,  
The holy time was quiet as a nun  
Breathless with adoration." . . . . .

James and Lelia had been to the theatre; and were within a few blocks of the bridge on their return, when silently there crept from behind a large building a tall, dark form. Cautiously and carefully he followed them to the bridge.

"Dear Lelia," said James, taking her hand in his, "the scenery is more lovely than I imagined. But before we try to enjoy it, tell me that you will be mine."

"Dear James, all my love and myself I give to you."

Just then a dark cloud stole across the moon, and the arm of James Gordon slipped gently around Lelia's waist as he drew her to him and kissed her fondly. Then the dark figure, which had been crouching near, stole forward and, as Gordon was in the act of speaking, struck him heavily upon the head.

"Mercy!" screamed Lelia, as she fell prostrate upon the bridge.

The murderous villian raised Gordon over the iron railings of the bridge, held him for a moment, and then let him drop

into the water below. Then picking up the unconscious form of poor Lelia, he bore her off the bridge to a cab which he hailed as it was passing the corner of a street near by.

"Drive us to number —, ——— street, as fast as the wind. My wife has fainted, and I fear the worst for her."

When poor Lelia waked from her stupor, she was imprisoned in a narrow room with her captor sitting before her.

"You are in the hands of Rube Scofield," the brute said. "You will suffer no harm, provided you are willing to become my wife."

\* \* \* \* \*

A shrill cry pierced the midnight air as Gordon rose from the water. He had been partly resuscitated by its cool temperature. For being thrown from the bridge in a state of unconsciousness, his only injury was a severe shock to his nervous system. Physicians tell us that, when one falls or is thrown from an ordinary height, in such a state of mind as to render him unable to control the voluntary muscles, there is not nearly so great danger of the loss of life and the breaking of limbs, as when one falls conscious of the act. When Gordon rose from the water he realized his perilous condition, and seizing a floating plank, he began to cry for help.

"Help! help! I am drowning!" cried the terrified man.

The splashing of oars was heard, and then a voice cried out:

"Where are you? Call again!"

"Here! here! Come quickly, or I shall be lost!"

Splash! splash! went the oars, and the little skiff shot over the water. The half-fainting Gordon was lifted into the boat, and soon taken to a neighboring house where restoratives were administered.

"I shall employ the best detective in New York, and capture that rascal if it takes my last penny," said Gordon to himself as he left the cottage and walked toward his home.

Early next morning Gordon called at police headquarters, and was soon in consultation with the chief of the force.



"Captain, I want one of the shrewdest and surest men you have. A young lady is now at the mercy of one of the most villainous wretches in New York. She was kidnapped last night on the Brooklyn Bridge by Rube Scofield."

"It will be difficult to find the young woman, but I have a man on my force who can find her if any one can. Take this address, and go see Mr. Ralph Green."

James waited no longer, but hurried to the house as designated by the card. He found Mr. Green at home, and after taking a seat, told him his story.

"Yes, Mr. Gordon, I feel sure I can capture Scofield, and liberate the young woman within one week. Go home and rest, and in six days I will send for you."

I shall not burden the reader by going into the details of the search. The skillful detective left no stone unturned that would aid in the accomplishment of his task. Upon the fourth night of his search, as he was walking down one of the back streets of New York, a man hurriedly brushed by him and entered a small saloon.

"I've seen that man before. I believe he is Scofield," thought the detective, as he quickened his steps.

He entered the saloon, and found his man standing by the bar talking to one who appeared to be his companion. The detective sat down near the bar, hoping to catch some words of their conversation, and was soon rewarded by a few words from Scofield's companion.

"Well, Scofield, I don't know what we shall do with the woman."

"Wake up, boozy! What yer doin' sleepin' in these 'ere diggins?" said a gruff voice, as the speaker kicked the chair on which the detective was sitting.

"I aint doin' nothin' but settin'," replied the detective in the speaker's dialect. "And if yer don't want me to set, I'll jist leave yer infernal place fur the pure air." So saying he left the room.

Scofield soon emerged from the building and started down the street, closely followed by Green. After a tedious and circuitous route, he stopped at a small house in the most secluded part of New York City. Green crept to the house and hid himself in a large boxwood, that he might watch Scofield's movements. He had been lying here nearly two hours when he heard the door open and his man descend the steps.

"Confound the woman," grumbled the villian, as he passed the detective. "I wish some of the boys were here. Curse her! I will kill her to-morrow night if she don't marry me."

As soon as Scofield was gone, the detective approached the door, and taking from his pocket a bunch of keys, he unlocked the door, and stepped inside the house. Flash! went his bull's eye lantern, and the passage-way was lighted. Then walking to the rear of the hall, he extinguished the light, and began studying what move to make next, when suddenly he was startled from his deep study by low, pitiful sounds directly behind him. He instantly followed the sounds, and, after picking several locks, he found Lelia in a small, dark room, surrounded by moth-eaten and tobacco-stained rags. The poor, trembling girl sat with her face buried in her hands, awaiting the executioner's knife, which she thought was now ready.

"Lelia Farr, look up! I have come to rescue you. I am a detective sent by Mr. Gordon."

"Thank heaven! Shall you indeed deliver me from this horrible death? Is James alive?"

"Compose yourself, Miss Farr. It is all true, but in order to capture him when I rescue you, I shall have to ask you to remain here until to-morrow night. He will not attempt murder until then, and as he does not come in until near eleven o'clock, Mr. Gordon and I will have ample time to reach here and conceal ourselves before his arrival. Keep silent, and all will be well."

The officer passed out, carefully locking the doors behind him. At half past nine o'clock the following night, Gordon and the detective entered the house of the noted criminal. There was nothing to impede their entrance, and by the aid of the officer's keys they were soon in the room with Lelia.

"O, James, how I have suffered!" cried the girl, throwing her arms around his neck, and weeping bitterly.

"Just wait, Miss Farr, for those expressions, if you please, until we get out of this place," said the detective. "We must be quiet."

About eleven o'clock Scofield entered the room, walked up to Lelia and said: "Girl, you shall marry me to-night or I will kill you. Rube Scofield has sworn it, and his oath is sealed with blood."

"Hold! Scofield!" cried the detective, as he and Gordon sprang from their hiding place and covered him with their revolvers.

Scofield was tightly manacled, and soon hurried to prison. It is needless to go into the details of the trial. Suffice it to say, he was convicted of several crimes, and sent to the penitentiary, where he died after serving several years.

Now it only remains to say a few words of James and Lelia and my story will have been completed.

It is now four weeks since Lelia's rescue. The church bells at White Cross are merrily ringing out their marriage chimes. Lelia walks to the altar by her brother's side, and, under an arch of rich flowers, is married to the one who saved her life.

---

### JAMES III., THE LEGITIMATE BUT UNCROWNED KING.

W. H. HECK.

---

Time in its flight to eternity cuts down the nations with the cycle of death and decay, and buries rulers and their subjects in the tombs of the past. The past—does that make a tomb of impenetrable darkness? Has its shroud enveloped

those of past ages so completely that the people of to-day see them not? No! the light of history has shed its rays over this earth even back to the creation, and has forbidden the night of utter forgetfulness to hover over those who have played their part in the drama of the world's existence.

The lives of men may be compared to a mountain range, of which some mountains rise higher and overshadow others near it. They descend in height until, sinking into insignificance, they are lost in the gloom of the valley.

I have chosen as my theme the account of one who never attained the greatest glory, yet whose history is so interwoven with that of England at a very interesting period, that it is well worth our consideration.

James II., the father of the subject of this paper, and the brother of Charles II., whom he succeeded, was the son of Charles I., who was beheaded by Cromwell. Charles and James escaped to France on the execution of their father, but after Cromwell's death Charles returned to England as king, to the delight of the majority. He was treated with every respect by the Catholics, both in France and, after his return, in England, and though a Protestant himself, he issued a General Declaration of Indulgence to them. This was received with objection by the communicants of the Church of England. Charles was a Catholic at heart, though for fear of a rebellion he never threw off allegiance to the Protestant religion until on his dying bed.

During his brother's reign, James, a staunch Catholic, was appointed to the office of Lord High Admiral. He was a man of selfish, cruel, and tyrannical nature; and before Charles' death he became so unpopular that several attempts were made to exclude him from the succession. On account of the Test Act he was compelled to resign his office and escape to Scotland, the rule of which kingdom was given him by his brother. There James with horrible cruelty persecuted the Covenanters, and made himself so hated that Charles recalled



him to England and restored him to the office of Lord High Admiral.

At the death of his brother, James ascended the throne and was crowned on April 23d, 1686. He had sworn to rule according to the laws of justice, but the English people soon became as slaves to a most cruel master. James commenced soon after his coronation to promote Catholics to the offices of state and army, and prohibited any preaching against Romanism. He had one great goal before him, namely, an irresponsible despotism, under which he hoped to make Catholicism the religion of England. Unmindful of his actions, he allowed, and even caused, many Protestant persecutions; and he erected Catholic schools and monasteries throughout the country. The frenzied people could not stand such tyranny long. So they offered the crown to William of Orange, who had married James' daughter, Mary. James, seeing that he had lost hold of his kingdom, escaped to France, where he died in September, 1701.

William and Mary, after the abdication of James, were crowned, and they ruled with a leniency which seemed heaven-sent mercy after the despotic reign of the one whom they succeeded. William III., with the aid of Spain and Netherlands, gained a decisive victory over the French at Boyne in 1690, and afterwards rendered Scotland and Ireland subservient to his rule. The French, after a prolonged struggle, were forced to make peace with the English in 1697. William died in 1702, and was succeeded by Queen Anne, the second daughter of James II. She was a firm Protestant, and had lived in retirement until she ascended the throne.

Anne, as well as the majority of the English people, believed that James the Third, then in exile, was not the true son of her father; but she never ceased wishing that he should be her successor to the throne. The queen was governed mostly by her lords and courtiers, and her reign may be divided into two periods.

In the first period the Duke of Marlborough and his wife, the attendant of the queen, had a decided snpremacý. The Duke made himself notable by some great victories gained in the war with France; but by his overbearing haughtiness he became unpopular with both the queen and the army. Mrs. Masham, a favorite of Anne, brought about the downfall of Marlborough, and she afterwards acted as an accomplice to Harley and St. John, the chiefs of the new ministry. St. John endeavored to persuade Anne to proclaim James III. her legitimate brother and successor, but Anne died before he had accomplished his purpose. By the prompt activity of a few patriotic statesmen, the accession of George I. was peaceably secured.

James Frederick Edward Stuart, Prince of Wales, called by his adherents James III. of England, but better known as the Pretender, was son of James II. and Mary of Modena. He was born in St. James' Palace, London, June 10th, 1688, and the general opinion prevailing at the time of his birth and held by most of the English people was that he was not the true child of James II., but was, by some deceit, obtained by the king so that he could have as his successor one of the Catholic faith, his daughters both being staunch Protestants. This opinion has been proved to be false beyond a doubt, and was really held by the English people because James was a Catholic, and they wanted no such king. For this reason he was called the Pretender by those opposed to him. Shortly before James II. fled from his kingdom, James III., then a small boy, was sent to France with his mother. They resided at the court of St. Germain, the father having joined them there.

At the death-bed of James II., Louis XIV., of France, said: "I am come, sir, to acquaint you, that whenever it shall please God to call your Majesty out of the world, I will take your family under my protection, and will treat your son, the Prince of Wales, in the same manner I have treated you, and ac-

knowledge him, as he then will be, King of England." James was crowned by Louis and recognized as king by the King of Spain, the Pope, and the Duke of Savoy. William III. was much enraged at this insult, and, after a speech made by him in Parliament, war was declared against Louis of France.

Although Anne was crowned queen, still an influential party continued to adhere to James' cause, and an expedition planned in his favor only failed of success because a powerful English fleet prevented its landing. Thackeray, in his "Henry Esmond," shows very plainly the feeling existing in favor of the Pretender at this period.

James assumed the name of Chevalier of St. George, and, after the failure of the expedition, joined the French army in Flanders. He was present at the battle of Oudenarde, July, 1708, and in that of Malplaquet, 1709, he charged the English at the head of the French cavalry. Meantime the English Parliament set a price of a hundred thousand crowns upon his head.

In 1713 he was secretly favored by Bolingbroke and other ministers of Anne, and the queen herself regarded him with predilection, but he rejected their advice to renounce, or pretend to renounce, the Roman Catholic faith.

In answer to one of Bolingbroke's advices of this kind, he wrote: "Plain dealing is best in all things, especially in matters of religion, and as I am resolved never to dissemble in religion, so I shall never attempt to make others do it, and as well as I am satisfied of the truth of my religion, yet I shall never look worse upon any persons because in this they shall chance to differ from me, nor shall I refuse in due time and place to hear what they have to say upon this subject. But they must not take it ill if I use the same liberty I allow to others, to adhere to the religion which I, in my conscience, think the best; and I may reasonably expect the liberty of conscience to myself, which I deny to none." This certainly reflects credit upon the Chevalier.

A rebellion in the highlands of Scotland was inaugurated in September, 1715, by the raising of the standard, a banner of white, "on the braes of Mar," and the solemn proclamation of James Stuart, the Chevalier of St. George, King of England, in the midst of the assembled clans. The Earl of Mar, who had been removed from office by George I., went in disguise to Scotland, where he invited the chief of the clans, both Lowlanders and Highlanders, who were professed tories, to meet at a hunting party in the forest of Mar. There he proclaimed James VIII of Scotland and James III. of England. The progress of the insurrection was arrested at the battle of Sheriffmuir, and it was practically extinguished a few weeks afterwards by the surrender at Preston Pans.

Unaware of the failure of his cause, James landed in December at Peterhead and advanced as far south as Scone, accompanied by a small force under Mar; but on learning of the approach of the Duke of Argyle, he retreated to Monrose, where the Highlanders dispersed to the mountains. He then embarked again for France.

A Spanish expedition, sent out in his behalf in 1718 under Alberoni, was scattered by a tempest, only two frigates reaching the appointed rendezvous in the island of Lewis.

At Avignon, in 1719, James married the Princess Clementina, of Poland, by whom he had two sons—Charles Edward and Henry, afterwards Cardinal York. His licentious habits soon led to a separation from his wife, and his indolence and irresolution having completely unfitted him as an aspirant to the English throne, the hopes and affections of his adherents, called Jacobites, were gradually transferred to his son Charles Edward, for whom the Scottish Chiefs again arose in rebellion in 1745. Scott writes of this insurrection in his "Waverley."

After Anne's death, the Pretender hastened to the Court of Versailles, but he found it fearful of allowing England any pretext for rupture, and was ordered to leave France. He



retired to Plombieres, where he issued a manifesto which was published in England, asserting his right to the throne. In Lorraine he was joined by Bolingbroke, who sought in his interest to incite the French government to war with England, but this was prevented by the death of Louis XIV.

He soon went to Rome, where he spent the remainder of his life, and there he was regarded with very little esteem, both by the Pope and the populace. The papal soldiers mounted guard at the Palazzo Muti, where he resided, and the Pope issued an order that he should be styled King of England. Latterly his income was twelve thousand scudi from the Pope, supplemented only by donations, probably not very large, from his adherents in England.

For several of his last years the Chevalier was so infirm in health that he was unable to leave his bedchamber. He died at Rome, January 22d, 1766, and was interred in the Church of St. Peter. So passed away one whose life was spent in

\* \* "The vain low strife  
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,  
The passions and the cares that wither life,  
And waste its little hour!"

Horace Walpole, writing of James III. in 1752, says:

"He is tall, meagre, and melancholy of aspect. Enthusiasm and disappointment have stamped a solemnity on his person which rather awakens pity than respect. He seems the phantom which good nature divested of reflexion conjures up when we think of the misfortunes without the demerits of Charles the First. Without the particular features of any Stuart, the Chevalier has the strong lines and fatality of air peculiar to them all."

In "Henry Esmond" Thackeray pictures him as a man fond of mirth, a lover of the wine-cup, and too indolent to put his attention for any length of time solely to the accomplishment of his purpose.

## A SECRET REVEALED,

---

J. N. B.

---

The first nineteen years of my life were spent on a farm in a mountainous portion of one of the Southern States. Some of my many pleasures were hunting the squirrel, shooting the hedgehog, and scaling the jagged cliffs in search of buzzard eggs, on a woodland of three or four hundred acres which belonged to the old ancestral farm. At one huge cliff in this dark forest, could from time to time be seen a long, bony man of some fifty winters. Strange to say, however, it was only after a hard rain, or the melting of a deep snow, that the man was to be seen. It was just at such times that I generally saw him, while wandering over these woods with my rifle and hunting knife.

Why he could be seen sitting or standing near the mouth of this particular cliff after a beating rain or a melting snow, and hardly ever at other times, was a profound secret to me. I often had a keen desire to approach the savage mountaineer, and ask him to reveal this secret. Many times, indeed, I entered the woods fully intending to approach the cliff and find out what I could of his mode of living; but on my coming nearer than at former times, he would stare at me in great amazement, at the same time extending his long arms as if desiring to greet me.

Months passed by in a similar manner, and I grew more and more desirous of learning something of this savage, this devil of the mountain. I detested the very countenance of the old man, but still there was something—I do not know what—that caused me to be eager to shake his brown and nervous hand. And I was much more eager to talk with him, but fear gathered over me like a dense mist at the mere idea. Might there not be real danger in him? Might he not have a motive in his crude allurements?

Early one night at the height of my strange desires, remembering the fact that I had seen this old man in the same place for three years, more or less, I decided that by the closing of another day I would not be as ignorant of his mysterious habits, as I had been. My retiring on that night was attended with less agitation, because my mind was fully made up. I slept soundly. If I dreamt anything, it was not clear enough to be remembered. Fortunately, too, it rained that night—a heavy, beating rain.

I was awakened at sunrise next morning by the ringing of the breakfast bell. I ate my breakfast hastily, so that I might be able to reach the woodland with the creeping in of the sunshine. On departing I snatched my rifle from its rack, also my hunting knife from its case, and as I passed the large grindstone in the backyard, I gave it a few rubs on the rough rock, though it was already quite sharp.

I hastened in the direction of the cliff. Sure enough, when within sixty yards of the rock, I saw the old man sitting near the mouth of the cave, with bowed head as if sleeping. Cautiously I crept within ten yards of the spot, when he suddenly aroused by the breaking of a twig under my foot. He sprang up like a wild man at first, but when he recognized me his countenance softened into a smile.

“Whaw, whaw,” said he, “you have come near me at last, have you?”

“True, sir,” said I, “but why are you so frank to speak to me? This is the first time I have ever heard your voice.”

“Just so, sir. I only speak three days in the year, and now you have struck me while in that talkative mood.”

“There are two things especially that I want to know, and they are these: Why, first of all, may you always be seen on the outside of your dwelling after a hard rain or the melting of a deep snow? Again, why do you make your home in this secluded place?”

"My inquisitive boy, when it rains, immense quantities of water run through my cave, thus driving me out; the same way when deep snows melt on the mountain above. As to my secluded home, why that is a silly question. I have always lived here and always shall. I am fulfilling my mission in this mountain, and why should I ask to be transported to a kingly mansion?"

"Thank you for your information! Good day."

"Hold on there, my boy! You'll never leave this spot till I have heartily shaken your hand!"

Standing my gun by the side of a sapling, I politely walked forward to shake his hand, but as I came face to face with him, the smile on his face quickly changed to a stern glare. He seized me round the waist with his long, nervous arms.

"By the time I can take you to my innermost chamber, my strolling boy, you too will be a savage as I am; so bid farewell to your jolly sports!"

Never! thought I to myself. I disengaged my right hand and grasped the knife which I had concealed in my hunting-jacket. With a mighty wrench I cut off one of his arms at the elbow. He still held on with the other until I cut it off in the same way. For an instant longer, he glared me in the face—a painful, deathly glare! His hair even brushed my forehead. Suddenly he turned from me, shrugged his shoulders, nodded his shaggy head, and crept into his dwelling, his stubby arms pouring forth black blood at every step. I picked up the amputated arms, each by the long middle finger, threw one in one direction, and the other in another, snatched up my gun, and bade a final farewell to that rugged forest.



IN SPRINGTIME.  

---

R. AUDLEY LEIGH, '96.  

---

For full three hours I lay amid the waving grass,  
And watched the clouds that drifted in the hazy blue:  
I dreamed of love and fame and hopes that lie beyond,  
But after all, sweetheart, my dreams would turn alone to you!

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

---

## STAFF OF EDITORS.

|                          |                   |                     |                   |
|--------------------------|-------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| PROF. R. W. HAYWOOD----- |                   | ALUMNI EDITOR.      |                   |
| EU. SOCIETY.             |                   | PHI. SOCIETY.       |                   |
| THOMAS H. BRIGGS-----    | EDITOR.           | J. H. GORE, Jr----- | EDITOR.           |
| M. B. DRY-----           | ASSOCIATE EDITOR. | W. P. EXUM, Jr----- | ASSOCIATE EDITOR. |
| CAREY P. ROGERS-----     |                   | BUSINESS MANAGER.   |                   |

---

## EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

TH. H. BRIGGS, Editor.

---

THE COMMENTS of the South Carolina press on our baseball team are exceedingly pleasing to all who are interested in our college. For the first time in several years our team was entirely free from any professional element, and it is safe to say that, hereafter, Wake Forest will never play a man on any of her teams who has the slightest shadow against his past record. The many courtesies received by the team from the college men of both Wofford and Furman and from the citizens of Spartanburg and Greenville cannot be passed over without a word of thanks. The ball men could not have asked for any more kindnesses than were received. There is a strong bond of friendship knit between Wake Forest and these two institutions, and we sincerely hope that nothing will ever tend to destroy it.

---

THE RESOLUTIONS so unanimously adopted by the class of ninety-six regarding the fifth course and the B. L. degree should receive careful consideration by each member of the Board of Trustees. There is no doubt that the standard of excellence of our curriculum is being lowered by this "*ad libitum*" course, and many men who could not enter the class below them in any other course in the catalog, are taking

it as a final resort. Its growing popularity proves this beyond a doubt. Unless it is changed, and that soon, there will be few men left in the other courses to protest, and all the others must either be abandoned or lowered to correspond with this hybrid.

---

THERE IS a great debt of gratitude due to Prof. J. B. Carlyle, chairman of the entertainment committee, by the student body and by the residents of Wake Forest generally. Never before in the history of the college has such an admirable course of public lectures been offered to the students; embracing, as it did, talks on all branches of science, art, and business. The lecturers too, being men of wide experience and of liberal culture, brought much good to those students who took advantage of their opportunity and met them personally. There can be only one choice for the chairmanship next year, and that is Prof. Carlyle.

In a recent issue of a Tennessee exchange there is a very caustic editorial on plagiarism. This editor certainly seems to have had just cause for his remarks, but I have come to believe that most cases of ostensible plagiarism are not such at all. The old saw "Great minds run in the same channels" is true, and no less so is the saying of a modern philosopher, "Small minds run in the same ditches." Often and often have I known articles to be written parallel to others, sometimes containing the same expressions, while certain that neither author had seen the work of the other. There is a case in our state where a lady wrote a novel, really worthy of the name, but it was not popular because of its very great similarity to one written some time earlier, which she had never seen. Proverbs spring up in all parts of the globe having the same thought, but expressed a bit differently; and one would be far from saying that they all sprung from some com-

mon fountain-head. There are two reasons why men do not plagiarize: Fear of detection and Honesty. Most men possess either one or the other, and those who do not are generally smart enough to so interweave their stolen property that it is as good as new. After all, there is little enough new under the sun, and it may still be an open question if the interweaving of plots, as I have spoken of above, is wrong.

---

THE CRYING need at Wake Forest is for new dormitories and for an infirmary. It is a burning shame that in a college of such size and importance as is ours there is no provision for sickness. Illness in the dormitory is something dreaded above all else by college men, and rightly so; for if the disease is in any bad type there is little hope of recovery amid so much noise and dirt. There is no need to speak of the dangers of contagion in case of any infectious disease. A neat, convenient infirmary could be built at a moderate cost, and the convenience would be inestimable.

---

THE ALUMNI BANQUET, on Wednesday of Commencement, promises to be the greatest success of the season. Covers have already been engaged for a larger number than has ever before attended, and undoubtedly there will be an enthusiastic meeting. President W. B. Morton has peculiar tact in such matters, and he has succeeded phenomenally well, even for himself, on this occasion. The classes will sit together, and there will be some half dozen toasts responded to. It is proposed to have not one set speech, but four or five short ones on each subject, thus insuring great interest and attention from all. *Vive la compagnie!*

---

IN LOOKING over the spring exchanges I notice accounts of field sports at several colleges for women. These schools



are nothing if not progressive. Next we may expect to hear of a football team being put out by the annex of some school. Women will never be ardent enthusiasts on the baseball diamond, however, for a woman is naturally a bit sensitive about her ability to throw; but football will suit her, for there she can find plenty of kicking to do. Some of the time in the field sports was not as fast as one would be led to expect—the hundred-yard-dash being done at Vassar in fifteen and a quarter seconds—but we imagine that the “dear girls” would be “faster” in some other sphere.

---

I PICKED up a note several days ago, and read: “Chairman of the Faculty—I was sick yesterday, and absent from my recitations. Please excuse. X. X. X.” Now, I was morally certain that I had been with the youngster almost all the day before, and that he had not uttered one word of complaint of sickness. Every day this excuse is abused by a certain class of men, and the Faculty know that they are only shirking their work, yet they are powerless to interfere. It would be a good idea, it seems to me, to employ a college physician, paying him by an assessment on each student, and then to take no excuse for sickness except from him. This system is used successfully by many colleges, and it would certainly obviate this obnoxious system here. Of course there would be no extra charge to any student for attendance, even in prolonged sickness.

---

IT HAS BEEN three years and more since the most of our class first came to Wake Forest, and in a few short days we shall be leaving, some of us, I fear, forever. These have been happy days for us all, though some little sorrows and heart-aches may have crept in at times. How vividly the old days come back now as we stand on the threshold of our new life! There was not one of us but that held the highest ambitions

in those days, but four years of college life have pretty well frayed out the conceits. Those great day-dreams were widely varied—some expected the highest class honors, some looked forward to being great orators and debaters, while others had peculiar ambitions of their own; but how hard it has been to conquer the mysteries of Calculus and the Greek verb! How impassive have been those audiences which we had expected so easily to move with our eloquence! But the dream of dreams was for the young athlete. He would imagine phenomenal catches of balls, and, dreaming of home-run hits to his credit by the score, the young blood would leap and throb through his whole being. But, alas! most of these dreams have been mere dreams indeed. The life has been harder than we expected, and there were obstacles which would not down at the bidding, but there is comfort in the thought that none of us have altogether failed. Each dream has been worth something to us, for it has given the inspiration for attempting what oftentimes was almost impossible. Many a heart is sad at the thought of leaving Le Beau, the dear old campus, and a hundred other spots so sacred to our hearts. But why should we parade our tears in the midst of the happiness of so many others. Some day, fifteen or twenty years from now, we may return and tell the youngsters how we wept at leaving the old place and friends, but *this* is no time for tears. Four short, happy years have slipped away, and we are conscious of little change; but looking back, we can see how we have passed through every stage of college verdancy, arrogance and humility, and now as we are almost at the goal we have so long striven to obtain, let us smile and put on an expression of happiness, for we are leaving our little world of pleasure, and entering the big one of reality and of sorrow.

## BOOK NOTES.

JOHN HOMER GORE, Editor.

*Aftermath.* James Lane Allen. Macmillan & Co.

This is a delightful sequel to that sweet little story, "A Kentucky Cardinal," which brought tears as well as smiles into so many of our hearts. There is a peculiar strain of pathos in the writings of Mr. Allen that never fails to strike a responsive chord in our breasts. In tenderness and pathos Mr. Allen is supreme, but his humor is not exactly compatible with the high order of his other qualities. In this book the true, womanly side of Georgianna appears, and we work out with her the atonement for the Cardinal's death. There is an atmosphere of naturalness throughout the whole book,—the air of spring with a touch of winter bitterness. Mr. Allen always takes a decided stand against the baneful influences of erotic stories,—and he has the blessing of the American people for it. Always pure, fresh and simple, his stories have won a place close to our hearts. *The Bookman* states that an authorized translation of the two books is being made into German.

*Money and Banking.* By Horace White. Ginn & Co., Boston, \$1.25.

This book is at once timely and practical. It gives the history of money and banking in the United States, and illustrates by copious quotations from American history. We would especially commend it to our students, and to our readers in general, now when the country seems most to need a word of truth and common sense about finance. We would also like to send marked copies to some of our North Carolina brother editors, who seem to be struggling with the alphabet of finance. The book will do good, if people can only be made to read it.

*Selections from Herrick.* Edited by Edward Everett Hale. Ginn & Co., \$1.00.

These selections, embracing the best things in Herrick's *Hesperides* and *Noble Numbers*, are supplied with an excellent life of the poet, good notes, and a glossary. We sincerely hope the little book will make for itself a place in college courses; for Herrick is one of our truest poets, and deserves our study and admiration accordingly.

*De Quincey's Confessions. Edited by Mark Hunter. Macmillan & Co., 75 cts.*

This book will supply what has long been needed,—a good school edition of De Quincey's great work. The introduction is compiled from the best authorities, and the notes seem to be really helpful. De Quincey was one of the most learned of men, and his works abound in quotations and references that the young student must have explained.

*Stolen Souls. William LeQueux. Frederick A. Stokes & Co.*

It is not exactly evident to my mind how the title of this book is connected with the contents. The book consists of a series of rather verbose tales, being for the most part the adventures of a newspaper correspondent, ostensibly the writer, who infatuates susceptible and unnatural young women of all nations. The book is full of "I clasped her yielding form to my bosom and imprinted a passionate kiss upon her upturned lips," and "Behold! *He* (She or It, as the case might be) *was dead!*" The yarns might have been interesting to the gullible readers of a weekly newspaper, but to those who read for pleasure and profit combined,—well, the less said the better.

*Toxin. Ouida. Frederick A. Stokes & Co.*

This book is neatly put up in the Twentieth Century Series, and is illustrated by Heustis. That is the most I can say for it. But to those who admire Ouida the book must be full of dramatic interest, depicting as it does the cruelty of vivisection. Though many of us do not admire Ouida's style, yet there is a peculiar "go" in her writings that charms a great class of those readers who use books merely to pass away a heavy hour.

*La Princesse de Cleves, Par Mme. de La Fayette. Edited with introduction and notes by Benjamin F. Sledd and Hendren Gorrell, Professors in Wake Forest College, N. C. Ready in April. Ginn & Company.*

This delightful story, now edited for the first time with English notes, has its scene laid in the Court of Henry II., but the descriptions are all borrowed from the brilliant company that assembled around Louis XIV. The work may be used in a twofold way: First, it is especially adapted to rapid reading in classes that have mastered the first principles of the French language, the style being of the simplest character. In the second place, it will prove an excellent text-book in courses on the French novel, for the little work marks the beginning of a new order of fiction.



The story itself is healthy and elevated in tone, and is free from that moral laxity that often stands in the way of the general reading of French novels.

---

## WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

---

M. B. DRY, Editor.

---

—'54. J. H. Mills, formerly Superintendent of the Thomasville Orphanage, has written an interesting serial story entitled "Captain Benjamin." It is being published in the Sunday editions of the *Raleigh News and Observer*, and proves to be very readable matter. The scene is laid in Biblical times, and shows thorough acquaintance on the part of the writer with Biblical history.

—'62. A. B. Gorrell, of Winston-Salem, is one of the old alumni of the College and has for a long time been one of the moving spirits of the "twin city." He owns a large farmers' warehouse and fills the office of city alderman.

—One of the most prominent physicians of the State is S. J. Montague ('67-'69), of Winston. He is thoroughly equipped for the requirements of his profession, and his practice is lucrative and widespread.

—'73. N. B. Cannady is a prominent lawyer at Oxford, and has an extensive practice.

—'74. The meetings which Rev. A. C. Dixon has conducted at Raleigh and other points in the State recently, have been unusually interesting and his sermons have had telling effect. While in North Carolina he stopped over at Wake Forest and preached a powerful sermon to a large and appreciative audience. He is easily among the foremost preachers of this country. Crowds flock to hear him wherever he goes. Within the last year or two he has attracted wide attention by the movement which he has set on foot in New York and Brooklyn for the evangelization of the Japanese.

He has established a school for the Christian education of Japanese residing in those cities, and many have been trained and sent out to proclaim the Gospel of Christ to their brethren across the seas.

—'76. J. T. Bland is a very popular and successful lawyer at Burgaw, in Pender county.

—'80. One of the leading citizens of Winston-Salem is H. Montague. He controls a large broom factory and is a leading real estate and banking broker.

—J. W. Bivens ('80-'83) has for several years held the office of Register of Deeds for Union county. Besides the faithful performance of his official duties, he is a zealous Sunday school and church worker as well.

—'83. G. P. Bostic, who has for several years been a missionary to China, has returned to this country and is now at Carbondale, Ill. He will visit North Carolina soon.

—Among the younger alumni of Wake Forest, perhaps few are forging their way to the front so rapidly and giving so much promise of usefulness in the world as Rev. L. G. Broughton, ('81-'84). His success as a revivalist has been quite phenomenal. In a recent revival meeting which he conducted at South Street Baptist Church in Norfolk, Va., over one hundred conversions were reported.

—N. P. Stallings ('82-'85) is doing faithful work in Baptist churches in the extreme eastern part of the State.

—O. M. Sanders ('82-'84), who represented Union and Anson counties in the Senate of the last Legislature, is a very progressive and enthusiastic farmer near Waxhaw in Union county. Wake Forest men usually succeed in any vocation.

—One of the most enterprising teachers we know is J. A. Campbell ('84-'86), Principal of Buie's Creek Academy, in Harnett county. With large and commodious buildings and over two hundred students, his school ranks among the best of its kind in the State.

—'87. B. R. Browning is a popular physician at Littleton and has a wide-spread practice.

—'88. M. L. Kesler has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Red Springs, in Robeson county, and accepted a call to High Point. The church at that place is exceedingly fortunate in securing as their pastor a man of so much energy and force of character.

—'88. E. H. Bowling is a successful physician at Red Mountain, N. C.

—B. J. Goodman ('88-'89) is reported to be an enthusiastic farmer near Franklin, Va.

—A. A. Pippin ('87-'89) teaches at Stanhope and preaches to surrounding churches.

—'89. T. S. Sprinkle, who was Director of the Gymnasium from '89 to '91, is doing a good business in insurance at Salem, N. C. He also takes an active part in church and Sunday school work at that place.

—'90. Rev. Hight C. Moore is very popular with the people at Monroe as pastor of the Baptist Church. In addition to his pastoral duties he fills with credit the office of County Coroner—although a rather peculiar combination. Mr. Moore is a young man and gives promise of a useful career.

—A. M. Burton ('89-'90) is the efficient bookkeeper of the Street Railway and Construction Company at Winston-Salem. He is a young man of considerable business tact.

—'90. E. S. Coffey is a rising young lawyer at Boone, in Watauga county.

—C. F. Griffin ('88-'91) is a successful physician at Woodland in Northampton county.

—B. B. Daugherty ('91-'92) is a student at Carson and Newman College, Tennessee.

—'93. C. P. Sapp is teaching at Bardstown, Ky., together

with R. N. Cooke ('92). They are both young men of energy and talent, and their school is in a flourishing condition.

—D. D. Daugherty ('88-'92) is one of the teachers at Holly Springs College in Johnson county, Tenn.

—'95. We were glad to see on the Hill a few days ago Mr. I. V. Devenny, who has just closed a prosperous school at Youngsville. Mr. Devenny was a very hard-working student while at college and a very worthy man, and we rejoice in the success that is attending his efforts.

—'95. We admire a man with a purpose. Such is J. A. Oates, editor of the *North Carolina Baptist*. From the very first he has stood squarely against the liquor traffic and there seems to be no power that can check him in his intense desire to rid the country of this evil. Along with enemies he has succeed in making a host of warm friends throughout the length and breadth of North Carolina by his tireless and enthusiastic efforts.

—E. V. Cox, who completed his law course under Professor Gulley and received license at the Spring Term of the Supreme Court, has located at Greenville, N. C., in copartnership with C. M. Bernard, Solicitor of the Third Judicial District, and also an old student of Wake Forest. It is worthy of special mention that, of the large number who went before the Board, Mr. Cox took decidedly the highest stand and gave evidence of perfect familiarity with law in all its departments. This not only reflects high credit on Mr. Cox, but gives unmistakable evidence of the superior advantages of the Law Department under Professor Gulley.

—One of the leading features of the coming Commencement will be a banquet given by the Wake Forest Alumni Association. It will be under the management principally of W. B. Morton ('84), and it behooves every true alumnus of the College to lend a helping hand to this the central feature of Commencement. An interesting program has been arranged, and active preparations are already in progress. It is hoped



that the occasion may be favored with the largest assemblage of alumni ever gathered together at one place in the history of Wake Forest. The program is as follows:

MAY 27, WEDNESDAY: I P. M.

*Toast-Master* ----- REV. W. B. MORTON (President).

*Fifty Years of Progress*—DR. D. R. WALLACE, Texas (Class of '50).

*The New History*—E. W. SIKES (Class of '91).

*What the College has to Give After Graduation*—REV. J. W. LYNCH (Class of '88).

*Moore Room and Better Equipment for the Students that are Coming*—  
PROFESSOR N. Y. GULLEY (Class of '79); REV. M. L. KESLER (Class of '88).

---

## EXCHANGES.

---

JOHN HOMER GORE, Editor.

---

The exchange editor of the *Peabody Record* says that we have an ax to grind with all our exchanges. Believing this editor to be mentally unable to turn a grindstone, we have no ax for him. His inglorious use of the Queen's English shows that his wits might gain some sharpness were a grindstone applied to them. He might read with profit Matthew Arnold's *Function of Criticism*. We run our magazine to suit ourselves, and do not desire to join the "Record Amalgamation Society" in which the inventive power is at ebb and the critical even lower.

The *College Message* is a very progressive journal, but like our own magazine, it is unfortunate in having no verse. The greater part of the contributions are rather heavy, but such articles as "Bill" Ney are a real relief even among these.

The 668th Olympiad began on April 6th, with the lists were thrown open to the athletes of all countries. The games were held at Athens instead of old Olympia in Elis. On the first day there were present 40,000 spectators, in which number were the King of Greece, the Duke of Sparta, and the Crown Prince.

Many American athletes were present and took part in the games. Two Americans entered the arena to throw the discus—Robert Garrett, of Princeton University, and Ellery H. Clark, of Harvard. Garrett won, throwing the discus 29.15 meters (95.6 feet.) He defeated the Greek champion, Paraskevopoulos, by 7½ inches. The wonder-

ful versatility of the American athlete is apparent when we consider that the Americans had had little exercise on their long voyage, and that Garrett was taking part in a game which had no modern counterpart.

W. F. Lane, a Princeton man, won the first heat of the 100 meter race, making it in 12½ seconds. The third heat was won by a Boston man, T. E. Burke, in 11 4-5 seconds—won final in 12 seconds. Connolly of Boston won the hop, step, and jump, covering 44.9 feet.

On the second day of the games there were present 100,000 spectators. The long jump was won by Ellery H. Clark, of Harvard, who covered 20.8 feet. The 400 meter race was won by Burke, of Boston, making it in 54 1-5 seconds. Garrett won in putting the weight, scoring 36.8 feet. The bicycle race, distance sixty-two miles, was won by Flamant, the French rider, making it in three hours and eight minutes. The high jump was won by Clark, of Harvard, who covered 5.9 feet. Pole vault was won by Hoyt, of Harvard, scoring 10.8 feet.

The *University of Virginia Magazine* is always a welcome visitor. It contains some very fair prose, but it excels in verse. We cannot get good verse for our magazine. Now and again we get some, but it is so uncertain we do not expect it. The tired editor cannot write it, for it cannot be ground out.

The *University of North Carolina* has at last won the championship of the South. Pearsall seems to have been too much for the sturdy Virginians. We congratulate the Carolinians on their good ball playing. The game had no "professionals" in it. This fact is noteworthy. Athletics is on the rise, and we cry out for "pure" athletics. "Professionalism" should be dismissed at any cost.

The *Carolinian*, if what it says is true, brings a grave charge against Wofford. The issue of their meeting, to say the least, is unfortunate, but should such broils be carried on through the medium of the college magazine?

Prof. Edmund Harrison, so long and favorably known in his relation to Richmond College, has accepted the presidency of Bethel Female College, Hopkinsville, Ky.

A Cumberland Presbyterian Divinity House has been established in connection with the *University of Chicago*, and associated with it is a Cumberland Presbyterian Club, composed of the students of that church and others attending the University.

The *Stetson Collegiate* is improving. The article on Student Cooperation in College Government is well written, but the writer should

bring out another article relative to the tyranny exercised by some well known faculties. Our opinion is that the students should have their proper part in college government, and also have their rights respected. Among other readable articles is a translation from L'Ar-rabbiata.

*The Vanderbilt Training School Owl*, *The Buff and Blue*, *The Palladium*, and *The Georgia-Tech*, are too local to merit any criticism. In this mild censure we mingle tepid approbation in saying that they are young, and time will give them a good standing among the college journals. They all improve with age, and their improvement during the present year has been marked.

The *Yale-Harvard* debate, the only contest in which *Yale* will meet *Harvard* this year, will be held at New Haven about the first of May. The question reads as follows: "Resolved, That a permanent court of arbitration be established by the United States and Great Britain."

On Saturday, March 21, four members of the *Princeton* track team left for Athens, to compete in the Olympic games. *Harvard* was also represented.

A friend gave us a copy of *The Academy*, published by the students of *Salem Female Academy*, and by the way, the oldest female college in the South. *The Academy* is rather local, and its merits lie in that particular direction.

*Converse Concept* is entirely too heavy. One or two well told stories would balance it off. The essays are real good. The other departments reflect credit on the editors.

At *Princeton* it is proposed to train batsmen by an artificial pitcher. It is a device of Professor Huston, which fires a ball at greater speed than any ordinary pitcher. The Professor hopes to be able soon to control the ball so that curves can be pitched. With this improvement *Princeton's* batters ought to be the best in the country.

The House of Representatives has voted to appropriate \$32,000 to *Howard University*, Washington, D. C., a Congregational institution.

The *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* is a very readable journal. While its contributions are all essays, they are of an unusually high order. Omar Khayyam is a good essay, and does justice to the immortal Omar.

The *Texas University*, while on the whole a well-edited magazine, does one thing we cannot approve of: that is, the publication of con-

tinued articles. This is sometimes absolutely necessary, and we have to do it; but should such articles have a place in a college journal? We note the tendency of many of our exchanges to rather encourage this, and as long as real good magazines continue to publish these articles the more prevalent it is going to become among the weaker journals.

Rev. E. B. Pollard, of Roanoke, Virginia, has accepted the chair of English in *Columbian University*.

By the decision of a suit, *Mercer University*, of Georgia, will receive \$13,000 additional from the Chenny estate, making \$49,000 in all. This is a fund for loans to young men.

Fifty thousand dollars is the latest addition to the endowment fund of the *University of the South*, Sewanee, Tenn.

*The Inlander* is entirely too heavy to attract the attention of the ordinary reader. This journal is high-toned, and the general work of the editors shows that they are careful in the selection of their contributions, but we must say they err in not publishing more fiction.

The *Davidson Monthly* for April is a memorial number. Col. Wm. J. Martin. M. A., LL. D., Professor of Chemistry, died March 23, 1896. He was a man of extraordinary ability. He possessed great depth of character. A truly great man has passed away, and long will the remembrance of him linger behind him,—and especially with those whom he taught.

The *Emory Phoenix* is improving, and we are glad to see it. The Tragedy of Sin is well written, and out of the regular order of things.

Mr. J. Edward Blair, of the *University of Pennsylvania*, has been engaged by *Sewanee* to coach the football team of '96. He played half-back on the Pennsylvania team last year.

*Columbia University* has abolished Greek as a requirement for the A. B. degree. A similar change is contemplated at *Harvard*.

The report of President Eliot, of *Harvard*, which was so eagerly looked for, naturally assumes a very different tone from the one of last year, which made such a sweeping attack on all college sports, especially football. Last year he declared the game to be unfit for college use. This year he merely declares that the sports of intercollegiate interests "require at all American universities and colleges steady and watchful control, such as the *Harvard* committee on the regulation of athletic sports has exercised since 1882."



Our general criticism on the exchanges would be that there is too much space given to locals and athletics. The pendulum seems to have swung to the extreme in these two branches of the college journal. Among some of our exchanges there seems to be a tendency toward bitterness on account of athletics. The college journal should have no space for quarrelling and wrangling.

---

## IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

---

W. P EXUM, JR., Editor.

---

MISS ANNIE LAWRENCE, of Tarboro, is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. J. Wingate.

MR. W. R. GWALTNEY, our pastor, who has been unwell for some time, is out again.

EXAMINATIONS WILL soon begin, and likewise quoits and marbles will die a natural death.

WE GLADLY give space to a report, by our manager, of the games played by the baseball team this spring.

REV. TOM DIXON lectured to a large audience here on April 17. His subject, "Fools," was treated just as he always treats a subject.

ON THE EVENING of April 23rd, Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Brooklyn, preached a powerful sermon on "The Heroes of Faith." The sermon was considered by all as one of the finest ever preached here.

REV. JOHN E. WHITE, of Raleigh, filled Pastor Gwaltney's pulpit on Sunday morning, April 26th. His sermon was enjoyed by all. At night he took for his subject "The kind of Baptists we ought to be." Among other things he touched upon the past history of the Baptists.

ON THE EVENING of April 29th, at eight o'clock Mr. Fred W. Dickson and Miss Anna Walters, both of Wake Forest, were united in marriage by our pastor, Mr. Gwaltney. The

chapel was beautifully decorated; every detail showed especial care and splendid taste. Mrs. Sledd presided at the organ. The attendants were: Mr. Fred Brewer and Miss Lelia Newcomb; Mr. E. E. Broughton and Miss Victoria Harris; Mr. P. McK. Matthews and Miss Annie Lawrence; Mr. Carey Lawrence and Miss Mattie Gill; Mr. J. C. Beckwith and Miss Mattie Gwaltney; Mr. R. W. Dunn and Miss Lula Powers; Mr. A. D. Walters and Miss Hattie Alston; Mr. F. M. Walters and Miss Ruth Wingate; Mr. H. N. Walters and Miss Annie Rogers; Mr. Robert Dickson and Miss Sallie Wingate; Mr. R. P. Walters and Miss Elva Dickson. The ushers were: Messrs. N. P. Mangum, James A. Briggs, John Royall and Master Wingate Simons. The presents were many and beautiful.

THE COLLEGE YEAR of '95-'96 is drawing to a close. Perhaps it is not out of place to give a little information concerning those who in a few weeks are to go out as alumni of Wake Forest. The class numbers thirty. All of these take B. A., except Dry and Benton, who take M. A., and Meekins and Winburn, who take B. L. Alderman, Barrett, Benton, Bray, Davis, Hairfield, Harrell, Howell, Lawrence, Rickard, Ross and Tolar will preach; Beale, Gore, Meekins and Winburn will practice law; Council, Dry, Hufham, McLendon and Parker are to be teachers; Powell will study medicine; Carlton expects to practice dentistry; Carter will be a traveling salesman; Rozier hasn't decided between law and medicine; Exum and Briggs T., will continue their studies at Chicago; Austin and Briggs W., are undecided, while "Kitty" Dowell is too young to consider the matter. The average age of the class is twenty-three years and four months; average weight, one hundred and forty-eight pounds; average height, five and eight-tenths feet. In politics we are very much divided. There are twelve Democrats, three Republicans and one Prohibitionist, while the others claim to be independent. Fourteen favor the free coinage of silver, twelve are opposed to it and four undecided.

**BASEBALL.**

---

W. HICKMAN CARTER, '96, MANAGER.

---

*Schedule for Season of '96.*

April 4th and 6th, Trinity College.

April 10th and 11th, Oak Ridge.

April 24th, 28th and 29th, Wofford College.

April 25th and 29th, Furman University.

May 1st. Franklin, Va.

May 2d, Randolph-Macon.

May 4th, McCabe's University School.

May 5th, Richmond College.

Despite the little interest manifested in baseball at Wake Forest this year, a fine college team, one of the strongest in the South, has gone out and battled royally for the reputation of the college in athletics.

The number of games in North Carolina may appear to many small, but when one takes into consideration the few colleges in the State that put out teams, it will be easily seen that it was necessary to arrange the majority of the games in other States. Much to our sorrow, Oak Ridge cancelled their dates with us immediately upon the departure of Smith and Stafford for the Southern League. On account of conflicting dates and the absence of a baseball park in Raleigh, we have been unable to arrange a series of games with North Carolina University.

With a deficient treasury on the one hand, and feeble encouragement staring us in the face on the other, we have forged ahead with our handful of backers and made our splendid college team self-supporting.

Our first game was played with Trinity College, in Durham. The greater number of the field errors must be charged to the high wind, which made it very difficult to judge balls.

Fifteen or twenty students accompanied us, and their "rooting," though almost silenced at times by that of our opponents, spurred the striped stockings to do their best.

The game was lost, by a score of 10 to 9, through unfortunate errors. Wake Forest was much stronger both at the bat and in the field.

Quite a large crowd witnessed the second game on Easter Monday. It was a hard fought struggle, full of snap and life. During the entire game the victory seemed to hang upon a mere thread. The home runs of Mills and Gwaltney brought cheers of applause even from our adversaries. Briggs in left field distinguished himself by a beautiful catch of a long foul fly. Powell, whose curves are fine and who has good head work, did good work in the box, and was held nobly by Gwaltney. The playing of Mills, at short-stop, was a marked feature of the game.

The team made a fine impression in Durham, as elsewhere, and we take the opportunity to thank those concerned for the kind, gentlemanly and courteous treatment received at their hands.

Score of second game: Wake Forest 12, Trinity 10.

Batteries for Wake Forest, Powell and Gwaltney. For Trinity, Crawford and Jumbs.

The trip to South Carolina was enjoyed by every member of our party. One thing that characterizes our team as one of the best college teams in the South is that they play together so well; then, too, they play snappy ball with as little delay as possible; and lastly, but by no means less important, there is no "kicking."

Wofford's main strength was in the pitcher, Mr. Chreitzberg, who is a professional pitcher, notwithstanding the fact that he is ranked as an amateur. The score of the two games is sufficient to show up our team against a professional pitcher. First game, Wofford 5, Wake Forest 2. Second game, Wofford 4, Wake Forest 2.

Steady playing by the Wake Forest boys was the main feature of the game. The long two-base drive of Briggs and the hit of Fenner deserve mention also.



The prophecy, that Furman would meet her "Waterloo," as given by a yell from the Wofford boys, came true and without detail this statement is corroborated by the score: First game, Wake Forest 13, Furman 2. Second game, Wake Forest 10, Furman 2.

The first game was pitched by Powell, the second by Mills. The way in which our pitcher and short-stop alternate their positions is highly pleasing.

In both games with Furman two men were substituted by them. One a local Greenville pitcher and the other the Clemson College third baseman.

We quote from the Greenville *Daily Times*:

\* \* \* "Both Spartanburg and Greenville are highly delighted with the manly bearing and courteous manners of the Wake Forest team." \* \* \*

The third game with Wofford permitted Wake Forest's old gold and black to float from the beginning. Powell pitched "fancy" ball, and as the score indicates errors were numerous on both sides. Score, Wake Forest 12, Wofford 9.

The trip was productive of many catastrophes. Wake Forest's third baseman insisted that the score "shone" by virtue of the "great long *tallies*." Upon the loss of a watch, Camp was broken up in Greenville. The center fielder lost his glove and threatened to "throw his arm away;" while right field with the aid of a mirror succeeded admirably in enumerating ten men on the team. From the left fielder's frequent allusions to "bones," we have been expecting him daily to go as end man with Geo. W. Thatcher.

It was with sorrow that we were forced to give up our Virginia trip, but Richmond College cancelled their date with us presumably on account of their loss of Honeycutt.

Again let us thank those who have helped the team, both financially and otherwise, and urge them to stand by next year's team with renewed enthusiasm and replenished pocket-books.





# WAKE FOREST COLLEGE BASE BALL TEAM.

|              |                 |                   |                  |               |
|--------------|-----------------|-------------------|------------------|---------------|
| Mills, s. s. | Gwaltney, c.    | Powell, p., Capt. | Briggs, 1. f.    | Sams, 3d b.   |
| Camp, 2d b.  | Williams, r. f. | Honeycutt, 1st b. | Carter, Manager. | Fenner, c. f. |
|              |                 |                   |                  | Gaston.       |

# Wake Forest College Directory.

---

CHAS. E. TAYLOR, President.

L. R. MILLS, Bursar.

---

## ATHLETICS.

### FOOT BALL.

GRAY R. KING, Manager.

JOHN H. GORE, Captain.

### BASE BALL.

W. H. CARTER, Manager.

R. B. POWELL, Captain.

### TRACK ATHLETICS.

TH. H. BRIGGS, Trainer.

### MINSTREL AND GLEE CLUB.

JOHN H. GORE, President.



*University*

HUNTER MCGUIRE, M. D., LL. D., Presidents.  
PAULUS A. IRVING, Sec. and Treas.

*College of Medicine,*

*Richmond, Va.*

**CLINICAL FACILITIES:**

Two Hospitals, Two Obstetrical Departments, Two Dispensaries.

**EQUIPMENT:**

Five Laboratories, Three Lecture Halls and Museum.

**DEPARTMENTS:**

**Medicine**  
**Dentistry**  
**Pharmacy**

A corps of 48 Instructors. Expenses very moderate. The next regular session will begin October 1, 1896. For forty-page catalogue, or any information, address


Dr. J. ALLISON HODGES, Cor. Sec.

---

*That tired feeling*

---

*IS NOT EXPERIENCED WHEN  
YOU RIDE THE . . . . .*

 **STRAUS TIRE**

*It is the . . . . .*

*On Your '96 Mount.*

**FASTEST,  
EASIEST RIDING,  
And HARDEST TO PUNCTURE;  
REPAIRABLE BY ANYONE.**

*Your Local Dealer can Supply Them.*

*The Newton Rubber Works,*

*Newton Upper Falls, Mass.*

---

**THE CHAS. H. ELLIOTT COMPANY,**

**College Engravers and Printers,**

**SOUTHWEST CORNER BROAD AND RACE STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.**

---

Commencement, Class-Day, Society and Wedding Invitations; Class Stationery, Visiting Cards, Address Dies, College Catalogues, Diplomas, Monograms, Coats of Arms; Class Annuals elegantly Printed, Bound and Illustrated; Exterior and Interior Views and Groups, in Half-Tone, Wood, Photo-Type or Steel; Steel-Plate Engravings for Fraternities; Prize Medals for Field Sports; Class Pins and Buttons in Gold, Silver and other Metals.

# WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

VOL. XV.

WAKE FOREST, N. C., JUNE, 1896.

No. 9.

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

### SCIENCE AND MATERIAL DEVELOPMENT.

PROF. CHAS. E. BREWER.

Progress in any line is always made under difficulties. The more rapid the progress, the stouter the opposition from without. Peoples' heads get in a whirl; they become dizzy, uneasy, and attempt to call a halt. The progress made in science has been phenomenal, and the opposition which it has encountered equally remarkable.

There is always found some one to object to the study of science, and so to the development which would naturally follow. This opposition assumes one of three attitudes. The first is that of fear that the study will demolish some cherished idea, will shatter some precious idol. Edgar Allan Poe, in his Sonnet to Science, addresses science as

"Vulture, whose wings are dull realities;"

and adds,

"Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car?  
And driven the Hamadryad from the wood  
To seek a shelter in some happier star?  
Hast thou not torn the Naiad from her flood,  
The Elfin from the green grass, and from me  
The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree?"

To him science appears as the meanest iconoclast. The people of Galileo's time had their preconceived notions of Astronomy, and shut up in prison the culprit who opposed them.

In this connection reference might be made to the opposition arising from the supposed conflict between science and

the Bible. Some have their cherished ideas as to the teachings of the Bible, and they object to introducing the study of science because they fear some of those ideas may be antagonized. They should bear in mind two things: First, the Bible is true; second, the ultimate aim of science is to discover truth. As there can be no conflict in truth, there is no ground for fear. Some of our interpretations of the Bible may have to be modified, as well as some of our theories in science, but the result in each case is a nearer approach to truth.

The second attitude which opposition assumes, is that of incredulity, amounting in some cases to ridicule. It is difficult, if not impossible, for such to take a serious view of science. Sometime ago I was showing a party of young people (I will not say to which sex they belonged) over our chemical laboratory. Among other things they came across some porcelain crucibles and evaporating dishes. The sight of these articles carried them back a few years and they could not restrain the exclamation, "Oh, the dear little cups and saucers!" A little further on they encountered some glass beakers and again exclaimed, "Oh, the sweet little tumblers!" These young people did not see in the store-room of a chemical laboratory anything more than a most admirably equipped play house for dolls, toy tea-sets and cooking stoves.

Again, science has to contend with showers of witticisms which are hurled against it. Alexandre Dumas, in one of his works, has a character to make fun of a gentleman recently elected a member of the French Academy by explaining that his special talent was in "thrusting pins through the heads of rabbits, making fowls eat madder, and punching the spinal marrow out of dogs with whalebone." With a sneer they call biology bug-ology, while chemistry is to them the science of explosives, gases, and bad odors. To such the menagerie is more attractive than the microscope or the scalpel, and memories of sulphuretted hydrogen are more lasting than of anything else in chemistry.

A third class oppose the study of science because they imagine that it not only does no good, but does positive injury. Dr. Talmage is reported to have said that he "experiences a pang of regret every time he hears of a new invention that will do the work of fifty men." A prominent man not long ago expressed himself as regretting that there were so many luxuries now to spend money for, and he mentioned matches as one of the luxuries. Still another has referred many times recently to the good old times when all the household would gather by the fireside on a winter's evening and pick cotton, every man being required to pick his shoe full; and he would continue with the account of how they spun the thread and afterwards wove it into cloth, cut out the garment and made it, all under the same roof. And he would invariably add that in those times people were prosperous and happy.

In all these cases the cruelty of discovery and invention is emphasized, but nothing is said of their compensations. Dr. Talmage forgets that an invention that throws fifty men out of employment probably offers employment to a thousand others. And the others make the mistake of failing to consider the reduced price of many necessities, and of supposing that prosperity and happiness are strangers to our times.

Much of the progress made in the last few years in the science of medicine would have been impossible without the aid of vivisection. Notwithstanding this fact, there are not wanting people who object to the practice on the ground of cruelty to animals. Societies are organized, systematic warfare is waged against the practice, every effort is made to secure legislation against it. Here, again, these people do not consider that it is necessary to experiment. At least there is no possibility of putting an end to this method of investigation, and if the use of lower animals is forbidden, it will be necessary to resort to the highest animal, and I fancy, the change will not be highly appreciated by the prospective victims.



A righteous cause usually profits by persecution. In the same way science has received benefit from the treatment of those who, to put it mildly, have given it no encouragement; it has itself flourished and developed and been enriched as it has made it possible for many industries to live and compete successfully in the crowded markets.

I come to-day to say that the study of science has promoted material development—first, by introducing into the arts and industries the scientific method; and second, by co-operating directly with the arts and industries.

Let us study these propositions in order.

What is it, more than anything else, that distinguishes the student of recent times from the student of any previous age? Is it not his attitude towards external nature? In former times hypotheses and theories and laws were evolved from the unaided brain. It was considered an unworthy condescension on the part of a philosopher to get his explanation from any other source, no matter how meager that might be. The pendulum has now swung almost to the opposite extreme, and if nature, with any amount of coaxing can be made to speak, he is expected to hear and make his hypothesis accordingly. In order that he may be able to unravel the mysteries of nature most easily, he gets her to repeat in what are called *experiments*, and that is it which, more than anything else, characterizes the teaching of science at the present time. This accounts for the expenditure of large sums of money in the erection and equipment of laboratories for the study of this subject in so many of our institutions. Practical work in any natural science is now regarded as a necessity for the best results.

Has this method of instruction anything to do with industrial development? It makes its impression upon the individuals who are brought under its influence, and through them is felt in every vocation in life. What effect has this method

of instruction upon the individual? I answer, in the first place, that it trains him to make accurate observation. It warns him against regarding closely one feature of a phenomenon and neglecting some other obscure, but no less important, feature. It teaches him that in making observations he must use every sense with which he is endowed. In the second place, he is taught how to interpret what he sees. He soon learns that any preconceived explanation may be erroneous, and further, his first interpretation may have to be modified. In other words, he learns the necessity of ascribing a given effect to the proper cause. He is enabled to avoid such a ludicrous mistake as that of a certain colored woman who made soap. It was observed that she always made soap on a certain phase of the moon, and when questioned with reference to it, affirmed that it was true that it was impossible to make soap on the wane of the moon.

These two principles, accuracy in observation and unbiased judgment in interpretation of phenomena, are emphasized in the study of science, and the effect of it is seen in all departments of labor. Those who are brought directly under its influence spread it wherever they go.

In the second place, science has co-operated directly with the industries in rescuing some from destruction, in protecting others from impositions and frauds, in some cases discovering improvements, in other cases originating new industries. Let us see if we can, by taking familiar instances, prove the four-fold proposition just made.

Many of you are familiar with the work of Pasteur, the great French chemist and biologist. His last work—that on hydrophobia—has made his name a household word in all civilized lands, and justly so, since it crowned so beautifully a life full of labor for the relief of suffering. While most of his life was devoted to the help of man's inferiors, his last work was for the relief of man himself.

In certain sections of France the chief industry is the raising

of silk worms. The prosperity, not to say the existence, of the inhabitants of these sections, depends upon the health of the silk worms. Any disease which attacks these little workers affects very seriously all interested parties. Up to 1849 everything went well, except for short crops here and there, caused by adverse atmospheric conditions. But in that year, without any visible cause or explanation, a number of cultivations failed. Something was wrong with the worms. A supply of eggs from foreign countries was obtained, and these worked well the first year, but in the second the same disease appeared, with the same results as before. More eggs must be imported, and this time it was necessary to go further from home, because it was found that the disease had reached out from France. Finally they went as far as Japan for eggs, but in every case the second year proved fatal. Something had to be done. The people were suffering. They petitioned the government. A commission was appointed, with the scientist Dumas as Reporter. Dumas induced Pasteur, his pupil and colleague, to undertake the investigation. The latter had never seen a silk worm, had never made a study of them, but he went to the scene of distress and began the work at once. Some one had announced that he had discovered the presence of corpuscles in certain specimens of worms, but it seems not to have occurred to him that there was any connection between these and the disease. Pasteur, however, had been studying fermentation and was well acquainted with the possibilities of these microscopic organisms. He remained long enough to convince himself that these were the cause of the trouble, and explained that to procure sound eggs and healthy worms, it was only necessary to use only moths, which had none of the above-mentioned corpuscles in them. He made this announcement to the commission, and then to the Academy of Sciences. No sooner was the announcement made than a storm of criticism and disapproval gathered and burst upon Pasteur with all the violence of—a St. Louis tor-

nado. But this did not terrify him nor cause him to recant, and his entire vindication is seen in the fact that at the present time his remedy for the disease is universally adopted, and every silk worm enterprise is provided with a corps of workers with microscopes. Pure science, in the hands of Pasteur, rescued the people of southern France from distress and bankruptcy, and restored contentment, prosperity, and wealth.

It would be equally interesting to review his work on diseases of wine and beer, fowls and cattle, but we must pass on.

*Science, a Protection against Frauds and Adulterations.*—This is an age of manufactures. They manufacture materials not only for building your house, but for decorating it inside and outside ; foods to keep your body in good condition, and medicines to cure you when sick ; railroads and steamboats to carry you about ; baking powders to raise your bread and make it more or less digestible ; soap and washing powders to cleanse ; fertilizers—well, to be paid for. And this is an age for competition which leads to shams and adulterations. The claim is not made for science that it can prevent these, but it is doing a great work in that line. On my desk lie three pamphlets, received within the last week, which contain the results of months of investigation, undertaken by experiment stations for the information and protection of our citizens. No one can estimate the value to a community of an experiment station prepared to make examinations along important lines and give expert testimony. Take, for instance, the fertilizer business. A few years ago, comparatively, the amount of manufactured fertilizers was quite small. The farmers were well pleased with the results obtained by their use, the demand for them was increased every year, until now their manufacture has grown to be one of the great industries. The number of firms engaged in it has greatly multiplied, and competition, therefore, is exceedingly sharp. These conditions demand that the users of these products be protected by experts, who are able to detect any fraud and report shortage in any of the



essential constituents. Economy in the administration of the State is a good thing, but it is impossible to economize in this line without disaster to a large proportion of its citizens.

Protection is needed also in other industries. The manufacturer of iron needs the assistance of experts to determine the quality and value of ores and reducing material purchased. The purchaser of the iron must know its quality and strength. Competing firms in any line must keep up with their competitors and know what they are doing. In every such case experts, who are thoroughly acquainted with the science and the art of making such investigations, are required. It might be added, that the firm that employs a man to do this work *because he is cheap*, makes a mistake that may prove fatal. The success of such an enterprise usually depends upon the expert who directs it. Let them invest more in brains and genius, and the probability is they will have to invest more in additions to their plant, they will be able to lengthen their cords and strengthen their stakes. The ability to make the first investment a good one assures the success of the business.

Again, *science improves* such industries as it comes in contact with. The best illustration of this that I have seen recently is the improvement of the black alkali lands of the West, an account of which appeared in the March ('96) number of the *Popular Science Monthly*. In California and other parts of the West, are found large areas of land known as the black alkali lands, as distinguished from the white alkali lands of other sections. They are found in an arid section where the rainfall is very slight. What vegetation they have is stunted, and when seeds are planted they usually rot before they can germinate. These are the conditions which cause these lands to be almost entirely unoccupied. A few years ago the California Experiment Station undertook to make a study of this section, and to suggest some remedy for the trouble. Upon investigation it was found that the soil was charged with an excess of various salts which, in reasonable

proportions, would not only be not injurious, but some of them positively beneficial. That, however, which distinguishes these salts from those found in other alkali lands, is the presence of sodium carbonate, commercially known as sal soda, which on account of its strong caustic properties plays such havoc with vegetation. The investigation showed, further, that these salts were confined to a layer of soil between 20 and 40 inches in depth ; that they constituted a hard pan stratum, through which the roots could not penetrate, and if they reached it rotted. Irrigation was tried but failed from a rather unexpected cause. The water had the effect of bringing the salts to the earth, and, evaporating, left them where they could do most damage. The effects were partially neutralized by deep ploughing, but the results were not satisfactory. The natural supply of water was not so great but that the scanty vegetation could take it up and return it to the air without disturbing the salts.

Having determined these facts by experiment, what methods could be suggested for improving these immense areas ? One of the first suggestions made was that the land be provided with a thorough system of underdrainage, so that the water charged with the salts might escape from below and not bring them to the surface. That, however, as the author of the article above referred to expresses it, would be to throw out the child with the bath, for many of those salts are very valuable as fertilizers, and it would be poor economy to leech them out in that way.

A second suggestion arose out of the action of water upon the soil—that is, to bring the salts to the surface. It was suggested that after being treated with the water the soil, to a depth of 3 or 4 inches, be taken off and with it a large proportion of the dreaded compounds. The objection to this method was that in addition to requiring much labor, it entailed quite a loss of valuable material.

The suggestion that worked most satisfactorily and the one

that is destined to be generally adopted, involves the application of three principles: First, a large supply of water must be obtained for the purpose of irrigation; second, to prevent an accumulation of salts at the surface, deep ploughing must be introduced so as to present a greater surface for evaporation and a consequent wider distribution of the salts removed from the lower levels; third, the caustic sal soda must be converted into some harmless compound by the action of chemicals—gypsum is recommended because of the desirable reaction which takes place. Do you ask the result of this treatment? Land that before would scarcely sprout wheat is now covered with waving grain. You may be surprised to hear that the yield per acre is thirty-five or forty bushels.

When it is remembered that there are miles upon miles of just such land not only in California, not only in the United States, but in very many other parts of the world, some conception may be gotten of the great service rendered by this one investigation. No State, no country can be said to be fully developed so long as its material resources are unknown. Knowledge of these does not come unsought or by accident. It comes only after hard labor and long searching, and a State can make no more profitable investment than in the labors of competent men, who, by the use of scientific methods and implements which are at present available, shall discover her hidden treasures and publish to the world information concerning them and the possibility of developing them.

Science deserves the credit of *creating new industries*. Forty years ago aniline was known only to chemists, while to-day many tons are required to supply the wants of dyers of silk and wool. How was this brought about? Some chemists undertook to discover what sort of a thing aniline is—what transformations it is capable of undergoing. Some of its derivatives were found to have beautiful colors, which are easily applied to fabrics of various kinds. "A rapid succession of patents were applied for and obtained, new processes and com-

binations were continually being projected, and a great variety of colors were tried with more or less success as commercial substances. The activity of scientific research kept pace with the energy of manufacturing enterprise. \* \* \* At the present time every color and all tints and shades of color are produced from aniline; and while the process employed and combinations formed are very numerous, the names under which the dyestuffs are sold must be said to be endless." Hofmann, in 1862, made the following prediction: "England will, beyond question, at no distant day, become herself the greatest color-producing country in the world; nay, by the strongest revolutions, she may ere long send her coal-derived blues to indigo-growing India, her tar-distilled crimson to cochineal-producing Mexico, and her fossil substitutes for quercitron and safflower to China, Japan, and other countries whence these articles are now derived." If he had made this prophecy in regard to Germany it would have been all but literally fulfilled.

In the barest outline, I have referred to the difficulties with which science has had to contend, to the ways in which it has promoted material development—first, indirectly, by encouraging the application of scientific work in all fields of labor; second, directly, by affording rescue, protection, and improvement to existing industries and by bringing others into existence.

As to the prospect, I can but believe that we have only reached the dawn; the morning light is just appearing; the splendid noontide of scientific investigation and achievement is yet to come.

---

## THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

H. H. M'LONDON.

The literary activity of English-speaking people has reached a low ebb. While there are writers that outrival the vastly productive age of Elizabeth in number, there is not one that,



in the just light of criticism, is permitted to stand alongside those pioneers who forever placed the English language on the topmost rung of the ladder of modern literature. It is a lamentable fact that, with the light of the twentieth century striking us full in the face, we have to go back to our old writers for everything grand and inspiring, especially in dramatic works. We are at a loss to account for the wonderful productiveness of those crude (some of them unlearned) men, who, in the little spaces between a drunken revel and a midnight brawl, could compose such soul-stirring dramas as *Tam-berlane*, *Faustus*, *The Jew of Malta*, and *The Duchess of Malfi*. In about half a century there were two hundred and fifty composers, and some fifty of them poets of no mean order. They have left their impress upon all time. All the high institutions of learning recognize that no man's education is complete without a careful study of the most important of them.

All this literary activity was due, for the most part, to the revival of learning in the fifteenth century, known as the Italian Renaissance.

The rise of the modern drama has been contended by some to have been the direct outcome of a natural development of the old Mystery and Miracle plays of the first part of the sixteenth century; but perhaps a more correct view is that they were modeled after the Latin plays of Terrence and Plautus, mere imitations then of the Latin dramas. In the first years of the sixteenth century we find that translations from Latin and Greek authors were presented before the Duke of Ferrara. Ariosto wrote two comedies in his youth which were presented before this same Duke. Before the Miracle or Mystery play became fashionable there were Latin imitators of Latin. Albertino Mussato, who died in 1330, wrote two comedies that were partly comprehended by Italian audiences—*Achilleis* and *Ec-cerinus*. The latter was written on a native theme—*Ezzelin*, tyrant of Padua. In recognition of its merits his countrymen bestowed upon him a laurel crown. The chorus formed an

important factor in this play. Single persons addressed it, and at the end of each act the chorus lamented or moralized.

The chief influences that laid the foundations for the Elizabethan literature were the work of Caxton in printing and thus preserving some of the most valuable books of the ages. *Morte D'Arthur*, Chaucer, and many others were thus secured. By this means a poetic feeling was kept alive in the hearts of the English people. They became enamored of poetry, and many of them found in these old books suitable subjects for their poems.

Another source was the increased interest taken in classic literature. Men of noble birth spent fortunes for manuscripts; scholars from foreign countries were employed to translate the classics; manuscripts were collected in Italy and put into the libraries of English scholars.

The most potent factor, however, was the revival of letters in Italy. While the interest in this subject was dormant for nearly one hundred years, yet there was an influence at work that was to blossom forth in all its splendor and grandeur in the sixteenth century. English scholars were at work upon the classics. This influence, though slowly preparing, yet seemed to rise suddenly, so great was its stride when first launched forth.

These influences, thus lightly touched upon, were but the preparation for that great outburst of literary activity which has justly made the reign of Elizabeth famous. But in treating the subject of the development of the English drama we must keep in mind the principles which govern all things—preparation, development, maturity, and decay. The first three only will claim our attention.

Shakespeare represents the individuality of the Elizabethan drama. Why this should be we cannot tell, but that it is true we know. There must have been some powerful influences at work to thus make one man the representative of half a century of intellectual activity. England was in a state of

unrivalled peace, and men had naught to do but employ themselves in the higher and nobler arts. The germ had been planted; it was at work, and soon the world was to witness, with awe and veneration, its blossoming.

The pompous Miracle plays were in vogue in Italy in 1400. These plays were acted by the ecclesiastics, and represented some supernatural event taken from the Bible. The Mystery was contemporaneous with the Miracle play, and its themes were such as The Incarnation, The Passion, The Resurrection. In the hands of the churchmen these were great factors in teaching. They soon, however, gave way to the Moralities. They, in turn, are very closely allied to the drama. The Vices and Virtues, and afterwards the introduction of allegorical personages, as Riches, Good Deeds, and Death, formed the *dramatis personæ* of these early representations. There was a humorous element also that entered into them. "The Devil" was retained from the Miracle and Mystery plays, and his roarings and bellowings caused the spectators to speak of him as the "Merry Devil."

The next step, if we accept the method of development as proposed by some critics, was the performance of "Interludes" at the banquets and feasts of the nobles. These were generally humorous farces, aimed at some political person or project or against some aspect of society. From the interlude the drama proper may have derived its great teaching power, as they were taken from life and made to represent life.

The Miracle, Mystery, and Morality plays were at first acted by ecclesiastics in monasteries, churches, or in the open air near the religious houses. After a while the laity was called into service. Naturally they superseded the ecclesiastic performers. According to an uncertain tradition, strolling companies began to play in England as early as 1268. In 1258 these performances were forbidden in monasteries. We would expect that as these plays, imperfect though they were, written at first in Latin, became more popular, they would be written in the ver-

nacular of the people. This one change would give an impetus to their reception. They would then represent life and nature as observed every day by those who heard them, though seen to better advantage when set forth by a master hand. A national drama would be the result. We can imagine the people hurrying through mass in order to witness the performance that was to be given in the inn-yard immediately after.

Nicholas Udall gave the first impetus to English Comedy. He was born in Hampshire in 1505, and was famous as a scholar, being well versed in the classics. He probably composed the comedy of *Ralph Roister Doister* while master of Eton. It was customary for schoolmasters to write plays for their boys to act. This play was published in 1556. *Ralph Roister Doister* professed to be a wholesome jest against vain glory. Ralph is a swaggering simpleton, a cowardly braggart, a conceited fop, a moneyed fool of the days of Henry VIII. He is the tool of Merry Greek. The jest of the play is in the ridiculous absurdities of Ralph's suit to Dame Christian Custace, a widow who is betrothed to Good Luck, the owner of a merchant vessel. The women, with their broom-sticks, were too much for Ralph and his friends. The play is written in rhyming couplets, and doubtless was modeled after "*Miles Gloriosus*." 'Tis here we find the first of those numerous merry songs which are so famous in Marlowe and Shakespeare. This play has the elements of the true comedy—serious and droll characters, perplexing situations, a bewilderment in the fourth act, and a final unravelling of all the difficulties in a comic and satisfactory manner.

There were Masques and Interludes during the reign of Henry VIII. Even so early as Edward III. we have accounts of "disguising," which formed part of the ceremonies at Christmas-tide. The entertainments of Henry VIII. were very costly. The Masques, introduced into England very early in his reign, whose characters were assumed by lords and ladies, were elaborate and became famous at court. John Heywood



is the best known of these early writers of Masques and Interludes. He was a court-jester, and was employed in writing these popular farces. Heywood was a man of good judgment and made some pretensions to scholarship. He used the Interlude as an instrument for exposing the vice and corruption of political and social life. While he was a staunch Catholic, yet he did not hesitate to satirize his own church for its corruptions and superstitions. He may well represent the sturdy Englishman—loyal to his party, firm in his religious convictions and sincere in his devotion to his King. His most famous farce is the "Four P's."

When we read these early productions we recognize the first attempts of Englishmen to give to the world those matchless compositions called dramas, in the writing of which they have excelled all other peoples. There are only few writers who have surpassed the men of the Elizabethan period in the variety and scope of their production. The world feels its indebtedness to Shakespeare and his contemporaries for those cosmopolitan delineations of character which apply to our own times as well as to the fiery and turbulent days of England's Virgin Queen. The anniversary of Shakespeare's birth and death has just been celebrated at Stratford with appropriate ceremonies. Even the President of the United States could find time, with the destiny of the country resting upon him, to write his appreciation of the world's poet and his adoration for his works. Hero worship still survives.

We have now to speak of the greatest step taken in the development of the drama—the introduction of the Tragedy. This was an attempt to apply the rules of classic art to the composition of the English play-writers. The Italian drama sunk into decay because its writers followed too closely the classic model. But the writers of the Romantic School had an instinctive perception that the greatness of the play lay in the action, not as the pseudo-classics made moral reflection the chief point in the play. They left the witnesses to form

their own conclusions. The first English tragedy was performed before the Queen on the 18th of January, 1562, on a great decorated scaffold in the Queen's Hall at Westminster, by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple, after masque. This tragedy of Gorboduc or Ferrex and Porrex was written by Thomas Sackville and Thomas Norton and published in 1565. Ralph Roister Doister was printed in 1566. Shakespeare then came into the world with the drama. The main points in the play were taken from Geoffrey of Monmouth's History of the British Kings, and was chosen as a suitable lesson for Englishmen in the reign of Elizabeth. It was a patriotic call for the people to unite under one banner and to contend for the public weal. We have here the first example of blank verse. The use of this stately and yet flexible form of verse has made it the great measure of English poetry, from Gorboduc to Ulysses, the latter by no means the least popular use of it. This verse is essentially English. Though borrowed from Italy, yet it is so fully and so vitally connected with English poetry that we claim it as our own.

The plot of Gorboduc is simple. In Act I. after a dumb show of the famous bundle of sticks which can only be broken when no longer bound together, the wife of Gorboduc, Videna, tells her eldest son, Ferrex, that his father intends to deprive him of his just inheritance and divide the kingdom between himself and his younger brother, Porrex. Gorboduc seeks the advice of his council. Eubulus, the faithful old counsellor, tells him it will bring countless evils upon the kingdom to divide it, and that contentions will arise between the two brothers. The king heeds the advice of his wicked advisers and divides his kingdom. A chorus then points out the moral of the play.

Act II. shows the king rejecting the cup offered by age and experience and accepting the poison proffered by what appears to be a more satisfactory solution of the problem. We then see Ferrex and Porrex in consultation with their counsellors—

the bad ones incite the brothers against each other by saying that the other is preparing to make war on him. The chorus then comes on the stage and shows how young men will give way to rashness of judgment, and condemns the traitorous counsellors.

In Act III. we have a masque of mourners. The King lays plans to stay the civil strivings of his sons. A messenger comes in and announces that Porrex has slain Ferrex. The father then plots to avenge the death of his son. The chorus moralizes on the cruelty of civil strife.

Act IV. A masque of the three furies, each driving before her a queen who had slain her own child, passes over the stage. Gorboduc sends for Porrex. He is slain by his mother. The chorus moralizes upon the deeds of the persons in the drama.

Act V. General tumult prevails. The Dukes of Cornwall, Albany, and Cumberland revolt and slay the King and unnatural Queen. The people then choose a king. The play ends with Eubulus moralizing at length upon the state of the times.

Thus our first tragedy was taken from the life of its own times. By far the best poetry of the play is in the fourth act, and it undoubtedly was written by Sackville. The fifth act may represent Sackville's own career after he became involved in the politics of the Court of Elizabeth. This play contains all the elements of the classic drama, the chorus forming the important part.

In February of the same year a play having for its subject Julius Cæsar, was performed before the Queen. The actors in these plays were generally servants acting under the patronage of some Lord, but for their own profit and the entertainment of the public. The players visited London in 1563. The next year we find many writers appearing before the Queen. The more noteworthy being Richard Edwards. His comedies and interludes placed him in high repute in court

circles. An accident befell the players as they were acting Edward's Plameon and Arcyte in 1566. The stage fell in; three persons were killed and some others injured, but the play progressed in spite of the disaster.

The year 1571 was well fraught with dramatic production. But it seems that most or nearly all of the plays produced were for the immediate purpose of winning the Queen's favor. Some of the strolling companies were required to procure license from two justices of the peace. These players, or wandering minstrels, we may call them, constructed and carried around with them a rude contrivance which answered for a stage. They would drive into the court yard of the village or town, set up their stage in the open air, perform their play and move on. In 1574, the Earl of Leister obtained permission for his servants to play in any part of England, with the proviso that they were not to exhibit during the time of Common Prayer, and that they should be previously approved by the Master of Revels, a person who superintended the Queen's amusements.

As yet there was no theatre. In 1576 Leister's servants built the Black Friar's theatre, "The Theatre" and the "Curtain" were constructed near Shoreditch. "The Globe" was built for Shakespeare and his fellow playwrights in 1589. They were contrivances of the rudest kind. In the form of a hexagon on the outside, a large open space in the centre known as "the pit," where the rabble collected after paying their small entrance fee of one penny. Here they braved the sunshine and rain, cracked jokes with the actors, threw apples at the quality, drank beer, and burned "the juniper." The spectators who were able to pay a shilling had standing room in covered balconies above the pit; if they paid an extra shilling they could get a stool. The stage was placed at the back of the theatre. It was of the simplest structure, with a curtain and a board hung out telling the audience where the scene of the play was to be. They were thus carried from continent



to continent, city to city, perhaps a thousand miles intervening in the two scenes. They had none of the modern spectacular arrangements called "stage effect." Four men with bucklers represented a pitched battle. These crudities were doubtless reduced under Shakespeare. The drama was now being developed into its highest form. Up to the time of the building of the Globe Theatre there were many writers of prominence, Lyly, Peele, Greene, Marlowe, Munday, Marston, Chapman, Middleton, Rowly, Heywood, Webster, Decker, Chettle, Nash, and Ford, whose names are now all but unknown and whose writings are mostly obsolete, but who enjoyed an immense popularity in the latter part of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries. These men each added his modest contribution to his art. "The sweetness of Decker, the thought of Marston, the gravity of Chapman, the grace of Fletcher, and his young-eyed wit, Johnson's learned sock, the flowing vein of Middleton, Heywood's ease, the pathos of Webster, and Marlowe's deep designs add a double lustre to the sweetness, thought, gravity, grace, wit, artless nature, copiousness, ease, pathos, and sublime conceptions of Shakespeare's muse." They are a mighty phalanx of kindred spirits. Our admiration for them does not make us think less of him, but on the contrary increases and confirms our relish of him. After reading and studying them carefully we are better able to appreciate his lofty conceptions.

Marlowe, Peele, Nash, Lodge, and Greene are the more important names of this period. Marlowe is the best known of the predecessors of Shakespeare. He is the true founder of the Shakesperian drama. But let us notice the work of Greene and Peele.

They were all well born and highly educated gentlemen scholars. There was a group of four friends, Greene, Peele, Nash, and Lodge who worked together and lived by their pens. They admitted Marlowe because they were conscious that he was the leading spirit of the times, with the exception of

Shakespeare. These men lived a fast and riotous life in debauchery and spent the most of their time in taverns in company with ruffians and thieves. Greene's own career shows clearly the reputation of the playwright for vagrancy and loose living. Greene graduated from Cambridge in 1578 and went on an Italian tour, as it was then thought no young man's education was complete unless he had taken a trip on the continent. While abroad he amassed all those vices which made the youth of the age famous. If anything, he sunk lower than his fellows. When he returned he gave himself up to dissipation of the most degrading kind. His boon companions were lewd men and women, frequenters of taverns and houses of ill-fame, ruffians and thieves, quips, cracks, pimps, and playwrights who were no better than himself. If there had been anything noble in him it must have sunk into oblivion under such degrading influences. He tells his own story in "Never too Late," "A Groats Worth of Wit," and "The Repentance of Robert Green." He died as he lived, in the most miserable manner and in the most abject poverty. On his death bed he exhorted his friends in a solemn warning to desist from their evil practices and to live a more conformable life. We can only guess as to what his life might have been, had the proper influences been brought to bear upon him in his youth. What is said of Greene may be said in general of Marlowe, Peele, and Nash. But Lodge retrieved his fortunes and died of the plague.

This is but a small picture of life as these men saw it. What must have been the character of their works when their lives were such? Greene was like some of the poets and writers of our own day—he could write to order as well as wait for the inspiration of the muse. He would dash off a drama or novel or love pamphlet and spend the proceeds in debauchery, and when he felt want again oppressing him his pen was ever ready to replenish his pocket. Greene at first opposed Marlowe for his efforts at reformation, and particularly was he

antagonistic to the use of the blank verse which Marlowe made popular in his 'Tamberlaine.' Nash, in a preface, spoke Greene's sentiment about those who hoped to out-brave their fellows by the use of "bragging blank verse—the spacious volubility of a drumming decasyllabon." What Greene hated in Marlowe we admire most. His use of blank verse was almost as fine as Shakespeare's. And truly, he was fit to precede him. It must have been mortifying to Greene to have to bow to Shakespeare, too—for he was just beginning to rise into prominence—after having to give in to Marlowe. He never became reconciled to him and spoke in the bitterest terms of the unlearned, unknown young playwright, who was taking the theatric world by storm. Greene's work is characterized by the sprightliness and vivacity of his verse. He made copious use of Lyly's Euphuism. His use of blank verse is very poor. It was too late for him to perfect himself in this stately measure. But, strange to say, this man, so low and degraded himself, introduced maidenly modesty on the stage. Perhaps to this he owed a great part of his popularity. He could not deal with the abstruse problems of philosophy, as Marlowe did so; he was weak at this point.

Peele was not a voluminous writer like Greene. His drama shows more study and care in preparation. Nash called him "an Atlas of Poetry." He combined elegant descriptions, skilful use of mythology, sweetness of versification, and eagerly sought for the beauties of nature. He invented no new vein of poetry. His life work lay in perfecting what was already before him. The "Arraignment of Paris" is his earliest and best production.

We have now come to the greatest of all Shakespeare's predecessors, Christopher Marlowe. How many pleasant reflections course through our minds at the mere mention of his name! Marlowe was a man of action, he saw at a glance what the literature of his times needed; he saw too, a great future before the romantic drama, and at the same time recognized

that the verse of the classics, the "drumming decasyllabon" was the proper measure for the drama. In addition to this, he raised both matter and verse to the height of perfection hitherto unprecedented in the romantic drama.

The lives of all these early poets had something in them that smacked of the times in which they wrote and of the immortal productions which they wrought. It was an age in which the passions of men were unrestrained. Man was in a state of nature. With the advantage of having all the comforts of the civilization of his times thrown around him, these men wrote what they saw taking place every day all around them. When they treated English history they threw in the coloring matter of their own times. Thus it was in every line of work. The poet who is true to his own age is true to every age. This fact made Marlowe great and Shakespeare greater.

Marlowe lived an unrestrained, riotous life for twenty-nine years, 1564-1593. He lived as Greene had done, in the grossest licentiousness, and was slain in a drunken lover's quarrel. It is not so much the man's life that interests us now—it was pitiable enough with his low-born atheism—but it is his influence upon the English drama that claims our most earnest and careful attention. When Marlowe came on the stage he found things in a pitiable plight generally. Such men as Greene and Nash had made efforts, however feeble, to raise the stage, but worldly pleasure consumed all their fire. It remained for Marlowe to elevate the drama from the darkness of chaos which enveloped it. He saw at a glance that there was a great future before it. The stage was popular after a fashion. It needed a master's hand to bend and mould it in his subtle grasp. Marlowe was a keen observer. He saw that the verse of the classic school, coupled with the conceptions and actions of the romantic, would place the English drama before any other hitherto attempted effort. By his tireless energy in raising the matter and suiting the blank



verse as the proper medium for expression in the tragedy, he has justly won the name of father and founder of English dramatic poetry.

The history of the growth and use of the blank verse in our literature is an interesting one. Wating from Wyatt and Surry to our last successful user of it, Tennyson, it has covered a period in our literary history unrivaled by that of any other nation. While we may be taunted with borrowing it, yet it has become essentially our own, and our use of its has given to the world interest compounded a hundred fold.

The period of Marlowe's literary activity extended from 1587 to 1593; only six years! During this brief space he wrote the first and second parts of "Tamberlaine," "Doctor Faustus," the "Massacre of Paris," "The Jew of Malta," and "Edward the II." He also left a narrative poem, "Hero and Leander," which is the equal, if not the superior of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis." Undoubtedly he was a genius. His untimely death cast a melancholy gloom over the whole literary world. Marlowe exhibited dramatic power hitherto unknown. The action of his play is swift and moves freely. One essential characteristic of his work is his love for the impossible—this impossible something, whether in learning or in power was ever before the tantalized endeavorer, but was never attained. Examples of this may be found in 'Tamberlaine' and 'Doctor Faustus.'

It would be beyond the scope of this paper to give an exhaustive description of Marlowe's work. Every student of English literature knows how much we are indebted to him for the true drama as seen in the works of William Shakespeare. Though great as a dramatist, Marlowe is greater as a poet. It is the poet everywhere who claims our closest attention. He was indeed the morning star of song,

"He has out-soared the shadow of our night."

Some poet has beautifully written of him:

"Cut is this branch that might have grown full straight,  
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough,  
That sometime grew within this learned man."

In the natural course of study, Shakespeare would claim our attention next. His work extended through all the period sketched in this treatise. He was a master hand of the age, and in him was combined all those qualities which made his predecessors famous. We can find in his works the delineation of every character known to civilized man. His characters are cosmopolitan; true to the times in which he lived and wrote, true to all times, they are the creations of a wonderful brain. Matthew Arnold the great reviewer of the nineteenth century said of him, in tones which convey no uncertain sound,

“All pains the immortal spirit must endure,  
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,  
Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.”

---

#### THE PRIEST OF NATURE.

---

C. R. HAIRFIELD.

---

The history of England, during the eighteenth century, passed through rapid and comprehensive changes in every department of national life—industrial, religious, political, social, and intellectual. As we near the middle of the century the political corruption, the cold intellectual temper, “studied repression and brilliant cynicism melt before the fervor of a rising spirituality,” and new generations, actuated by diametrically opposite ideals of life, crowd forward to displace the old.” There is no greater change seen in any department of the national life than in literature.

The cold, lifeless, and studied expression gave place to the spontaneous outburst of poetic diction. The age preceding this had been contented with a certain perfection of form and a mere surface view of things, careful description of manners, but no open vision—“man looked at mainly on his conven-

tional side," consequently the deeper feelings of life were repressed. In the hands of Dryden and Pope, that which was a "natural free-wandering river became a straight-cut, uniform canal." Poetry was withdrawn from country life, made to live exclusively in town, and affect the fashions. Forced to appear in courtly costume, it dealt with the artificial manners and outside aspects of men, and lost sight of the one human heart, which is the proper haunt and main region of song. Natural theology was argued and discussed, but from the spiritual side of all questions, from the deep things of the soul, from men's living relation to the eternal world, educated thought seemed to turn away. The guilds of the learned, as by tacit consent, either eschewed these subjects altogether, or, if they were constrained to enter on them, they had drawn for themselves certain conventional limits, beyond which they dared not venture. But near the close of the century, there did arise men who felt the defects in the thought and literature of the preceding age and did much to correct them.

This new school of writers created an entirely new form of literature. Instead of the soulless literature of the town, "with its close atmosphere, its drawing-room pettiness, its painted faces and its slanderous tongue, there comes to our heated cheek the fresh, pure air from woods and fields, as poetry turns from Belinda at her toilet to the uncontaminated world of nature."

The channels laid down by Pope were too shallow and too narrow to express the deep feeling which now possessed England. These writers led the mind back to nature, and taught it to find delight in her grandeur and a balm for the weary soul.

"The closer contact between town and country life, the revelation to a cultivated and intellectual town world of the majestic scenes of natural beauty, and the infusion of a new refinement, perception of beauty and intellectual activity into country life, contributed largely to a remarkable change which

was passing over the English intellect." But back of this increased readiness of access to nature, there lay deep-seated, an impatience of the confined limits of the town, the stirring instincts that impelled the age to seek out quiet and healing in an unspoilt and freer world. The interpretation of life in books and the development of imagination underwent changes of their own.

There arose a new school of poets, who threw off all restraints, and wrote because they had a message for the world.

In this company of poets the reactionary spirit started by the Scotch plowman reached its consummation. In the words of Mr. Palgrave: "They carried to further perfection the later tendencies of the century preceding, in simplicity of narrative, reverence for human passion and character in every sphere, an impassionate love of nature: whilst maintaining on the whole the advances in art made since the Restoration, they renewed the half-forgotten melody and depth of tone which marked the best Elizabethan writers; lastly, to what was thus inherited they added a richness in narrative, a tenderness and bloom in feeling, an insight into the finer passages of the soul and the inner meaning of the landscape, a larger and a wiser humanity, hitherto hardly attained, and perhaps unattainable, even by predecessors of not an inferior individual genius."

It is my purpose to notice more closely one of this company, whom I have preferred to designate as "The Priest of Nature," because this appellation seems to convey the proper conception of his relations to nature, to which I shall refer later. In many respects Wordsworth stands preeminently above any of this great company. Mr. Emerson says: "Wordsworth's genius was the great exceptional fact of the literature of his period. Each poet of this company was great in special line of poetry, but Wordsworth's long life enabled him to develop his poetic genius more fully, but no poet perhaps has passed so many vicissitudes of popularity during a life time."

Wordsworth's life was, from the very first, so ordered as to



give him the most complete and intimate knowledge both of nature and of peasant life. The objects of his boyish idealization were the Cumbrian shepherds—"a race whose personality seems to melt into nature's—who are united as intimately with moor and mountain as the rocks with the sea." Scarcely once, he tells us, in his school days had he seen boy or man who claimed respect on the score of wealth and blood, "and the manly atmosphere of Cambridge preserved even in her lowest days a society,"

"Where all stood thus far  
Upon equal grounds; that we were brothers all  
In honor as in one community  
Scholars and gentlemen."

While the teachings of nature and dignity of Cumbrian peasant life had confirmed his high opinion of the essential worth of man,

"Love had he found in huts where poor men lie,  
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,  
The silence that is in the starry sky,  
The sleep that is among the lonely hills "

To his knowledge of Cumbrian peasant life, and his deep sympathy with such a life, may be added his wonderful susceptibilities to natural beauty and the deep joy he felt in it. Cumberland—his home—a singularly lovely region of lake and mountain, was then far remote from the activities of the outside world, and the serenity and grandeur of this region entered deep into his life, to become the very breath of his being. "In his daily companionship with nature he seems to have at first a kind of primitive and unreasoning rapture, to be changed in later years for a more profound and conscious love." The voice of the Derwent, he tells us, flowed along his dreams while he was a child. These early impressions seem to have increased as he grew older. This is shown in his solitary walks while at Cambridge, "on the dry smooth-

shaven green paced on solitary evenings to the far-off curfew's sound, beneath those groves of forest-trees among which Philomel still deigns a song and the spirit of contemplation lingers still; whether the silent avenues stand in the summer twilight filled with fragrance of lime, or the long rows of chestnut engirdle the autumn river-lawns with walls of golden glow or the tall elms cluster in garden or wilderness into towering citadels of green." Beneath one exquisite ash-tree wreathed in ivy and hung in autumn with yellow from every spray, Wordsworth used to linger long. Mr. Myers, in his biography of Wordsworth, speaks of his school days at Hawkshead thus: "No years of his life, perhaps, were richer in strong impressions; but they were impressions derived neither from books nor companions, but from that majesty and loveliness of the scenes around him—from Nature, his life-long mistress, loved with the first heat of youth." The interfusion of human interest with the sublimity of moor and hill formed a typical introduction to the manner in which Wordsworth regarded nature and mankind to the end.

. . . . . "The everlasting universe,  
Turn where I might, was opening out its glories;  
And the independent spirit of pure youth  
Called forth at every season new delights,  
Spread round my steps like sunshine o'er green fields."

Whatever nature may be to most men, there can be no doubt that free nature, mountain solitude, were as essential to Wordsworth's heart as the air to his lungs. He lived with nature, he observed nature, he studied nature, he loved nature, he enjoyed the majesty and serenity of nature. Separated from the busy world, and surrounded by nature's rich gifts and two sympathetic and congenial companions, Wordsworth enjoyed a life of happiness such as few poets have been permitted to enjoy. In no other poet, perhaps, have the poet's heightened sensibilities been productive of a pleasure so unmixed with pain. "The wind of his emotions blew right abaft; he swam

smoothly in the stream of his nature, and lived but one man." He almost wholly escaped those sufferings which exceptional nature must needs derive from too close a contact with the commonplace world, "that there was no one feeling in him which the world had either repressed or tainted; that he had no joy which might not be the harmless joy; and that, therefore, it was when he was most unreservedly himself that he was most profoundly human." All that was needed for him was to strike down into the deep of his heart. It was fitting that it should be thus with the Priest of Nature, that all things should be harmonious, indeed, but accessory; that joy should not be so keen, nor sorrow so desolating, nor love itself so wildly strong as to prevent him from going out upon the mountains with a heart at peace and receiving "in wise passiveness" the voices of earth and heaven. For he felt that there is no side of truth, however remote from human interests, no aspects of the universe however awful and impersonal, which may not have power at some season to guide and support the spirit of man. Poetry became to him the expression of his own deep and simple feelings.

Wordsworth is called the poet of the mysterious world, because "he more than any poet teaches us to enter into that world and find the very temple of God, in which he himself will draw close to us." Cumbrian mountains had waited long for a full adoration and an intelligent worship, nature had waited long for her priest, but in Wordsworth she found a faithful and able representative. There was no aspect of nature, however often depicted, in which his seeing eye could not discern some unnoted quality; "there was no mood to which nature gave birth in the mind of man from which his meditation could not disengage some element which throws light on our inner being." He who claims to give a message must satisfy us that he has himself received it. Wordsworth has shown by his example and writings that the contemplation of nature may become an inspiring stimulus, and may enable us

“to see into the life of things,” as far, perhaps, “as beatific vision or prophetic rapture can attain.”

“Wordsworth’s claim, his special gift, his lasting contribution lies in the extraordinary strenuousness, sincerity, and insight with which he first idealises and glorifies the vast universe around us, and then makes of it, not a theatre on which men play their part, but an animate presence intermingling with our work, pouring its compassionate spirit about us, and ‘breathing grandeur upon the very humblest face of human life.’ ”

“For I have learned  
To look on nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of humanity,  
Nor harsh, nor grating though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still  
A lover of the meadows and the woods  
And mountains; and of all that we behold  
From this green earth; of all the mighty world  
Of eye and ear, both what they half create,  
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize  
In nature and the language of the sense,  
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
Of all my moral being.”

Some have pointed to this poem as having a tendency towards Pantheistic philosophy, but the “supposition that Wordsworth ever maintained a Pantheistic philosophy, ever held a deliberate theory of the Divine Being as impersonal, is contradicted both by many an express declaration of his own and by what is known of his life.” The truth seems to be



that the outward world which to commonplace minds is no more than a piece of dead mechanism, is in reality full of a vast all-pervading life, which "is very mysterious." "Not to be grasped by the formulas of science, this life is apprehended mainly by imagination, and by those men most deeply in whom imagination is most ample and profound." His plain imagination isolated whatever it dealt with, brought it into immediate contact with his own spirit, and so drew from it slowly and patiently every drop of sweet or sad or stern influence that it had the power to give off. "But it is with him consciously influence and influence only."

"He never humanizes the spirits of natural objects as Shelley did. He puts no fairy into the flower, no dryad into the tree, no nymph into the river, he is too much of a realist for that, and he has far too intense a consciousness of the simple magnificence of moral freedom." Indeed he has too strict a human centre of contemplation for that to be possible. He regards nature as tributary to man, sending him influence and emanations which pass into the very essence of his life, but never constitute that life. "Rich and almost infinite streams of power and beauty nature does pour into man; but first when they reach that free and solitary spirit, which draws down other and higher influences to meet them from God, do they fulfil their simple destiny."

Wordsworth has shown by the subtle intensity of his own emotion how the contemplation of nature can be made a revealing agency, like love or prayer—"an opening, if indeed there be an opening into the transcendent world." He regarded other men chiefly as natural influences acting on himself; but he never was inclined to identify nature with either God or man, for freedom, unmutability, and a spiritual God were of the very essence of his own meditative world." In all the passages of his poems referring to nature, it will be observed, the "emotion is educed from nature rather than added to her; she is treated as a mystic text to be deciphered

rather than as a stimulus to roving imagination." No poet ever contrived by dint of "plain living and high thinking to get nearer to the reality of such life as he understood, and to dispel more thoroughly the illusions of superficial impression."

The effects of Wordsworth's poetry cannot be better told than in the words of J. S. Mill and Matthew Arnold. Mr. Mill says: "What made Wordsworth's poems a medicine for my state of mind was, that they expressed, not mere outward beauty, but states of feeling and of thought colored by feeling, under the excitement of beauty. They seemed to be the very culture of the feelings which I was in quest of. In them I seemed to draw from a source of inward joy, of sympathetic and imaginable pleasure, which could be shared in by all human beings, which had no connection with struggle or imperfection, but would be made richer by every improvement in the physical or social condition of mankind. From them I seemed to learn what would be the perennial sources of happiness when all the greater evils of life shall have been removed. And I felt myself at once better and happier as I came under their influence."

"Time may restore us in his course  
Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force,  
But where will Europe's latter hour  
Again find Wordsworth's healing power?"

"What earth's far off lonely mountains do for the plains and the cities, that Wordsworth has done for literature, and through literature for society; sending down great rivers of high truth, fresh, purifying winds of feelings, to those who least dream from what quarter they come."

"And surely of him, if of any one, we may think as of a man who was so in accord with nature, so at one with the very soul of things, that there can be no mansion of the universe which shall not be to him a home, no Governor who will not accept him among his servants, and satisfy him with love and peace."

## SORROWS IN CHILDHOOD.

---

BY BILL SWAX.

---

As I sit at my window and gaze on the smooth stream, whose dark waters slowly steal away to the sea, there come to me from over the river the soft, sweet warblings of a lonely bird. The moon is bathing everything in a mellow light. The crickets in my dusty, dirty room pipe merrily—a feeling of sadness pervades my whole being, and as I take a backward glance I see the sorrows of my life pass before me like a panorama, as the soft stars slowly lead the night along the sky. I sit absorbed in thoughts of my own misfortunes, without a thought of those of others. There are few gilded images in my memory to make my reveries delightful.

I had the melancholly misfortune to survive my mother. I remember her lying on a cot, livid and cold. My father told me she was asleep. Later on in the day I saw them put her in what I supposed to be a box. They bore her away. She slept a sound sleep. My father, a good man in other respects, was a gambler, gambling led to something worse; he was charged with embezzlement and sent to prison. I turned from these calamities knowing that nothing worse could befall me.

My sister was some older than myself; our home being taken from us, we moved into a suburb of the city where we could live cheaper. My sister and I managed to make enough to keep us from starving. We often went cold and hungry and never went to sleep knowing where we should get the next meal. I, after a while, found permanent employment, but it was in a pool room. There I heard of everything that was low.

One night a sweet old Catholic Sister came to see Emily (that was my sister's name); and the old sister, after hearing Emily tell of our trials, offered to aid her. Emily refused, but prayed her to get me employment somewhere outside of a

gambling den. I was next put into a junk shop, under a good churchman, who would steal a cent off a dead man's eye if he got a chance. I quitted the place and determined to starve rather than stay there. My sister took sewing and sang in one of the churches. This was to her a support, but I did not feel like making her work for me, so I went vigorously to work to find employment. My sister had taught me to read, write, and cipher. I found a place in a large exporting house, and soon became a good clerk and received fair wages. I got my sister to quit taking sewing and we lived very happily together.

My evenings were spent with my sister. I used to sit and listen to her sing and play. She had a guitar, one my mother used to play. Her voice was as sweet and soft as Ismarian wine.

We had just become settled and were living happily, when my Emily was taken sick. Her illness lingered long. I stayed by her side. She grew pale, as pale as the lily that floats on the bosom of a dark stream. Her eyes, only a few days ago so bright and pretty, were now sunken and glazed. I watched her slowly sink. I saw my last hope ebbing away slowly, like a yellow leaf slowly floating away on the autumn winds.

One evening as we sat in the twilight I saw her smile; I said:

"Emily, can you sing one song for me?"

"Yes, Emile, bring the guitar."

I brought it and she sang "Home, Sweet Home." I saw a tear flow down her cheek; she turned pale, smiled and slept, and her soul was beyond the restless waters of the sea.

---

#### A WANDERING SCHOLASTICUS.

---

On leaving Wake Forest with the happy memories of a most pleasant session, I had many forebodings as to the result of a summer's journeying alone in Europe, and yet I have



crossed the ocean and passed through a large part of Germany without a single disagreeable event, not even a spell of seasickness. The ocean trip was as pleasant as could be had, I suppose, though the water was very rough most of the time and adverse winds delayed us a day or two. Everything appears new and strange for the first few days, but the uniformity of our life and the narrowness of our quarters soon make us tired of the sea and give us an inexpressible longing to see land again. It was early in the morning of our second Monday out that the shores of England came in sight; a flood of memories came rushing upon me as I, for the first time, saw that land whose glorious history and literature have been a source of wonder and joy to me from my childhood. The usually turbulent English Channel smiled upon us during our whole passage through it; the surface of the sea was as smooth as a mirror, not a cloud was in the sky, and on the English shore we could see neat little villages, well cultivated farms, with a green back-ground of forests. The day on the North Sea was an uneventful one; little was to be seen, except the picturesque little Dutch fishing-boats, with sails of all kinds and colors—white, black, brown, yellow, and red. Early on Wednesday morning we came to anchor in Bremerhaven and were transferred to a smaller steamer which landed us at the custom-house.

Bremerhaven is a rapidly growing city, of between sixteen and twenty thousand inhabitants, situated on the east bank of the Weser, near its mouth; the new harbor, which is almost completed, will give it one of the finest entrances on the coast of Europe.

After waiting one hour or two at this city, we boarded the train and were soon passing up the shore of the Weser toward Bremen. The stranger is at once impressed with the rigid discipline observed among the railway men in Germany. The conductor is arrayed in gorgeous uniform and some of the higher officials carry swords; most of the roads are crossed by

bridges, and where this is not done an official stands like a sentinel with bar in hand guarding the crossing till the train has passed.

A day was spent pleasantly enough in Bremen; this is a quaint and interesting old city, founded in the eighth century by Charlemagne, and during the middle ages was one of the principal ports of the Hansa League. Its narrow and winding streets of curious old houses bear witness of the great age of the place, but as we drive along the beautiful boulevards along the Weser and through the fine parks, we feel ourselves again in the midst of our progressive modern civilization.

A great part of Thursday was spent on the way to Berlin. The country is, for the most part, in a high state of cultivation; there are few fences, for each man's estate is marked by white stones placed at different points; the farmers do not live on their own tracts of land, as in America, but all the cultivators for several miles around build their cottages together at some central point and thus form the characteristic German *dorf*. The little villages are to be seen every few miles and are very quaint looking with their antique style of architecture, their steep roofs of corrugated red tiles, and their one wind-mill and one church-steeple.

It will be impossible to say much about Berlin. There is so much to see in the great Prussian capital that an attempt to describe it will bear the appearance of a traveller's manual. There is a look of newness about the city which is lacking in most German towns; soldiers, decked in all kinds of uniforms, crowd the streets and stand statue-like before the doors of the many public buildings. *Unter den Linden* is lined with palaces and magnificent buildings, but that one which had most interest to me was an unpretentious three-story edifice, built back from the street with two long wings reaching to the pavement and having within its outer court the statues of the two Humboldts. This was formerly the palace of Prince Henry, and is now honored with the name of the University

of Berlin, one of the foremost of the great educational institutions of Germany and attended by thousands of students from all parts of the world. Owing to my short stay in Berlin I could not devote any time to University work, and contented myself with wandering through the spacious halls and reading announcements of courses by the different professors, many of whom I knew by reputation, as Paulsen, Hermann Grimm, Kirchhoff, Erich-Schmidt, Delbrueck, and Harnach.

Of course Potsdam had to be seen, with its monuments, mausoleums, churches, and public buildings. The objects of greatest interest were Sans Souci, the curious one-storied palace of Frederick the Great, and the New Palace, the residence of the present Kaiser.

Saturday afternoon was spent in visiting the *Gewerbe-Ausstellung*, or Trade-Exhibition, which for a month has been attracting thousands of people to Berlin. This fair was well worth a visit, but I am no judge in such matters and shall say nothing more about it except that there, more than in any other place, I saw the German eat, drink, and be merry, a striking illustration of a proverb which was painted in large letters over the principal building and which my German students will be able to render: *Alle Cultur geht vom Magen aus*.

Monday about midday I left Berlin and our swift express soon took us out of the dreary Brandenburger Heath and gave us glimpses of beautiful Saxony. I was very desirous of spending a day in Wittenberg, but could not, and contented myself with viewing from the windows the old church where Luther posted his ninety-five theses. The great Reformer and his friend Melancthon are buried in that little city.

In a few hours I was in Leipzig, and propose to remain here a week. The place is full of historic and literary interest, and I have done my share of sight-seeing. The University or *Augusteum* is one of the best in Germany and the number of students runs into the thousands; the main edifice is a magnificent building on Augustus Platz, and the library on

Beethoven Strasse is one of the finest buildings in the city. I have obtained entrance to lectures and generally spend my mornings hearing Von Bahder on Middle High German Poetry, Sievers on Phonetics, and Wuelcher on English Philology. Yesterday I called on Professor Sievers, to whom I had a note of introduction, and was most courteously received by him. He was kind enough to give me an invitation to his Seminar, which I propose to attend next Saturday.

The evenings I generally spend in the University Library, doing special reading in German literature.

I must not forget to mention a visit to Auerbach's Keller. I was passing through busy Grimmasche Strasse the other day when my attention was arrested by the number 1525 painted on a low building near the Rathhaus; below this were the words: *Doktor Faustus zu dieser Frist, aus diesem Keller geritten ist.* I at once made my way to the Keller, where I spent an enjoyable hour studying the curious mural paintings and imagining the carouses of the old Leipzig students, in which Goethe frequently indulged and from which he drew his celebrated scene in *Faust*. There are a great many Goethe reminiscences here—his portrait, specimens of his letters, strands of his hair, and poems written by his hand.

I must leave off here my random narrative and prepare for the duties of the day. Next week I expect to continue my pilgrimage to Weimar.

HENDREN GORRELL.

LEIPZIG, June 12, '96.



# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

---

## STAFF OF EDITORS.

|                                                |                                      |
|------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| W. L. POTEAT-----ALUMNI EDITOR <i>pro tem.</i> |                                      |
| EU. SOCIETY.                                   | PHI. SOCIETY.                        |
| THOMAS H. BRIGGS-----EDITOR.                   | J. H. GORE, Jr-----EDITOR.           |
| M. B. DRY-----ASSOCIATE EDITOR.                | W. P. EXUM, Jr-----ASSOCIATE EDITOR. |
| CAREY P. ROGERS-----BUSINESS MANAGER.          |                                      |

---

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

---

A WORD of public thanks is certainly due to President Morton and to Mr. Haywood; and for many of the Alumni Association, I take this method of extending our warmest thanks and congratulations.

IT WAS gratifying that a larger number of the college men remained to commencement than usual; but at the same time, it is a shame that so many leave as soon as examinations are over. Let us hope that the "lifelong benefit," of which Dr. Taylor so pleasantly spoke, may have been gained by many.

EVERYONE REJOICES that a chair for instruction in Bible study has been created. Such a school has long been needed at Wake Forest; indeed, it is surprising that a Christian college should have been so long without instruction in a line of work that is so important. I suppose Mr. Cullom, being a Wake Forest M. A. (Class '91) and a Th. D. of the Louisville Seminary, is eminently fitted for the position. It is understood that he will not teach theology, but the English Bible, mainly as literature; so that not the young minister only, but the entire body of students, are interested in this new school. On behalf of the student body, THE STUDENT welcomes Dr. Cullom.

THAT WAS an elegant banquet Gresham served before the Alumni Association on Wednesday of commencement week, and it was only equalled by the tasty speeches in response to the toasts. The toasts, by the way, were all drunk in water,

but it was Baptist water, and a Baptist spirit prevailed the whole assemblage. I dare say more real good was done for the college in the two short hours spent over the banquet board than could be accomplished in twenty hours of speech-making over the State. The old love and enthusiasm was awakened in the breasts of many, and the result may be looked for in the early endowment of the chair for Biblical instruction.

IT MAKES one really sad to hear, at commencement times, after dinner speakers and other patriotic alumni bewail the loss of the "old time spirit," or an indescribable something that they spend much time in trying to delineate. For it certainly betokens nothing less than a loss of memory of the old days that they spent at Wake Forest. No doubt to each of us *our* college days were the happiest and best that were ever passed in any college, and mayhap we are a bit excusable if we say so once in awhile, but I doubt if it is altogether pleasant for the under-graduates to hear every year that the college is degenerating. Truth is, I do not believe that there is any retrogression. Human nature is so prone to forget the little heartaches and trials of one's happy days and only to remember the pleasures, that the recollection we have now is not a correct picture of the old times, but merely an ideal one. At least memory is a treacherous wench, and recollection is sometimes very convenient. Aristotle says: "When we accomplish an act of recollection, we pass through a certain series of per-cursive movements until we arrive at a movement on which the one we are in quest of is habitually consequent." And so we are compelled to believe that some of our friends must either willfully or carelessly overlook some of the "intermediate movements."

Again, alumni are too apt to compare the work of their more mature years with that of the student. It was only last year that I was reading the anniversary oration of one of the old men who came along in the '70's, and whom alumni are wont to point out as an example to the younger generations.

But I confess I did not find in it anything more brilliant than I have heard in many orations during my three years of college life. Only a verbose biography, with now and then a thought of his own to cement together the historical phrases! It is true, that the present work of this man sometimes borders upon the brilliant, even if a bit abstruse at times; but it is of his college work I am speaking.

If our patriotic alumni will only remember these two things—that their college life is more or less ideal now, and that their present mature work should not be a criterion by which to compare that of the under-graduate—I believe they will find that the college is not really degenerating to such an extent as they would have us believe.

---

## BOOK REVIEWS.

---

JOHN HOMER GORE, Editor.

---

*The Red Badge of Courage.* By Stephen Crane, D. Appleton & Co., \$1.25.

Reading Crane's book is like riding on a pole-car—his laconic expressions at times jolt you. His descriptions are often strained and overdrawn, and sometimes clearly miss the aim of the author. Notwithstanding this, the reader is carried on to the end without the least lull in his interest. We notice that the author is fond of profanity and in this work at times it is revolting, and more than once disgusting. He found oaths of every color and shade. This is a departure from the general idea—they are generally conceived of as black. There are many instances of ill choice of phrase and some repetition where the author puts in some of his hobbies.

Henry is the refugee, the color-bearer, the coward, and the hero all in one. In all of his actions we find something to admire—in his fright we admire his remorse, in the fore-front of the battle we admire his coolness, when at leisure we are drawn to him in his musings. He spends his idle moments delightfully viewing the "guilted images of memory." From a coward he blossoms into a brave soldier, his scars and his shame fade away, and as the author says, "he had been

in touch with the great death, and found that, after all, it was but the great death. He was a man." When the din of battle had ceased "over the river a golden ray of sun," to Henry, "came through the host of leaden rain clouds."

*Summer in Arcady.* By James Lane Allen. Macmillan & Co., \$1.25.

This story is a gem. The author deals with a grave problem of life. The preface of this book is a veritable gem: in it there is a fair criticism of modern fiction—the time, and its tendencies. The book has its purpose and it is clearly set forth in the following paragraphs of the preface:

"No man has ever sat gravely and sincerely down to study the lights and shadows of our common human destiny, desiring to transfer these in due proportion of reality to the creations of his art, without sooner or later being driven to perceive that into nearly all the lights falls one dark ray from one great shadow—the greatest shadow of the world—its outcast women. This story has been sent very near to the old, old pathway that has always been trodden and is trodden to-day by these, alas! wandering, innumerable ones; and the writer has cast it in that direction with the utmost desire that it might do some good in this way:

"If any girl, alone in the world, having no mother or counsellor of any kind—alone with her youth, her innocence, her beauty, perhaps her poverty as well, and the need of hard work—not in the country chiefly, but rather in the vast city, in the treacherous town—if any such poor, undefended child should chance to read this story, she should bear in mind that its main lesson and most solemn warning are addressed to her: the lesson not to trust herself, the warning to trust no other without reservation—blindly led on by love; or else, sitting lonely in her sorrow on her bed at midnight, she may come to know what her countless sisters have known—that even the purest love can do wrong, can betray, can be betrayed."

The story is truly a tale of nature, dramatic and pathetic. The wayward girl reaps the fruits of her waywardness. Her parents she rebelled against not knowing really why she rebelled. "There is no earthly tribunal so terrible, both in its justice and in its injustice, as the mind of a child bent upon finding out why it turns against a parent."

*The Mind of the Master.* By Ian Maclaren. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, \$1.50.

This is a volume of sermons from the author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," and we venture the opinion that it will add nothing to



the author's reputation, however much it may confirm people of his charity and piety. It is a great pity that an author is led, nowadays, from love of gain, to give to the world everything he writes. It is true, some of these sermons have the right ring about them, but we must confess that we have found them dreary reading after the "Days of Auld Lang Syne." Let us hope Mr. Watson will not seek further in this field of publication.

*The Seats of the Mighty.* By Gilbert Parker. D. Appleton & Co., New York, \$1.50.

This is a stirring story of old Quebec in the days of Montcalm and Wolfe, and no more interesting work of that interesting period has appeared. The author has evidently given much time to the study of colonial records, and the result is, the book has the real color of an historical romance. It is true, there is not that nameless something we find in Scott and in no one else. The illustrations, we may add, are good. The author is the most prominent of the young Canadian writers, and though only thirty-four years old, has written several volumes of stories and verse. Much of Mr. Parker's life has been passed in Australia and New Zealand.

---

## WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

---

M. B. DRY, Editor.

---

May it not be fitting to devote almost the whole of the Alumni Department this month to the memory of a man who deserves even more extended notice than space will allow here?

It is seldom we are called upon to chronicle the death of so distinguished an alumnus as the illustrious hero who has so recently fallen from the ranks of duty and gone to join the innumerable hosts beyond the grave, Thomas Henderson Pritchard, D. D.

In his death the State has lost one of its most useful and honored citizens, the Baptist denomination one of its most brilliant lights, and Wake Forest College one of its most illustrious sons and strongest supporters. Perhaps the death of few men in North Carolina would have called forth so much comment from the press, or been the source of so much grief among the people throughout

the State as that of Dr. Pritchard. He is mourned, not alone by his own denomination or within the bounds of his own State, but all denominations and other States join in the general grief. His name and deeds, like those of Vance, are woven so deeply into the minds and hearts of the people of North Carolina that nothing save the final dissolution of all things can destroy them. There is hardly a community in the State where his voice has not been heard.

Few men have possessed richer endowments or been the embodiment of more varied accomplishments than Dr. Pritchard. At once an attractive orator and a clear and logical reasoner, a lucid and voluminous writer, as well as an energetic and tireless worker, and, best of all, possessed of a loveable and childlike disposition that made him the favorite of the high and the low, the rich and the poor, he merits to be ranked as one of the great men of our times. All the energies of his stupendous intellect were exerted toward the betterment of mankind, and few men succeeded better than he in such a grand life-purpose.

His eloquent tongue has stirred the soul of many an aspiring youth and kindled the smouldering dreams of his lofty ambition into something like living fire. The writer well remembers an address of his at a school exhibition once that did more to arouse him to the importance of securing an education than all the bugle blasts of fame that ever sounded into his ears from the eloquent tongues and fascinating pens of other men. In this way permanent and incalculable good has come to North Carolina through his speeches on educational topics, delivered in almost every section of the State.

Dr. Pritchard possessed in the highest degree the rare faculty of adapting himself to his environment. He was equally at home in the hovels of the poor and the palaces of the rich. He rendered no slavish obedience to formalities or etiquette: he was a plain, simple man, and therefore great. Quoting from the *Charlotte Observer* of May 24th: "Dr. Pritchard was as simple and as guileless as a child, and yet was a great man—great in his purity and goodness. That crowning characteristic of a great soul, the love of little children, was remarkably prominent in the life of this de-

parted friend. A famous story-teller, the young folks loved him devotedly, and they will be among his chief mourners."

Dr. Thos. E. Skinner, in the *Biblical Recorder*, pays this beautiful tribute to the memory of his life-long friend and co-laborer: "He was an amiable man, and this includes good breeding. How many of us have spoiled our influence for good by not cultivating this highest of ministerial qualifications and of the true Christian gentleman. He was an interesting conversationalist, and abounded in good humor and pleasantry, without offensive personalities or sarcastic repartee. He was a patient man under the criticisms of his brethren; manly enough to defend his position, but never overbearing nor discourteous, and ever ready to forgive. These are Christian graces, and they are the beautiful relics left to us, now that he who wore them so gracefully has been called from us."

In the Baptist ministry Dr. Pritchard had few equals, either as a preacher or as a pastor. Ever found at the post of duty, he labored with untiring zeal for the upbuilding of the Master's kingdom in the earth. His sermons were practical, and suited to all classes and conditions of men. He cared nothing for fine-spun rhetorical phrases and high-sounding declamation, but his sentences were instinct with earnestness and the living fire of Christianity. Behind every word and every act towered in grandeur the noble character of the man.

"As a preacher," said Dr. H. W. Battle once during the lifetime of Dr. Pritchard, "his ideas are synthetic and come naturally out of the text; his sentences are exceedingly chaste and often very beautiful, his gestures graceful, and his voice singularly sweet and flexible. If we look deeper than 'the high art of sermonizing,' we shall find a fidelity to evangelical truth—as the fathers held it—which never falters, and a personal devotion to God and man that throbs like a heart-beat in every sentence."

The following extracts from the editorial columns of the *Charlotte Observer* of May 24th will further illustrate this: " \* \* \* As a preacher he was logical, clear, eloquent and persuasive. \* \* \* He was ranked as among the first of the many great men of the Baptist church in the South. But notwithstanding this fact, Dr. Pritchard was greatest as a pastor. It was in meeting his parishioners, his fellowmen, face to face, that he achieved his greatest success."



Also quoting from the *Raleigh News and Observer*: "Dr. Pritchard was easily the first man in the Baptist church in North Carolina; the most many sided, the broadest, the widest known and his death will be deplored by the whole State. He was a patriot, and his voice was always on the side of good government. He was a friend to be esteemed, true in his friendship and warm in his affections. He was a Christian, true to the tenets of his denomination, and broad enough in his affections to embrace all who believed in Christ and to go out in love toward all mankind."

The principal points of the following brief biographical sketch are taken from an admirably written article on the life and works of Dr. Pritchard which appeared in the June number of *THE STUDENT* of last year :

Dr. Pritchard was born in Charlotte, N. C., February 8, 1832. His father was Rev. Joseph Price Pritchard, and was a native of Charleston, S. C. His mother was Eliza Hunter Henderson, who traced her ancestry back to Thomas Henderson, who came from Scotland, and landed at Jamestown, Va., in 1607.

Dr. Pritchard received his preparation for college at an academy in Mocksville, N. C. In the early part of his college course his expenses were borne by a wealthy uncle, but this help was soon withdrawn, and the young Pritchard was left to fight the battle alone. He left college at the end of his sophomore year and began teaching in Nash county. The money which he made was lost through an unfortunate loan, and he was compelled to borrow money to complete his college course. He graduated from Wake Forest in 1854 with J. C. Averitt, R. P. Jones, J. H. Mills, D. R. Wallace, W. M. Wingate, J. C. Patterson, and J. J. Williams. He delivered the Valedictory of his class, and during the last half year of his stay at College he was tutor in the languages. The year after his graduation he became the agent of the College, to succeed Dr. W. M. Wingate, who became President at that time. He served only one year.

In 1855 he was ordained to the Baptist ministry, and his first church was at Hertford. Here he preached, and taught in an academy, for three years. In 1858, at Charlottesville, Va., he read theology with Dr. John A. Broadus, and in 1860 he became pastor of the Franklin Square Church, Baltimore. From 1863 to



1865 he filled the pulpit of the First Baptist Church of Raleigh, during the absence of the pastor, Dr. T. E. Skinner, in Europe. From 1865 to 1868 he filled the pastorate of the First Church at Petersburg, Va., and thence he was called to the First Church, Raleigh, N. C., to succeed Dr. Skinner. He held this position until 1879, when he became President of Wake Forest College. During the three years in which the institution was under his guiding hand he travelled extensively in the interest of the College, and addressed thousands of people on the subject of education, greatly advancing and strengthening the institution thereby.

From Wake Forest he accepted a call, in 1882, to the Broadway Church, Louisville, Ky. Here he remained but a short time, owing to the ill health of his wife, and the next year he became pastor in Wilmington, which position he held for nearly ten years. From Wilmington he went to Charlotte, his native city, and there spent the remainder of his useful life in active service for the Master.

Dr. Pritchard was fond of writing for the press, and was for three years associate editor of the *Biblical Recorder*. He contributed for a long time to the Sunday edition of the *Charlotte Observer*, and was at the time of his death one of the editors of *Charity and Children*. In all his writing for the press he never failed to say something interesting, and to say it well. He was for a long time a trustee of Wake Forest College and the Theological Seminary at Louisville. He was one of a committee of three which recommended the removal of the Seminary from Greenville, S. C., to Louisville, Ky. In 1888 he represented his church in the World's Missionary Conference in London. The degree of D. D. was conferred upon him by the University of North Carolina in 1868, owing, it is said, to a sermon which he preached at the funeral of an old colored woman who was the cook of Governor Charles Manly.

Dr. Pritchard leaves a wife and five children. It is hard to realize that this great and good man has gone from among us, and that his kind and genial face will never more be seen this side the grave.

## EXCHANGES.

JOHN HOMER GORE, Editor.

The *Inlander* comes to us well laden with readable matter. The stories and essays of this issue are above the average. Aside from the prose of the issue, we might mention the verse. Some of it is very good. Below we clip:

### A HALF-TONE.

BY LOU J. DICKINSON.

A bit of hill,  
A reach of sunny wold  
O'erstrewn with windflowers pure  
With hearts of gold.

Two children glad  
Amid the bloom at play;  
A bit of sunny sky,  
A soft, spring day.  
\* \* \*

A stubbled glebe,  
A copse of hazel brown,  
A sound of ripened nuts  
Fast dropping down.

A form low bowed,  
Slow walks in grief alone;  
A rush of falling leaves  
The wind's low moan.

The prose of the *Nassau Literary Magazine* is very good, but the verse is far below the usual display made by this magazine. "Walter Pater, a Study," is a very interesting essay.

The Aftermath Department of the *University of Virginia Magazine* always interests us. It is, without doubt, a well managed department. "Friendship," a translation from the French *Xavier de Maistre*, is very well done. "At Half Past Five" is also very good. Below we clip a ditty from another department of this magazine:

### TRIOLET.

Cold winter has taken its flight  
And at last the springtime is here;  
It has yielded to her gentle might—  
Cold winter has taken its flight.  
My sad heart was wintry and drear  
But now that you love me, my dear,  
Cold winter has taken its flight  
And, at last the springtime is here.

There has been a very perceptible change in the tone of the *William and Mary College Monthly*. It has been on the up-grade all the year, and has now reached a mark of excellency. We clip the following as a fair specimen of poetic delusion, and from which you can easily see the unfortunate belief into which the versifier has fallen :

## O LEND ME YOUR EAR.

O lend me your ear, some *savant* who knows,  
And answer without any jest,  
How many hearts can a poor mortal have  
In a too susceptible breast?  
Methought long ago in the dreamland of youth  
Ere I knew but Myrtilla alone,  
That say as they would—I could not believe,  
A mortal could have more than one.  
The years have flown by—Myrtilla still lives ;  
I think of her time and again ;  
But the heart I have now does not beat for her,  
I've lost near a thousand since then.

—Jno. Weymouth.

## REASON.

The storms that rage in the human soul,  
Who knows how mighty they be ?  
But calms to them are the tempests wild,  
That churn the billowy sea.  
When Passion strives rebellious to cast  
The yoke of Reason away ;  
When Reason stands in the conflict aghast,  
Trying to retain her sway ;  
Which would you see the victory gain ?  
Where would your sympathies go ?  
For Reason's everlasting domain ?  
Or Passion's transient glow ?  
Let Reason be—and Reason alone !—  
Enthroned the queen of the soul !  
And crush whate'er against her may stand,—  
A heart—a life—or a whole !

X. in S. W. P. W. Journal.

## SOMETIMES.

H. H. TURNER.

Sometimes in darkest places  
You find the Violet blue,  
Sometimes where clouds are blackest  
The evening star shines through.  
Sometimes where all is gloomy  
The heart with anguish cries  
That truth is dead, and Friendship  
Is mockery and lies.  
But then, oh heaven sent blessing !  
A kind hand clasps your own,  
And loneliness and heart-ache,  
Like birds, away have flown.

—In Tennessee University Magazine.

## 'TIS BUT A CRUSHED BOW.

" 'Tis but a crushed bow of 'Orange and White,'  
 But for his dear sake I'll wear it to-night  
 How his cup of sweet memories will fill to the brim  
 When he finds 'tis the bow I am wearing for him."  
 "'Tis my bow she is wearing so gayly to-night,"  
 Throbs his heart as he trips in the waltz's delight—  
 "She would not have worn it if she had not believed  
 That I loved her—my own—I am not deceived."  
 But the chronicles say that later that night,  
 'Twas another crushed bow of "Orange and White."

—*William and Mary Monthly.*

## COMPENSATION.

Through labyrinths blind he wandered,  
 Pursuing what only seemed,  
 And half his youth he squandered  
 On fancies that he dreamed.  
 When dying in unattainment  
 His friends above his bed  
 With soothing words of pity bent,  
 "I had my dream," he said.

—*Laura Winnington, '96, in Vassar Miscellany.*

## COLLEGE NOTES.

JOHN HOMER GORE, Editor.

The girls at *Cornell* are now permitted instruction in fencing.

Some of the larger colleges have begun spring practice in foot-ball.

*Columbia University* is about to establish a school of Dutch languages.

It is boasted at *Vassar* that none of her graduates have ever been divorced.

The labor of sixty *Harvard* students is required upon their papers, five in all.

The *Little Rock Commercial College* has been incorporated, having a capital stock of \$10,000.

It is said that the *University of Wisconsin* is the only university that does not hold chapel exercises.

Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D., of Brooklyn, will preach the baccalaureate sermon at *Harvard* this year.

Beginning with September, 1898, the course at the *Cornell Law School* will be three years instead of two.



Over eight thousand students are enrolled at the *University of Berlin*, and over one-fourth of these are Americans.

At *Stanford University* there is a students' fire company, which is trained for service by being called out unexpectedly on false alarms.

Robert Edgren, of the *University of California*, has broken the world's record by throwing the sixteen-pound hammer 147 feet, 7 inches.

One of the requirements of a man seeking college honors at *Amherst* is that his college expenses during the previous year shall not have exceeded \$500.

Prof. Henry Jerome Stockard, the poet, of Monroe, N. C., has been elected to the chair of English Language and Literature in *Petersburg College*, Petersburg, Va.

The *Georgia Female Seminary and Conservatory, of Music* at Gainesville, will soon erect an auditorium. It will be made to seat one thousand people, and will cost \$20,000.

The *Williams* faculty has accepted the constitution for the honor system as amended by the student-body. *Williams* is the first of the New England colleges to take this step.

*Harvard* offers an elective course in debating. The class is much interested in its work. It meets once a week. A professor of elocution and one other instructor are present at each meeting.

The *Northwestern University* has recently organized a Good Government Club, the object being to "impress the students of the University with the need of reform in political methods and in the civil service."

The requirements of the *Johns Hopkins University* have been of such a high character that of the 2,976 persons who have been students at the University since its foundation but 784 have obtained degrees. Of these 358 have taken the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

The *University of Texas*, the *University of Nashville* and the *Southwestern Presbyterian University*, of Clarksville, Tenn., have applied for admission into the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association. If these applications are acted upon favorably, as they doubtless will be, the membership of the Association will be thirteen.

At *Cornell* the department of oratory has arranged to give a new course in *ex tempore* speaking and debating for students who expect to enter the debating contest next year. The course will be given in the spring and fall terms, and will take up successively argumentation, writing of briefs, *ex tempore* speaking, and debating.

The colleges of Ohio have formed an Intercollegiate Athletic Association, which is to govern all State contests. A State field-day will be held yearly, and a schedule arranged for base-ball and foot-ball. The colleges in the association are the *State University*, *University of Cincinnati*, *Wittenbery*, *Dennison*, *Kenyon*, *Oberlin*, *Marietta*, and *Ohio Wesleyan*.

The bill appropriating \$25,000 to *Richmond College*, as indemnity for use of and damage to buildings and grounds by Federal troops, has passed the United States Senate, through the active agency of Senator Martin, and now goes to the House. The bill is thoroughly reasonable and meritorious, and ought to pass without opposition and without delay.

---

## IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

---

W. P. EXUM, JR., Editor.

---

LATE INSTRUCTOR R. W. HAYWOOD resigned his position on account of his health, and has accepted work on *The Wilmington Star*.

DR. W. R. CULLOM has accepted the Chair of the Bible created at the late Commencement. He will be at Wake Forest during the summer to determine upon the course of instruction, in consultation with the faculty.

THE FACULTY have elected for the next session Mr. Gray King, Supt. of Reading Room; Mr. C. M. Staley, Librarian; Mr. Conrad Watkins, Assistant in the Chemical Laboratory; Mr. Spencer Chaplin, Assistant in the Biological Laboratory.

AMONG THE young ladies who remained after Commencement are Misses Hallie and Page Williams of Boydton, Va., Miss Annie Powell of Savannah, Ga., Misses Taylor and Barksdale of Virginia, Misses Carrie Hobgood and Nellie Currin of Oxford, N. C., Misses Mattie Pace, Mamie Norris, and Cora Holt of Raleigh, N. C.

ON MONDAY, June 1st, Mr. I. M. Meekins, of Columbia, N. C., and Miss Lena Allen, of Wake Forest, were married at the resi-

dence of Mr. F. M. Purefoy. Mr. Meekins is a member of the class of ninety-six. Last February he passed the examination in law, and we predict for him a successful future. Miss Allen is well known over the State as a pianist. We wish the young couple success and happiness.

THERE WAS a large representation of the faculty of the College in the late Teachers' Assembly at Asheville, Professors Carlyle, Brewer, Poteat, Sledd, and Ferrell attending. Prof. Poteat was elected President of the Assembly for the next year. It appears that Prof. Sledd awakened much enthusiasm in the discussion on the teaching of English. He conducted an afternoon conference on that subject. Prof. Brewer read a paper, published in this number, on "Science and Material Development," and Prof. Carlyle responded to the address of welcome.

ANOTHER COMMENCEMENT has come and gone, and now there remain but the pleasant memories of those four days which passed by so rapidly.

Monday, June 25th, was Class Day. By half past eight p. m. Wingate Memorial Hall was filled with those who had come to hear the flights of the orator, the verdict of the historian, the divinations of the prophet, and the rhymes of the poet. Mr. Rozier was the orator of the class, and he entertained his hearers well. Mr. J. H. Gore, Jr., was the class historian. He began with the first severe experiences of the "historic freshman," and then followed him through vicissitudes of college life, until, at last, the freshman becomes an alumnus and ready to fight life's battles. Mr. I. M. Meekins was chosen to peer into the future and gather the careers of the class of '96. According to his prophecy, some of the class turned out rather poorly, but it is to be hoped that only the good of his prophecy will be fulfilled. Mr. Dry was the poet of the occasion, and it was the general opinion that his poem was the best of the kind ever read here. It was free from those little cuts which former class poets have been wont to make at the faculty. The Senior reception, at the residence of Dr. Taylor, was enjoyed by every one present.

On Tuesday evening the weather was exceedingly unfavorable, and for this reason but few heard the Alumni Address, which

was delivered by Rev. W. L. Wright, D. D., of Richmond, Virginia. Dr. Wright has been very successful in his work, and is an example of the influential men of Wake Forest. His subject was "Christian Education."

Wednesday morning, at eleven o'clock, Rev. B. H. Carroll, D. D., of Waco, Texas, delivered the Literary Address. His subject was "The Ambitious Dreams of Youth." Dr. Carroll is an impressive speaker, and it was easy for one to see why the people of Texas love and honor him so much. He made a great address, which will be long remembered.

Wednesday night, at half past eight, Rev. B. L. Whitman, D. D., President of Columbian University, Washington, D. C., preached the Baccalaureate Sermon, the text being, "I write unto you young men, because ye are strong," etc. This was one of the grandest sermons ever preached to a graduating class, and we feel assured that the speaker did not fail to awaken the nobler feelings of those who heard him. He showed the uselessness of depending entirely on self for success, and impressed very strongly the fact that no life is truly successful unless it be consecrated to some noble purpose.

Thursday was Commencement Day proper. The class went upon the platform and the speakers were called out in order by the President. The most noticeable feature of the speeches was their brevity. After the speaking was over, the President delivered the diplomas, following with an appropriate baccalaureate address.

Thursday night was the time for gayety and pleasure. By eight o'clock the hall was filled with people who sat chatting as they listened to the music of the First Regiment Band of Virginia. As the hours wore on the young men and the young ladies filled the literary halls, and by ten o'clock one could easily see that the most enjoyable part of Commencement was then in progress. "In the morn, the folks were gone," and the halls "all tenantless, save to the crannying wind."



# Wake Forest College Directory.

---

CHAS. E. TAYLOR, President.

L. R. MILLS, Bursar.

---

## ATHLETICS.

### FOOT BALL.

GRAY, R. KING, Manager.

JOHN H. GORE, Captain.

### BASE BALL.

W. H. CARTER, Manager.

R. B. POWELL, Captain.

### TRACK ATHLETICS.

TH. H. BRIGGS, Trainer.

### MINSTREL AND GLEE CLUB.

JOHN H. GORE, President.





THOMAS HENDERSON PRITCHARD, D. D.

# WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

VOL. XV. WAKE FOREST, N. C., JULY, 1896.

No. 10.

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

DR. THOS. H. PRITCHARD.

J. D. HUFHAM, D. D.

Those who were accustomed to hear Dr. Pritchard, whether in the pulpit or on the platform, will recollect how earnestly and often he insisted on the mother's power over the character and destiny of her children. It was one of his convictions, traceable, with his reverence for all womankind, to the sweet and saintly life of his own highly gifted mother. Coming of a family which has been influential in North Carolina since the time of the Regulators, she inherited many of their best traits, and these, sanctified and ennobled by Divine grace, fitted her peculiarly to be the help-meet of her husband and the guide of her children. Citizens of Charlotte point out to the stranger the house in which Dr. Pritchard was born. They also speak of him as child and boy: remarkable chiefly for his proneness to mischief. Later the family removed to Mocksville, and in the academy of that town he was prepared for the freshman class in college.

The time of his coming to the college was fortunate. It was one of the golden periods in the history of the institution: the time of President Wingate and George A. Norwood, of South Carolina; of Judge Folk and Chief Justice Lea, of Tennessee; of Dr. Wallace and President Emerson, of Texas; of Ellis and Marable; of Gaston Simmons and John Mitchell. Among his classmates were Chief Justice Faircloth and J. H. Mills.\*

\*The class-roll was as follows: W. T. Faircloth, R. P. Jones, J. H. Mills, Jno. C. Patterson, T. H. Pritchard, J. J. Williams. There was a mistake in the list given in the issue for June, page 521.



Into this bright circle of choice spirits, Dr. Pritchard came in January, 1849, bringing the joyfulness and energy of abounding health, the charm of a handsome presence and gracious manners, the uplifting influence of noble ambitions, literary tastes, with a readiness and fluency of speech which came to him by inheritance, and an optimism which clung to him even while passing through "the valley of the shadow of death." At the end of two years, when he was compelled to drop out of college for a year, his place was won and his standing as one of the best scholars as also one of the most popular men in the institution, was secure. He graduated in 1854, dividing the honors with Mr. Mills. They were so evenly matched in point of scholarship that it became necessary to cast lots for the valedictory. It fell to Dr. Pritchard. There are some still living who heard the address, and the beauty and pathos of it are fresh with them as a thing of yesterday.

During his first year in college, in one of the revivals which have blessed the institution, he was converted, and was baptised by Dr. Wm. T. Brooks. By this event all his plans and ambitions in life were changed. From the law he turned to the gospel ministry as his calling. In the college chapel, during his last year, his first sermon was preached. The text was: "For their rock is not as our rock, even our enemies themselves being judges." Deut. xxxii: 31. The discourse was written and memorized, but it had all the freedom and fervor of an extemporaneous address. Forty-two years have passed since that Sunday morning—years freighted with labor and not free from sorrow—but they have failed to efface the scene or sermon from the memory of at least one man who was present.

Then followed the period of drifting, common to young men while looking for their place and work in life. A year as agent, to solicit funds for the endowment of the college, served to show him that this was not his vocation and to give him a lasting distaste for that sort of employment. Three years of

preaching and teaching at Hertford enabled him to pay off the debts which had been incurred in securing his education. Four months of study, September—December, 1858, under Dr. Jno. A. Broadus, Charlottesville, Va., gave him an affectionate admiration for that great scholar, educator and preacher which deepened to the close of his life. During the year 1859, he supplied the pulpit of Dr. Wm. F. Broadus, Fredericksburg, Va., and married Miss Brinson, of New Berne, N. C.

He became pastor of the Franklin Square Baptist Church, Baltimore, January, 1860, and remained till July, 1863, when after a brief imprisonment by the military authorities, he was sent South, with instructions not to return till the close of the war. After three months spent among friends in Virginia, and preaching to Confederate soldiers, he came to Raleigh, in November, to supply the pulpit of Dr. T. E. Skinner, pastor of the First Church, who, with his family, was going to Europe. July, 1865, after the return of Dr. Skinner, he became pastor of the First Church, Petersburg, Va., remaining until February, 1868, when he came back to Raleigh as pastor of the First Church in that city. He had found in North Carolina his field, and in the pastorate his work. Thenceforward, for twenty-seven years, he was the most prominent figure among the Baptists of the State. Twenty-three years a trustee, and three years President of the college; seven years President of the State Board of Missions and for a time associate editor of the *Biblical Recorder*; Trustee of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary; Trustee of the State University; Trustee of the Orphanage from its establishment, and editorial contributor to the orphanage journal. But his chief power found its sphere in the pastorate; and on his achievements as pastor and preacher, his fame must rest.

Eleven years he was pastor of the First Church in Raleigh, and this was the most prosperous, as it was also the happiest period of his life. His religion was of a singularly cheerful character. It finds embodiment and illustration in the 23rd

Psalm. He was many-sided; in touch with humanity at all points. His preaching drew and held large crowds. Nor is this surprising. He had a handsome person; a voice that was flexible, full and of great compass; a rhetoric of rare charm, and an elocution which was well-nigh faultless. He made careful preparation for the pulpit, usually with the pen, and when he went before the people it was with the consciousness that he had a message for them. His style was clear, his meaning never in doubt. But that which chiefly differentiated him from others was the gift, possessed in varying degrees by all successful journalists and speakers, of telling the people just the things which they most desire to know. He was not so accurate or full, so learned or logical, so pathetic or profound as many of his brethren; but he surpassed them all in his power to read the thoughts and hearts of the people and give them the answer to things which were floating in their minds or troubling them in the very centre of their being. There is no higher ministerial gift than this; one's success as a teacher and leader of the people depends on the degree in which he possesses it. Dr. Pritchard had it in a large measure.

His methods as a pastor were simple. He aimed to bring the best people to the front and hold them as leaders of the church. He understood that the Holy Ghost had made him only the overseer of the flock, and he did not attempt to do the work which belonged to them. When the spiritual life of the church was running low he relied on the power of revival through the old fashioned protracted meeting. While he did not devise new measures or methods, his people were always kept in line with the other churches in all the work of the denomination. He was industrious in visiting the flock, and careful in looking after strangers. Under his ministry in Raleigh the church grew in numbers and in every form of spiritual activity until its power was felt, not only in all the city but throughout the State.

Towards the close of this, his longest and most prosperous pastorate, he began to apprehend a decline of his powers and

to cast about for a sphere in which, to use his own phraseology, he could grow old gracefully and spend the evening of his days usefully. When, therefore, the Trustees in 1879, elected him President of the college, he promptly accepted the position. Each of his predecessors had had a distinct mission. As a pioneer, Dr. Wait, with his clear common sense, his strength of purpose, his power of endurance, his untiring energy and his firm reliance on God, was unrivalled. He cleared the way and laid the foundations. Dr. Wingate, organizer, master of men and assemblies, preacher and moral philosopher, and great in all things, carried forward the work and gave the institution the shape which it retains with little change to this day. In 1879 the college needed most of all that its facilities and advantages should be made known, and that the enthusiasm of the denomination should be awakened, not only in behalf of the college, but also in behalf of the cause of general education. With the unerring instinct which distinguished him, Dr. Pritchard recognized this and gave himself to the task. For three years he labored with splendid success. The college increased in patronage and popular favor, and the way was prepared for the magnificent results which have marked the administration of the present incumbent.

In 1882 a longing for the pastorate came over him, and he accepted a call to Louisville, Kentucky. But his heart was in his native State, and after a year he removed to Wilmington, and settled as pastor of the First Church. Thence he went to the First Church, Charlotte. These pastorates are still too recent to be spoken of in detail. We may say, however, that there was a poetic fitness in his return to his birth-place and the friends of his childhood for his last earthly work. He was beginning to realize his wish—that he “might grow gracefully and spend the evening of his days usefully,” when old the Master came and called for him.



## FIRST COMMENCEMENT AT WAKE FOREST.

---

TH: H. BRIGGS, '96.

---

On July the fourth, eighteen hundred and thirty-five, the first celebration was held by Wake Forest Manual Labor Institute, now Wake Forest College. The venture or experiment of Dr. Wait had succeeded for one entire year; and, although there had been misfortunes and disappointments, yet they had been overcome, and the foundations were laid for Wake Forest College as we have it to-day. The facts in the following article were gained mainly from Mrs. P. A. Dunn, who, as a girl of thirteen, attended the exercises: additional information was added by Mr. Richard Bullock Seawell, of the company of players; Maj. John M. Crenshaw, a student at that time, and from Mrs. Brewer, the daughter of President Wait.

At ten o'clock on this July 4th, 1835, the audience, mainly composed of the neighboring country people, assembled in the grove just north of the college campus. After a prayer by President Wait, Hiram K. Person, of Moore county, read the Declaration of Independence. Then Josiah H. Brooks, of Chatham county, delivered an address appropriate to the day, his subject being "Independence." The oration was considered as reflecting great credit upon the young man and upon the institution. At the conclusion of the address, the audience was invited to attend a dinner given by the college. As the largest building then available was used for a dining-hall and could only accommodate one-third of the students at a time, the dinner was served out of doors, under the very oaks now standing in front of the "old dormitory." A vivid impression was left in the mind of one of the young participants, by a hog roasted whole with a red apple thrust between its jaws. The dinner seems to have been quite an elaborate

country affair, for the company did not disperse until late in the afternoon.

In the evening seats had been arranged on the south side of the little streamlet that runs through the same grove in which the morning exercises were held, and a space cleared on the opposite side for the stage. In this way a kind of amphytheatre effect was produced. If the morning exercises had been interesting, those of the evening were doubly so. A play written by John Armstrong, who at that time was a tutor in the institute, was presented by a company of the students.

The place was lighted with torches and, after the entree, by a camp-fire. The crowded seats were hushed, except for the excited whispers of the children, for a wierd effect was produced by the wavering shadows of the tall trees and by the savage camp scene.

The play began as five or six of the company, dressed as Indians in full war-paint, feathers and moccasins, rushed upon the scene roughly dragging a beautiful young girl (the late George Sears Stephenson, of Newbern) by the arms, and threatening with savage cries to scalp her with a tomahawk. Finally, after lighting a camp-fire, the weeping young lady was bound to a tree and dried sticks were piled around, preparatory to burning her alive. To add to her tortures, the Indians did not begin the human bonfire at once, but lay down to sleep, leaving one of their number to keep guard. These savages must have been pretty well civilized, for their countersign or password was, "Watchman, what of the night?" While the warriors slept, their lone sentinel, pacing up and down the space before the camp-fire, resplendent in his war-dress and hideous in his paint and feathers, would approach the tree to which the victim was tied and would menace her with his hunting-knife; but the heroic girl with her face upturned to the heavens, did not seem to heed the wild threats.

But help was coming! The prisoner's faithful lover had followed her captors, and now he saw that his opportunity had

arrived. As the sentinel paced from the girl, her lover (Mr. Richard Bullock Seawell, of Wake county,) would slip from tree to tree, all the while approaching nearer and nearer to his sweetheart. Once a cracking branch almost betrayed him, and the sentinel sprang behind a tree and prepared to awaken his comrades, but after looking all about and seeing no one he resumed his march. When near enough to the captive, the young gallant waited until the Indian approached the furthest limit of his "beat," and then slipping out from his concealment, he cut the ropes that bound his true-love and together they made a wild rush through the woods for freedom. The whole band was aroused by the noise, and began the chase. They filled the woods with their blood-curdling yells and the recapture of the young lady seemed inevitable; but just at that time a drum's beat was heard, and Col. George Washington (Michael Thompson, of Wake county) at the head of his brave Virginia regiment, marched to the rescue. Several of the Indians were captured, and the rest fled through the woods. Of course, the lovers were happily congratulated by Col. Washington, and the epilogue told how they

"Did ever after happy live,  
With all the joys that heaven could give."

Here the play terminated. All was intensely real to the younger portion of the audience; and as the company dispersed, many a parent's hand was pressed with childish timidity, and for weeks afterward—according to one of my informants—every shadow after dusk would suggest an Indian with tomahawk raised for murder, while the hoot of the owls would recall the wild war-whoops of the savages.

In this way the end of the first year at Wake Forest was celebrated. Surely, "*Tempora mutantur.*"

## INSTINCT AGAINST INSTINCT.

---

PROF. W. L. POTEAT.

---

Several years ago, I saw two small gray flies following closely a sandwasp which was dragging a caterpillar to her hole. They were manifestly interested in the proceeding, and I determined to make out their secret if possible. The flies kept within six inches of the wasp and her burden, alighting now and then on a grass blade or pebble as the wasp paused in her progress. When the excavation was reached the wasp dropped the caterpillar and examined to see whether the whole was big enough to receive it. She enlarged it a trifle, and seizing the caterpillar by the head backed down into the whole drawing the caterpillar after her. From previous observations I knew what took place at the bottom of the excavation. The wasp laid an egg on the caterpillar, which was not dead, but only paralyzed by her sting. The little flies had, in the meantime, shown increased intensity of interest which betrayed itself in certain restless movements close to the mouth of the excavation. When the wasp emerged, they cautiously withdrew a little space for an instant, but the very moment she was away on the hunt for a pebble to plug up the nest against marauders, they sprang nervously forward, wheeled, and dropped each an egg into the hole, then flew away. It was the work of a second or two. The mother wasp returned at once with the right pebble, closed the entrance of the nest with it, and turned and scratched sand backward like a dog until the space above the pebble was filled up to the level of the ground. When she was done, one who had not seen it could not tell where the nest was.

It is to be hoped that the unselfish mother had not observed the presence of the designing flies, for in that case her remaining days, though they were probably few, were doubtless



clouded by the reflection that her little one, for whose nourishment she had so generously provided, was pining or actually dead for lack of food devoured by the larvæ of those horrid flies.

About the middle of June my attention was attracted by a sand-wasp on one of the campus walks. I soon found her excavation. It was not yet finished. She disappeared within it, but I could plainly hear her work song, *ya, ya, ya*, as she dug up the earth with her mandibles. On coming up with an armful, she flew off gracefully a foot or two, dropping her load while still on the wing. This work was continued for minutes. While it was progressing I saw a little gray fly resting inconspicuously on the sand fifteen inches away. I thought instantly of the observation detailed above. The fly was very quiet and its head was toward the excavation on the east side. After a while it flew to the north side, and alighted on a low sprig of grass about the same distance away, taking care to make this change after the wasp had disappeared below ground. In this new position the fly, with its head still directed towards the excavation, was observed several times to crouch this way or that, as the wasp passed near it above on her trips to cast away her load of earth. I was sure the fly had similar designs upon the wasp, and again I determined to watch and see what would come to pass.

At last the wasp stopped her digging. It is probable that she had reached the requisite depth, some six or eight inches. But before leaving to find her caterpillar, she took the precaution to close up the mouth of the burrow. It was very funny to see her try this pebble and that with her mandibles, as if measuring it, and then pass hurriedly to a third. Once, after repeated efforts, accompanied by her industrious *ya, ya*, she pulled up a bit of chip, whose edges were covered with sand. It proved to be a full half-inch square, and of course, was rejected. She finally found a pebble that met all her demands, and she started with it to the excavation. It was so

heavy that, in spite of the long leverage of her slender-stalked abdomen, she came near executing two or three times a funny little somersault on the sand. The pebble fitted exactly. Placing it in the mouth of the excavation, she rammed it down a quarter of an inch with her head, each movement being emphasized by a note of her song. A thin layer of sand was scratched backward on to the pebble, effectually closing any chinks between the irregularities in the contour of the pebble and the curve of the wall. As she flew away, I am not sure that she did not fling defiance at that little gray bit of cool cunning on the sprig of grass: "Now lay your ugly egg in my nest while I'm gone, if you can!"

In the first case, the two flies found the sand-wasp on the way to her completed burrow with her caterpillar, and they only needed to follow to get the opportunity to deposit their eggs. In the second case, the fly, which I think was of the same species as the others, came upon the wasp in the act of making her burrow, and had only to wait for its chance in the immediate neighborhood. The special point of interest in this latter case is the provision against the parasitic habit of the fly made by the wasp, namely, the closing of the nest upon its completion and before the introduction of the food supply for the young. The second wasp was of a different species from the first.

August 3, 1896.

## A SOUTHERN SLAVE.

---

R. C. LAWRENCE.

---

A few days ago there gathered in Richmond a body of battle-scarred veterans—the remnant of the once proud army of the South. Thirty years have elapsed since that memorable day in '65, when Lee surrendered at Appomattox, and the sun of the Confederacy sank. With it went the days of Southern chivalry, and there came into existence a "New South," far unlike the old. Yet in all this Southland to-day, there exists men who, while loyal to the Union, still cherish the days of wartime, and who reverence the men who fought, starved and bled in defense of the Confederate cause. Such were the men who but recently returned to the capital of the Confederacy to do honor to the memory of their beloved President.

The years are going by, and one by one the old veterans are passing away. Soon the fading light will be enveloped by darkness, and all will be gone. Perhaps some have marched for the last time to the inspiring strains of "Dixie." Yet in those last moments their thoughts will be of Lee and Jackson, and of the days of their young manhood when they battled for a cause they thought noble and just.

The home of Col. Vaughn, in Henrico county, Virginia, was an ideal Southern plantation. The house was situated on a high bluff, beneath which ran the deep and stately Rapahannoch. Col. Vaughn was a rich planter—a typical Virginia gentleman—and hospitality was dispensed at his mansion in true Southern style.

Low mutterings of war had from time to time come to the little village. The political horizon was enshrouded in clouds and everyone was expecting a summons which would call them

to the fray. Finally, one bright morning, news came to the plantation that war had begun, and that Fort Sumter had been taken. Then Col. Vaughn buckled on his sword, raised a regiment of cavalry and departed to join Beauregard.

The war moved on and soon Virginia became the main battle-field of the opposing armies. Then the battle of Chancellorsville was fought, and the body of Col. Vaughn was brought to the home of his father for burial. Sad days followed for his widow. One by one the negroes stole off in the depth of night or were carried off by marauding bands of Federal cavalry, until only one, a faithful old darkey, and his wife alone remained. With these and her two small boys, the widow hoped to sustain herself during the long and bitter struggle.

Uncle Mose was a typical Southern darkey, He had unbounded confidence in "Ole Marster and Missus," and cherished a fatherly affection for their two little boys. One morning in the spring, Uncle Mose was missing. Down in the quarters old Aunt Jane was slowly rocking to and fro and sadly bemoaning what she termed Uncle Mose's "raskility."

"He's gone, Missus, clean gone," she said; "doan know what de matter. He tole me las night dat he thought he'd step over ter the Major's and see how dey's comin' erlong."

"Well, Jane, I thought better of Uncle Mose; but he is gone and we shall have to do the best we can. We will have to do somehow." And with true Southern spirit, Mrs. Vaughn put on her sun-bonnet, and that very day went to planting peas, on which they must subsist when the fall and dreaded winter came on. The next day Uncle Mose returned. He brought with him a side of meat and a small sack of meal.

Mrs. Vaughn was so delighted to see the old negro that she uttered no reproach, and only said, "Where have you been, Uncle Mose?"

"Well, Missus, I'se jes been er lookin' eroun', jes ter see how things wuz comin' erlong."



"Where did you get that meat and meal, Uncle Mose?"

"Gineral Jackson's er comin dis way, and Massa Gawdon said ole Gineral Hooker he don comin' dis way, too. I'se mighty fraid we aint gwinter git er chance ter eat dem peas you all planted yistidy. Dem soldiers will be er comin' erlong and take it all, an' the muel too."

"Uncle Mose, where *did* you get that meat," said Mrs. Vaughn.

"Down de road."

"Did you pay for it?"

"Yer go long, Honey," was the somewhat evasive reply with which Mrs. Vaughn had to be contented, for no amount of conjuring or threats could make the old darkey tell where he had procured the much-needed provisions. Yet Mrs. Vaughn knew full well that the faithful old slave had stolen it; but her heart was too full for reproaches, and as the provisions were for her suffering children, she felt no pangs of conscience on that point.

Uncle Mose's predictions were verified only too soon. The next night Mrs. Vaughn fancied she heard the distant booming of the cannon, and knew that the worst was yet to come. The rising sun next morning shone against a long column of infantry which wound down the road to her house. These men wore a blue uniform, and at their head rode General Hooker, whose name was synonymous throughout the South for cruelty and deceit. Her fears were in no wise abated when the camp was pitched in the midst of her only field of cherished corn, and the guns were unlimbered and a cannonade commenced with Jackson's troops across the river.

Mrs. Vaughn was standing in her porch, her eyes filled with tears as she beheld her corn being cut for forage, when Uncle Mose came up. He was filled with righteous indignation when he saw the ruin and devastation the Federal troops had caused.

"Lors-a-massy, dem soldiers! Deys ruined all our crop. I doan' know what we's gwineter do."

"We have *got* to do something," sobbed Mrs. Vaughn.

"Dat's all right, Honey, dat's all right. I'll pay 'em back. See if I doan't, dat po' white trash." And Uncle Mose shook his fist wrathfully at the laughing Federal soldiers.

That night, had the sentinel on guard been watching, instead of dozing, he might have seen a dark form creep by and wind itself in the direction of the wagons which contained the ammunition. But the sentinel was worn and tired. He had no thoughts of treachery.

Uncle Mose had been thoughtful and prayerful all the evening, and when night came he announced to Aunt Jane that he thought he would look around and see what he could find. He was careful to take some matches with him. He also took a sack, which he said was for some meal which he expected to get.

He proceeded quickly, yet cautiously, crawling along until finally he stood beside the wagons which contained the powder so necessary to the Federal army. But Uncle Mose had no thought of that. He did not intend to deprive the enemy of their sole means of war. His one aim was to "pay back" the Federals for the theft of their only mule, and to procure the food for his beloved Missus and "his chilluns."

He now went to work quietly. He filled the sack with powder, and then crawled off toward the river, leaving a train of powder behind.

"Halt! who goes there?" A cracking bush had betrayed him, and the questioning voice of the sentinel rang out.

"Dis here nigger dun gone now," thought Uncle Mose.

"It's only me, Massa," said he, "I wants ter see the gineral."

"What in the devil do you want with the general?" said sentinel.

"I jes' wanted ter tell him that Gineral Jackson said tell

him he wuz gwineter leave in de mawnin'. I hearn him say so myself."

"Clear out from 'here, you lying rogue; you don't know what you are talking about, you fool!"

"All right, Massa, but I dun tole you, now. 'Tain't no fault o' mine ef yer doan' lick de stuffin' out'n dat Jackson."

"You go!" Uncle Mose looked over the muzzle of a Winchester—and he went.

"Dat wuz er close 'scape fur dis nigger. Nigger, you had better be mo' keerful."

Thus admonishing himself, Uncle Mose soon recovered from his fright, and was slowly making a detour around the camp and back to the wagon train. Presently he had laid a train of powder half a mile long. Then he took a match, struck it under his hat, and as the powder flashed into a thin streak of fire, Uncle Mose was proceeding rapidly toward the commissary stores.

The loud explosion awoke the camp, and the frightened soldiery ran out, half dressed, to find their amunition gone and their wagons a smouldering heap of ruins.

Uncle Mose's stratagem had worked. Soon he appeared, grinning, at the doorway of his cabin, laden with the spoils of victory.

"What is the matter, Uncle Mose; are they fighting?" said Mrs. Vaughn.

"I dun'no'. I b'lieve de ameenition's 'sploded. Least-wise one ob Col. Gawdon's boys, he said so. I axed one of dem Yankees if ole Gen. Hooker hadn't whupped Ginerall Jackson, and he luffed and gib me dis heah flour, and tole me I had better stay an' cook fer de regimint. But I 'splained dat I wuz de head ob de fami'bly, now the Kurnel wuz erway, and he tole me ter gib you dis hyar side ob meat wid his compliments."

Mrs. Vaughn had to smile at this highly improbable story, and proceeded to caution Uncle Mose—telling him he must be more careful, or they would all get into serious trouble.

Long and weary days followed for them all. Day after day they lived in constant dread. Jackson's artillery was shelling across the river, and Hooker was preparing for a final struggle. Her provisions were all taken by the Federals, and her house converted into a hospital. Finally affairs began to be desperate. Food had entirely given out. So she sent for Uncle Mose, and told him that food must be obtained, or they must starve.

"Dat's all right, Missus. If you'll let me hab de boat I'll go ter Col. Gawdon's and git Sam, and we'll go down de river ter Leesville and see 'bout it."

Mrs. Vaughn gave him a note to her brother who resided in Leesville, and then cautioned Uncle Mose about the danger of being run down by a tug-boat.

"Good-bye, Honey; Sam, he's dun come, and dey will be afeard ter git a'ter bof of us. I's gwineter carry my ole musket and de dawg."

The night was an ideal one for such an enterprise. Low masses of clouds went scudding across the sky, the distant mutter of thunder mingled with the occasional booming of cannon and drowned the cries of the sentinels. All signs betokened a storm, and Uncle Mose seemed to think all would be well.

The two men reached the landing and untied the boat. It was a heavy affair, and by remaining in the water was so waterlogged as to be very heavy. Still Uncle Mose thought he and Sam could manage, so they muffled the oars, pushed off from the bank and dropped down the river.

"Now Sam," whispered Uncle Mose, "de Missus says we must be very keerful. Now, nigger, you jes keep yo' mouf shet, and er still tongue in yo' head, and dis hyar nigger will be 'sponsible."

Aided by the tide, they soon reached Leesville, and Uncle Mose was soon narrating their troubles to a crowd of sympathetic listeners. They found Mrs. Vaughn's brother had gone to the war, but the crowd soon made them up quite a respect-



able load, and with additional precautions, they set off on their return trip. This was a more difficult matter. The cargo was heavy and the tide was against them, so at best they could only proceed but slowly, and if overhauled by the dreaded tug-boats which patrolled the river at night, they could not hope to escape detection.

All had gone well, until they were within half a mile of the landing, when Sam reached over and touched Uncle Mose.

"What's de matter, nigger," said Uncle Mose.

"Mose, I 'clares I 'blieves I hears dat a'r tug-boat."

They both then listened intently, and sure enough the deep-throated whistle was heard close at hand, and only an intervening bluff prevented their detection.

"You pull, nigger; dat tug gwineter ketch us, sho'. Pull in sho'."

Sam obeyed, and the boat slowly swung around and headed for the shore, now some hundred yards away. At that moment the glare of the powerful reflector shone around the bend, and soon the fugitives were in full view of the Federal crew on the boat, and a ringing "halt!" came across the water.

"Uncle Mose sprang to his feet and seized the long paddle with a firmer grasp. "Pull, nigger!" he shouted to the affrightened Sam.

"Bang!" The four-pounder had done its work, and a hole was in the boat's side.

"Pull, Sam. We's mos' dar. We's gwineter save dis hyar."

The report of a rifle rang out, and Uncle Mose pitched forward into the arms of Sam.

"'Fore God, Mose, dun believe you'se hit."

"Oh Lordy! You pull, Sam; dat a'r flour am gwine ter git wet in spite er faith."

And Sam, in the presence of death, pulled with a will and quickly brought the batteau to the bank, and then seizing Uncle Mose in his powerful arms, he ran towards the house.

"Missus! Missus! Mose, he dun come back; but dem a'r Yankees done killed him."

It was so. When Mrs. Vaughn, distracted with grief, reached his cabin, the faithful old slave was dead.

He was buried beside the stream he loved so well, and to-day passengers upon the river may see an imposing monument, erected by his "Missus," which bears alone these words:

"Faithful unto death."

---

### THE WORLD AND THE COLLEGE.

---

The very common word "world" has different meanings to different people. To the man of puritanical turn of mind, it is almost an unmixed evil, a fearful sin-laden influence that envelops and permeates the whole structure of society, the general term which names as its corresponding particulars, the card-table, horse racing, and the wine-cup. To the country boy, or to any boy, for that matter, impatient and chafing under the bonds of what he considers his hard and dull circumstances, the world means liberty, pleasure, excitement.

But it is to the college student that "the world" has the most significant and sharply defined meaning. It is the arena upon which he is to do battle with all the courage and endurance that four years of training are supposed to have given him; it is the rock out of which he is to carve himself a name and a reputation; it is the sphere of action in which he is to put into active operation those principles and maxims which he has learned, from books and teachers, to be just and right. For nowhere is the world so much talked about, so much dreamed about, and so much theorized about as in college.

Now if the writing of this article required an exhaustive knowledge of the world and its ways, or if the utterances herein given were the last words that this writer would be allowed to say, a different subject would certainly have been chosen. Let it be understood, therefore, that there is every

reason to believe that many of the views expressed in the following pages are very imperfectly conceived, and that they are subject to change on the shortest notice. Perhaps it would be well to make the aim at once a very modest one, namely, to describe the impressions made upon the mind of a college graduate, by a brief period of contact with the business world,

As was stated in the foregoing, the college student hears and reads and thinks a great deal about the world before he actually launches out upon it. Naturally, he has an ambitious eagerness to plunge into the tide of life's activities, but it must be confessed that his eagerness is tinged with a shade of doubt and fear. For it is all a mistake to think that the boy in college looks upon his experiences there as the roughest he will ever be called upon to endure. Such may have been the case years ago. In these days the opportunities for pleasure and the facilities for study are too numerous for the student to look upon his lot as a hard one.

Just preparing to start out for himself, he has a kind of premonition that the world is not going to receive him with open arms. If he happens to be a person of uncommon good sense, those premonitions will be quite pronounced, and to the effect that he is going to have to fight for standing room.

Forewarned in this case is, unhappily, not forearmed, and just as we are most joyful and confident when danger is most imminent, so our young Don Quixote starts forth on his career with a smiling countenance and hopes mounting high, all unaware of the pitfalls which are before him, and all unprepared for the foes which lurk in his pathway. It is the hardest thing in the world to estimate correctly, at a distance, the strength of the influences with which we shall have to contend, or to calculate the difficulties which are going to cluster around a certain line of action that we may have marked out for ourselves. Distance does not disguise the magnitude of the undertaking, neither does it reveal the brain-muddling complications. A closer view begets misgivings in

our minds as to our ability to do what we have planned to do. But we would not confess those misgivings—not for the world. We are too brave for that. Soon we are face to face with the undertaking, whatever it may be. Finding causes where only effects had been looked for, and faltering at trifles when we had thought to be discouraged by nothing, the chances are that we will give up in despair without striking a blow.

The atmosphere of dignity and grandeur which surrounds the world in the addresses of alumni orators and other worthy speakers who come from a distance to entertain college audiences, does not at all belong to the world of fact. I assure you that the poorly paid and clothed pastor of a country church entertains no fancy notions and indulges in no high-flown language about the world, except for purposes already indicated, to-wit, to arouse the youth of his acquaintance to noble and heroic deeds. And the overworked school-teacher is not slow in finding out that the notion of elevating the world a perceptible amount each day by teaching its refractory young people is, at best, something of an optimistic exaggeration.

Another idea that has to be gotten rid of, is that the world is a unit, an organic whole. Such one is led to believe it from hearing it used so often to denote the influences which are to be encountered and the relations which are to be sustained. But the world is not a huge, solid object to be moved at will, even ever so slowly. If we could see it move the least bit under the pressure of our strength, there might be a grain of satisfaction. But that satisfaction is denied the average person, and he may as well not look for it. It is details, details that go to make up the world, and one must learn to master them, bitter though the lesson be. The college man has already made a start if he has gotten his Greek and Latin paradigms, and other such things, reasonably well. But it is only a start, and if he would win the highest success, he must cultivate a veritable passion for details—a morbid, feverish ambition to overcome them.



From another point of view, and, perhaps, a more satisfying one, the world is, according to Emerson, "a few men and women." And the college man, or any other, is doing fairly well when he discharges faithfully his duty to those "few men and women" who constitute his world. He would have been saved a great deal of trouble if this plain and practical definition had been given to him years ago.

There is a certain kind of literature, appearing mainly in the form of magazine articles and manuals for students, that is a doubtful blessing, for the reason that it inculcates sentimental and impractical notions about life, and people, and the world. As a key to this literature, I quote some expressions from an eminent divine: "It is only interest in life, its seething interests, the method of its true advance, that can revive the slumbering loyalties of religious fervor, and build the platforms of living, spiritual fellowship. \* \* \* Christianity lives, as democracy lives, as civilization rises—by achieving the impossible, by transcending the maxims and methods of the past, in the creation of better conditions in response to the prophecy of new aspirations!" Now, where is a man that has any abiding concern in life's "seething interests," as such? And how would it affect a person to have such a concern? Again, who can estimate the harm done by the inculcation of the idea that the impossible can be achieved? It is bad enough, one would think, using another such expression, for the "soul of the youth to be aflame with the *possibilities* of life," but it is ten times meaner to put him up to thinking that he is only half a man if he contents himself with the possible and does not attempt to accomplish things that are impossible.

It is worthy of note that the makers of the kind of literature referred to above are, in most cases, those who are least fitted to arrive at common-sense judgments on the matters upon which they set themselves up as authority. Why, the man who will quickest tell you how to deal with people, is

the one who has lived all his life in his library. True, he may have devoted his life to the subject, but an eminent, and at the same time practical, writer replies: "Then you have taken the best way to prevent your making anything of it. Instead of reading studiously what Burgersdicius and Aenoesidemus said men were, you should have gone out yourself and seen (if you can see) what they are."

I have already said that the boy in college is far from bewailing his lot. Certainly no one has so little reason to complain. His surroundings are the most favorable. His professors labor unceasingly, and sometimes unavailingly, for his intellectual gain. His companions assure him that he is going to set the world on fire. When he comes to graduation, a preacher is ordered from a large city to interpret the Scriptures in a way suitable to the occasion; an orator is called in to paint the opportunities and possibilities awaiting the young graduate; congratulations, bouquets, fond glances, and encouraging words are showered upon him until it is the greatest wonder that his head is not completely turned. There would be still greater reason for surprise if he were not to suffer some considerable depression of spirits when he exchanges the fostering atmosphere of college life for the seemingly unfriendly one of "the world," and sees so many of his cherished theories exploded.

---

#### NOTES ON MEMORY.

JOHN A. SIMPSON.

---

The purpose of the following paragraphs is merely to offer a few hints on the very familiar subject indicated by the title, in the hope that a reader here and there may find them helpful. The device most fully described may seem too arbitrary to be of much value; still, as it is intended mainly to help in recalling dates, statistics, and the like, in which the logical connection is usually very slight, it will be found to answer the purpose fairly well, and to be worth learning.

No artificial method of memory-culture can ever be worth considering as a substitute for the natural, logical method now aimed at by all enlightened teachers—the method, that is, which requires that the matter to be committed to memory shall be connected logically and by manifold ties with matter already well known, the grouping (association) in each case being made as interesting as possible, so that it may more strongly attract the attention and thus be pictured more vividly and more frequently by the imagination.

Recent psychology, studying its subject anew in the light of cerebral physiology, has made it clear that there is no such thing as a special organ of memory. Every part of the brain originally concerned in the production of a given thought or sensation, is also concerned in the reproduction, or recollection, of that thought or sensation. This explains the familiar fact that in the individual student the power of memory varies with the object upon which it is exercised. One man easily retains mathematical formulas or historical events, but finds it difficult to keep firm hold of language or metaphysics; another is a good linguist but a poor mathematician, his memory keeping the subject easily in hand in the one case, and as easily letting it slip in the other. But all this is matter of every-day experience.

Now, the mind is one and the same, whatever the work in which it may be engaged. How, then, can we account for the difference just referred to? Obviously, by differences in the material and structure of the brain. Whatever the precise cerebral activity may be—whether the modifications of brain matter which probably accompany every mental act in any way resemble paths or channels formed by the passing of nerve currents and tending afterward to determine the direction of similar currents, or whether they do their work in some totally different way—we know that physical changes of some sort do accompany most, if not all, operations of the mind, and that they go far to explain the great law of association by which the phenomena of memory are governed.

This law, considered as a purely physical relation, may be stated briefly as follows: Whenever two brain tracts have been excited together, or in immediate succession, they will continue ever after to act together, so that the excitement of either of them will always be communicated to the other. Illustrations of this will occur to every reader. If, now, we think of the molecular adjustments resulting from the passage of nerve currents through the brain as so many channels along which, when once formed, the currents flow more and more readily the more frequently they are used, we may picture the whole cortex as traversed in every direction by a network of such channels, and then may thus easily explain to ourselves the sometimes puzzling phenomena of association.

A complete act of memory is two-fold, including both the retention of the remembered fact and its recall to consciousness.

"Now, the cause both of retention and of recollection," says Professor James of Harvard, "is the law of habit in the nervous system, working as it does in the association of ideas."

Efficiency of memory, then, depends upon two things: First, upon the persistence, or permanence, of the channels mentioned above; and secondly, upon their number and the manner of their connection. Persistence depends mainly upon the native quality of the brain material, and is given once for all with the organization. This quality is not, as is commonly supposed, improved by exercise. It varies, however, with the general condition of the body, being often seriously impaired by illness. Fatigue or loss of sleep will temporarily impair the memory.

The best that can be done for a brain naturally deficient in this quality, is to keep it at its highest efficiency by careful attention to the health, by general intellectual exercise, and by wise choice of the time for study. For the rest, one must rely upon frequent repetition, strength of impression, judicious association, etc. But these things have to do with recollection rather than retention.



Dr. M. C. Holbrook, among other instances of the effect of fatigue upon memory, tells of an English gentleman who, when visiting certain mines in Germany, was at first able to converse freely in German with the superintendent; but, after becoming fatigued by going up and down ladders, etc., was unable to continue the conversation in that language, having apparently forgotten it. After resting awhile, however, he was again able to speak German as fluently as ever.

Thoughtful teachers have been known to advise some of their pupils to drop all study for several days before an important examination, for the reason that "cramming" and the loss of sleep that usually goes with it, fatigue the brain and hinder the vigorous working of the memory.

Promptness and accuracy of recollection are secured by right association of the facts to be remembered, and by multiplying the points of contact between the new and the old. Thus it is much easier to recall the date of the Thirty-Years War, for example, if one has been accustomed to think of that even as part of the great religious struggle of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and in connection with the careers of Gustavus Adolphus, Wallenstein, Richelieu, Mazarin, etc., than if one has learned the date from a chronological table, no matter how industriously the figures may have been conned.

It is the systematic, logical arrangement and the knitting together of principle and formula that make it possible for the memory to grasp the numberless details of scientific study. One could hardly remember even the rules of arithmetic without comprehending the principles involved, but with such comprehension the practical application in each particular case is easily retained.

Reconstructing for one's self out of the algebraic expression for the cube of  $x + y$  the rule for extracting the cube root of numbers, is not the same thing as directly remembering that rule; but one does not need to reconstruct the rule often before the memory takes firm hold of the entire process. In the

same way the equation of analytical geometry and the calculus are easily retained after one has constructed them a time or two for one's self.

The writer does not believe that our conception of the relation of cause and effect is simply that of immediate succession in time, a mere habitual association; but the association which does exist, is one of which the memory readily makes use. In general, we remember best what we understand best. But nothing is understood that stands alone.

Next in value to logical association as an aid to memory, stands the vivid picturing of objects by the imagination. What is seen is more easily remembered, as a rule, than what is only heard of; but the imagination is capable of making pictures little less distinct than those of actual sight.

Perhaps the best way to fix in memory the dates at which the great men of history flourished is to group them around a few central characters or events whose dates are already known. Providence or nature seems to have done much of this grouping ready to one's hand. As a further help in recalling such dates, the "figure alphabet" given below, may be of interest. It forms part of a system of mnemonics lately taught throughout the country under a pledge of secrecy, though probably with important additions. It is as follows:

The figure 1 = d-t or th.

" " 2 = n.

" " 3 = m.

" " 4 = r.

" " 5 = l.

" " 6 = j, g soft, sh, ch, or any j sound.

" " 7 = k, g hard, c hard, q or ng.

" " 8 = f or v.

" " 9 = p or b.

" " 0 = s, z, or c soft.

The letters w, h, y, and the vowels, have no numerical value. Double consonants count as one.

It is used in this way: Letters corresponding to the figures to be remembered are formed, by the addition of vowels, into one or more words, which are then associated with the person or event whose date is to be retained. Thus the birth years of Socrates (469 B. C.), Plato (429 B. C.), and Aristotle (384 B. C.), are contained respectively in the words

|          |          |            |
|----------|----------|------------|
| Worship, | Rainbow, | and Mover. |
| 4 6 9    | 4 29     | 3 8 4      |

The word Rover appropriately designates the birth-year of Herodotus, namely, 484 B. C. The date of the capture of Constantinople, 1453, is contained in the phrase "wide realm," or "they o'erwhelmed." The date of Palestrina, the great reformer of church music, is contained in the phrase "Ideal new works," which gives the figures 1, 5, 2, 4, 7, 0, meaning that Palestrina was born in 1524, and lived seventy years.

It would be better, of course, for those who are able to associate Palestrina's work with the meeting of the "Council of Trent." A little ingenuity will enable any one to make similar use of the "figure alphabet." It serves other purposes also, but is most useful for the purpose just indicated.

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

---

## STAFF OF EDITORS.

W. L. POTEAT.....ALUMNI EDITOR *pro tem.*

EU. SOCIETY.

PHI. SOCIETY.

THOMAS H. BRIGGS .....EDITOR.

J. H. GORE, Jr.....EDITOR.

M. B. DRY .....ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

W. P. EXUM, Jr.....ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

CAREY P. ROGERS.....BUSINESS MANAGER.

---

## EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

---

TH. H. BRIGGS, Editor.

---

THE opinions expressed in this Portfolio, for the past year, have been my own, and I alone am responsible for what I have written. For the most part, however, I have tried to follow the most conservative element in my views, though in some points a radical departure seemed best. I have always had the interest of the magazine at heart, and it is with great reluctance and a feeling of sadness that I resign my position to my friends, the new editors.

---

IT is with much regret that Wake Forest gives up Professor Robert W. Haywood to the sphere of journalism. Endeared alike to faculty and to students, he will be much missed when the session opens. His faithful work in the class-room, his gentlemanly bearing at all times, his kindly and sympathetic advice, and his unexcelled work on this magazine as Alumni Editor, will never be forgotten; and all of his friends will watch his progressive career in the journalistic world with untiring interest. Journalism has been Mr. Haywood's love and ambition for years, and all his work has been toward that end. A hard student of economic affairs, a keen critic, and a forceful writer, with a mind that is anything but narrow, Mr. Haywood will be a valuable acquisition to the staff of any paper.



MR. GEORGE WASHINGTON PASCHAL, the new Instructor of Ancient Languages, was a hard student while at Wake Forest, and has made an enviable reputation at the University of Chicago, where he has been studying for the past four years. The STUDENT, on behalf of the college men, extend to Mr. Paschal a hearty welcome back to his mother college.

---

FOR SOME TIME past the conviction has been growing upon me that the new board of editors should take charge of the STUDENT with the June issue. It may seem in bad taste for me to advocate such an idea after this board has finished the whole year's work, but I must confess that the summer's experience has been a convincing lesson. It is hard for one to take the same interest in collegiate affairs as a graduate that he did when directly connected with the institution, though I am far from saying that the love for the college grows any less. It seems, also, that men are not so willing to aid the old board in their last issue as they are to accommodate the new one, and so the summer numbers could be improved to a marked degree. The change could be made very easily by electing the editors for 97-8 to take charge of the work with the June issue. There are many arguments why the change should be made, but they are too self-evident to be stated here.

---

A GREAT WORK is being done at the Summer Law School, tho' in a quiet way. The whole class seems thoroughly in earnest, and are studying to learn law and not merely to pass examinations. It will not be many years before the influence of these summer classes will be felt not only at Wake Forest but all over the State. The instruction is pleasant, the town quiet and congenial, and the library convenient; each item of importance enough to be a material factor in the choice of a summer school, to say nothing of the Lawyer's Club and the moot court.

THE EDITORS of the STUDENT are not inordinately vain, (that is, the senior editors are not) and so do not claim that the new infirmary will be built because of any article in this magazine; but they are all glad that the Trustees were good enough to appropriate money to such an excellent end. It seems a pity, however, that on account of some disagreement as to plans and location, the building is delayed so long. It was the sense of the Trustees that the infirmary should be commenced at once, and completed before the opening of the session, and no petty disagreement should defeat their wish.

---

THE CLASS IN PHYSICS, for the next year, will have an inestimable advantage over the classes of previous years. During the summer the lecture-room has been fitted with dark shutters, and a lot of new apparatus has been supplied at a cost of some thousand dollars. "Light" and "Electricity," though interesting before, will be as new subjects; and the whole course can be taken to a much better advantage. Prof. Lanneau has worked faithfully to secure the appropriation and to properly place the apparatus. He is thoroughly in love with the subject, and his course for '96-97 will be one of the most interesting in college.

---

I WAS VERY much shocked by a certain editorial in the University of Virginia magazine of a recent issue. We, here at Wake Forest, do not have men in our Faculty of the type described by our friend in Virginia; and I am inclined to think that he was a bit out of humor on the day that he wrote that article. I judge, too, that they have no "Alumni Editor" to overlook such articles and to run a red pencil thro' objectionable lines, *pro bono publico*, as it were; which, being liberally translated, means "for the protection of the Faculty."

---

THE GREATEST defect of the STUDENT for the past year was its lack of verse. *Poetae nascuntur non fiunt* is as true

now as in the olden days; and with a few exceptions those that were born seem to have given Wake Forest a wide berth for a good many years past. I believe, however, that in no college in the south will we find a greater passion for poetry than in Wake Forest. To study under Prof. Sledd and not learn to appreciate and to learn to love poetry is an impossibility. We have many such as Wordsworth describes in the "Wanderer :

" Oh, many are the poets that are sown  
By nature ; men endowed with highest gifts,  
The vision and the faculty divine ;  
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse,  
\* \* \* \* \*

But though they are in college the magazine gets little credit for their culture.

---

At a post-commencement meeting of the Faculty, a resolution was passed requiring each member of the D. V. L. Club to sever his connection with the organization before he should be allowed to matriculate in September. This step was taken on the grounds that the Club was in violation of the regulation of the Trustees of Wake Forest College against secret societies.

The D. V. L. Club was organized in February, 1895, for the purpose of promoting and furthering the social life at Wake Forest, and the Club did not come before it was needed to clear away some of the social stagnation that had so long existed. Permission was asked of the Faculty to organize such a society, with its membership confined to the Junior and Senior classes, and as an answer, the promoters were referred to the regulation of the Trustees. Then, after stating their purposes to several members of the Faculty, the Club was organized, with the distinct understanding that nothing should be kept secret from the Faculty, individually or collectively. At each anniversary, commencement, and other

social occasion since then, the Club has been very much in evidence, and has worked faithfully to perform the functions for which it was organized. It is true that the Club did not publish all of its business to the eager crowd that were ever hungry for some flaw in its workings upon which to base an attack; but at no time was there anything to be hid from the Faculty, should they have asked for the information.

No one denies the power and right of the Faculty to abolish any club or organization, if they thought that it was hurting rather than helping the College, but to abolish this Club by a resolution that, from the point of view of its members, does not apply to its workings seemed to them decidedly summary, especially as none of them were called upon for information. At the mass-meeting held on Wednesday morning of commencement several members of the Club voted for the resolution calling upon the Faculty to enforce the ruling of the Trustees against secret societies, though many thought that our regents had wisdom enough to attend to their own affairs and to carry on their business without advice.

In closing, I would say that this article is written with all respect for the Faculty, all of whom I honor and reverence, many of them I love very dearly. I cannot but believe, however, that their action was tinged with a little hastiness, and was based upon malicious reports that will prove untrue upon further investigation.

THIS IS THE last issue of the STUDENT that the present board of editors will produce. Our day is over. Our work is done, and we can do little but pass over our pencils to the incoming youngsters, without the usual words of advice. They are useless, for by experience I know that they are never listened to. A young board always fancies that it will make radical changes and improvements; but, it matters not how laudable their ambitions may be, there is little hastening of the steady melioration that has been going on for so many years. We feel certain, that though the magazine for the past year has been better than ever before, yet we expect the following year will mark a still further improvement. We shall work hand in hand with the new board to secure that end, and shall not do, as many of the former editors have done, neglect to contribute or even subscribe to the magazine.

The fifteenth volume will be larger by some hundred pages



than any previous one. There have been more articles submitted to the managing editor than ever before, showing an increase of interest, and there has been a very marked growth in the number of advertisements. There may have been some failures—and no one is more aware of that than the editors—but altogether it has been a prosperous year, and I thank every one for their kind interest, work, words of encouragement, and good will.

---

“And when Thyself with shining Foot shall pass  
Among the Guests Star-scattered on the Grass,  
And in thy joyous Errand reach the Spot  
Where I made one—turn down an empty Glass.”

---

## BOOK REVIEWS.

JOHN HOMER GORE, Editor.

---

The time has come when we must close forever the golden gates of college life. The editor of this department did not hope for any great attainments in this field, knowing that youth and ignorance were against him. He took it with fear and trembling. It has been our endeavor to follow as closely as possible the definition of criticism given by Matthew Arnold: “*A disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world.*” Our endeavor is crowned as a colossal failure. We have tried to commit ourselves not to the old but to the lasting; not to form, but to excellence. We can see that inevitable changes are taking place in our literature, but we do not try to evade them. From over the Atlantic there comes a chaos of books, some are excellent, but the greater part is trash. Some of our literary “toad-stools” are still making impositions on the public—*The Mind of the Master*, for instance. It is sad to note that some excellent books have never had any sale. *Helen of Troy*, Andrew Lang’s beautiful poem, worth all the books published since 1890, has had no sale, and its author has to dig for meat and bread.

The idol of New England has passed away. Mrs. Stowe is dead. She died honored and famous, but not guiltless of her country’s blood. As filthy and nasty as was her effort to blacken Byron’s character, it did not lessen her in the esteem of her New England worshippers. What a contrast between her and her brother. He the standard-bearer of truth, she the color-bearer of misrepresentation!

We owe much to our advisers, and wish here to show our gratitude. Prof. Sledd has more than once pulled us out of the mire; to him we are especially grateful. Adieu!

JOHN GORE.

*Tales and Traditions of the Lower Cape Fear.* By James Sprunt. Capt. John W. Harper, Wilmington, N. C. 25 cents.

How dear to us are the tales and traditions of our own native soil! This little book is admirably well gotten up, and to the student of Carolina history and literature, it is invaluable. The book is too hastily prepared; but

leaving all this aside, its worth is incalculable. Much do we owe to Mr. Sprunt for his efforts. It is a pleasure to know that there are those among us who care to preserve the annals of the past.

Sedgeley Abbey, St. Philip's, Brunswick, and many other ruins are treated in a terse style. Capt. Maffitt's experience is probably the best thing in the book. The description of Fisher is fine. The college story writer will find much "food" in this little book. Where the scenes are laid, the very woodland teems with legends, some wild and weird, others pathetic and lifelike.

*A History of Greece. For Colleges and High Schools. By Philip Van Ness Myers, L. H. D., Professor of History and Political Economy in the University of Cincinnati. Ginn & Company.*

Prof. Myers has brought the young student of Greek history, as also the more mature reader, under obligations to him by the preparation of this book, in which prominence is given to the permanent elements only of Greek history, such details as confuse the mind and obscure the narrative being wisely excluded.

The significance of recent archæological discoveries on Greek soil, for certain phases of Greek history is clearly indicated, and the development of the Athenian Constitution is traced in the new light afforded by the lately found Aristotelian treatise.

Without interrupting the political narrative by the insertion of paragraphs touching upon art, literature, philosophy, and social life among the ancient Greeks, due attention is given to these subjects in special chapters, which constitute Part Sixth of the work.

Worthy of special mention, as admirably interpretative of the text, are the excellent maps and cuts with which the volume is so liberally furnished.

Appended to the work is a valuable bibliography, the books being classified by periods and subjects. After each chapter, throughout the volume, also a list of books is given for immediate reference.

We are pleased to see that this manual has been introduced as a text-book at Wake Forest in the school of Greek.

## WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

---

—'59. Prof. William Carey Parker, of Seaboard, attended the late commencement after an absence of a number of years. He was elected Principal of the Wake Forest Academy by its trustees, and will open school the latter part of August.

—'60-'1. Secretary of State Charles M. Cooke, was nominated by acclamation, in the Democratic Convention, for the same position next term.

—'68. President John B. Brewer, since 1881 at the head of Chowan Baptist Institute, resigned his position at the late meeting of its trustees, much to their regret.

—'69. Hon. John C. Scarborough, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, was nominated by acclamation for the same position, by the late Democratic Convention in Raleigh.

—'83. Rev. G. P. Bostic, of the "Gospel Mission" in China, is now in this country, after seven years' residence abroad. He was welcomed by many friends at our late commencement.

—'84. W. W. Kitchin, Esq., of Roxboro, is the nominee for Congress of the Democratic party of the Fifth District.

'87-'90. Mr. Lee H. Battle, formerly holding an important position in the Fidelity Bank of Durham, has been elected cashier of the Savings' Bank of Charlotte.

—'88. Mr. George Clarence Thompson, M. A., received this month the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Yale University. The subject of his thesis was "The Periclean Tradition." Wake Forest salutes Dr. Thompson. He has accepted the position of Head Master of a school five miles from San Francisco.

—'89. Prof. J. H. Simmons, of William Jewell College, Mo., and his sister, Miss Evabelle Simmons ('90) of the Fe-

male College at Eufaula, Ala., sailed about the 1st of July for a summer outing in Europe.

—'91. The lecture of Dr. Hubert A. Royster, of Raleigh, on "Muscle," given here last spring, has been printed and distributed privately.

—'93. Mr. F. P. Hobgood, Jr., after two years in the Asheville City schools, accepts the position of science teacher in the academy of Columbian University, Washington, D. C.

'93. Rev. Rufus Weaver has resigned his High Point pastorate and his position in the Greensboro City Schools to enter the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary next fall. Resolutions by the church expressed the warmest appreciation of his three years' work in High Point.

'96. Mr. H. H. McLendon will study law next year in Columbian University, Washington.

—Prominent members of the North Carolina delegation to the National Democratic Convention at Chicago, were E. B. Jones, Esq., of Winston ('77), and W. C. Dowd, Esq., of Charlotte ('89).

---

## EXCHANGES.

---

JOHN HOMER GORE, Editor.

---

*The University of Virginia Magazine* was very unfortunate in going to press so early. The editor of the Editor's Table Department was sick—his stomach was out of order. His *pet* exchanges he praises, faults and all. There are many articles in *THE STUDENT* open to criticism, but none of them deserve the bile of any man's personal prejudices.

AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Oh little maid, so sweet and fair !  
 Who cheers me day by day—  
 Thou seem'st a bit of sunshine there—  
 Just there—across the way.



Thy sunny hair and sunny eye,  
 Thy voice and manners gay,  
 Bid sorrows flee and troubles die,  
 Sweet maid—across the way.

I loved thee from the very first,  
 That drear October day—  
 When o'er some school work we conversed  
 In whispers—'cross the way.

And now I love thee more and more  
 Friendship doth not allay  
 The love I felt when first I saw  
 Thy face—across the way.

The year is going fast, dear friend—  
 Bright swiftly comes the day  
 When notes and chats must have an end,  
 Such chats!—across the way.

And when that time has come and gone  
 Forget not then, I pray,  
 The one on whom thy sweet face shone  
 So oft—across the way. —*P., in U. V. Mag.*

## THE EARLY BIRD.

Under the lilacs, he sits and sings,  
 Only a robin, with dark brown wings.  
 Hark ! Do you hear his song absurd ?  
 "The worm is caught by the early bird."

Under the lilacs, a maiden stands,  
 Holding a flower in her dainty hands.  
 The sun is just rising, but she has heard  
 That "the worm is caught by the early bird."

Under the lilacs, he strides along,  
 Humming softly an old love song.  
 He sees her and stops with a tender word,  
 And smilingly calls her "an early bird."

Under the lilacs she blushes red,  
 Lower and lower she bends her head,  
 To his words of love no answer's heard  
 Except by himself and the singing bird.

But the robin thinks, as robins may,  
 In their own philosophical bird-like way,  
 That the truth of his song is not absurd,  
 For the worm has been caught by the early bird.  
 —*L. C. S., '99, in Vassar Miscellany.*

*The Harrisonian and Eoline* is very full of commencement, but we have no fault to find with this. There is entirely too much "preaching" in the other articles, though some of the "sermons" are good.

## BUTTERFLY.

Into my life once fluttered  
A butterfly bright and gay,  
It was like a straggling sunbeam  
Lost by the dying day.

My heart was caught by its beauty ;  
My soul by its smile was fed ;  
And after this tempting creature  
On the wings of love I sped.

For into the day it led me  
A chase of wild despair,  
Then gazing on Hope's cherished flower  
I saw it hovering there.

But ere my hand could grasp it  
And ere my heart could speak  
It was soaring far above me—  
For brighter realms to seek.

\* \* \* \* \*

This beautiful picture is ever  
Brought to my memory's door,  
And borne by my fleeting fancy  
I return to the days of yore.

For when comes the bright to-morrow  
And its days to the evening file  
Then my heart will lose its sorrow  
And life will be a smile.

—B., in the *Southern Collegian*.

## THE DEAD FLOWER.

In a quiet shady vale  
'Neath a sky of clearest blue,  
Dwell the first Spring violets,  
Diamond o'er with morning dew.

Above a little mound they bend,  
Watch and ward o'er it they keep,  
For beneath the grassy sod  
Lies a maiden wrapt in sleep.

Like a slender graceful flower,  
In that vale she passed her days,  
Heedless of the fleeting hour  
As the breeze that through it strays.

Came a careless wanderer by  
Saw her blooming there alone,  
Took the pure and gentle maid  
From her bower, to be his own.

Soon he wearied of the prize,  
Let it droop and fade away ;  
Fell the lids o'er tired eyes  
As shuts the rose at close of day.

Back they brought her to the vale  
Where the south winds ever blow,  
Laid her in a sunny dell  
Where the first spring violets grow.

Calm and silent there she lies,  
Past all sorrow and regret,  
Mourned for by the cooing dove  
Guarded by the violet.

—*M., in Southern Collegian.*

#### THE INNER LIFE.

Deep down beneath the billow's angry roar,  
Beneath the tossing of the restless sea,  
There is a realm of silent mystery,  
Where peace eternal reigns forever more.  
There dwell the hidden wonders of the deep,  
The priceless pearl, and gems we may not know,  
In amber beds where groves of coral grow ;  
And over all a calm, unchanging sleep.  
Deep down beneath the world's distress and pain,  
Beneath the teardrops fall, the strange unrest  
That fills our aching bosoms, there is rest.  
There Fancy turns each loss to richest gain,  
There Truth and Beauty hold eternal sway,  
And change life's darkest night to brightest day.

—*In Davidson Monthly.*

#### OUR EVENING HYMN.

When the sun behind the hills is dropping down  
Beyond the shadowy towers of the town,  
And slanting o'er the river through the trees  
That bend and whisper in the evening breeze:

Then hushed we sit and watch the golden sky,  
And start to hear the night-birds fluttering by.  
Then bright the evening star appears above,  
And soft in yonder thicket coos a dove,  
While over all, with gentle silvery ray,  
A crescent moon bids sweet farewell to day.  
At such a time could we for long be still?  
A dreamy strain drifts down the wooded hill.  
'Tis but our evening hymn,—a moment more,  
The night is still. The summer day is o'er,  
But in the west still glows its dying fire,  
To youth's swift passing hours a funeral pyre.

—*Arthur M. Smith, in Inlander.*

---

## IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

---

THE FAMILY of the late Dr. T. H. Pritchard have laid the College under great obligations by the donation of his valuable library.

A BILL of new physical apparatus has been received by Professor Lanneau. It includes an outfit for Roentgen-ray experiments.

WAKE FOREST will not soon forget the severe hail-storm which swept over it about June 13th. It made frightful havoc of gardens and the neighboring fields of cotton and corn.

THE SUMMER LAW SCHOOL opened June 22d. Professor Gulley reports an attendance of twenty-two. The old college bell has lost its vacation rest, and now tells the morning hours as in session time.

BUILDINGS ARE going up in anticipation of the increased attendance of students next session. Mr. J. H. Gore is here superintending the erection of three residences on his lot back of the Laboratory.

THE POSITION of Assistant Professor of Latin and Greek, made vacant by the resignation of Mr. R. W. Haywood, will be filled by Mr. George W. Paschal, who has been three years in Chicago University a student in those departments. We feel satisfied that no more fitting appointment could have been made. He was elected July 8 by the Executive Committee in session at Raleigh.



# Wake Forest College Directory.

---

CHAS. E. TAYLOR, President.

L. R. MILLS, Bursar.

---

## ATHLETICS.

### FOOT BALL.

GRAY R. KING, Manager.

JOHN H. GORE, Captain.

### BASE BALL.

W. H. CARTER, Manager.

R. B. POWELL, Captain.

### TRACK ATHLETICS.

TH. H. BRIGGS, Trainer.

### MINSTREL AND GLEE CLUB.

JOHN H. GORE, President.













